



min deti
Charles the 12.th Killed at Fredrickshall. *Still struggle*

THE
WORKS
OF
M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Translated from the FRENCH.

WITH
Notes, Historical and Critical.

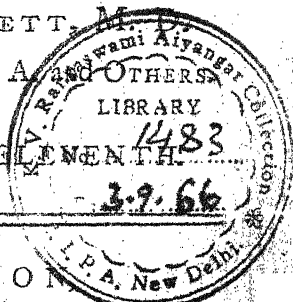
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T H E C O N T E N T S.

Intrigues at the Porte. The Kam of TARTARY and the Basha of BENDER endeavour to force CHARLES to depart. He defends himself with forty domestics against the whole army. He is taken, and treated as a prisoner.

THE fortune of the king of Sweden, now so different from what it had formerly been, harrassed him even in the most trifling circumstances. On his return, he found his little camp at Bender, and all his apartment overflowed by the waters of the Neister. He retired to the distance of a few miles, near the village of Varnitza; and, as if he had had a secret foreboding of what was to befall him, he there built a large
B house

house of stone, capable, on occasion, to sustain an assault for a few hours. He even furnished it in a magnificent manner, contrary to his usual custom, in order the more effectually to attract the respect of the Turks.

He likewise built two other houses, one for his chancery, and the other for his favourite Grothusen, who kept a table at the king's expence. While Charles was thus employed in building near Bender, as if he had been always to remain in Turkey, Baltagi Mehemet, dreading more than ever the intrigues and complaints of this prince at the Porte, had sent the resident of the emperor of Germany into Vienna to demand a free passage for the king of Sweden through the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria. The envoy, in the space of three weeks, brought back a promise from the imperial regency, importing that they would pay Charles XII. all due honours, and conduct him safely into Pomerania.

Application was made to the regency of Vienna, because Charles, the emperor of Germany, who had succeeded Joseph, was then in Spain disputing the crown of that kingdom with Philip V. While the German envoy was executing this commission at Vienna, the grand vizer sent three bashas to acquaint the king of Sweden, that he must quit the Turkish dominions.

The king, being previously apprized of the orders with which they were charged, caused intimation to be given them, that if they presumed to make him any proposals contrary to his honour, or to the respect that was due to his character, he would forthwith have them all strung up on a gallows. The basha of Thessalonica, who delivered the message, disguised the harshness of the

commission, under the most respectful terms. Charles put an end to the audience, without deigning to give them an answer. His chancellor, Mullern, who staid with the three bassas, briefly explained to them his master's refusal, which indeed they had sufficiently understood by his profound silence.

The grand vizier was not to be diverted from his purpose; he ordered Israel Bassa, the new serasquier of Bender, to threaten the king with the sultan's indignation, if he did not immediately come to a resolution. This serasquier was a man of a mild temper and engaging address, which had gained him the good will of Charles, and the friendship of all the Swedes. The king entered into a conference with him; but it was only to tell him, that he would not depart till Achmet had granted him two favours; the punishment of his grand vizier, and an hundred thousand men to conduct him back to Poland.

Baltagi Mehemet was sensible that Charles remained in Turkey only to ruin him. He therefore took care to place guards in all the roads from Bender to Constantinople, to intercept the king's letters. He did more; he retrenched his "Thaïm," that is to say, the provision which the Porte allows those princes to whom she grants an asylum. That of the king of Sweden was immense, consisting of five hundred crowns a-day in money, and a profusion of every thing necessary to maintain a court in splendor and affluence.

As soon as the king was informed that the vizier had presumed to retrench his allowance, he turned to the steward of his household and said,

“Hitherto you have only had two tables, I command you to have four for the future.”—

The officers of Charles XII. had been used to find nothing impossible which their master ordered; at present, however, they had neither money nor provisions. They were forced to borrow at twenty, thirty, and forty per cent. of the officers, domesticks, and janissaries, who were grown rich by the king's profusion. M. Fabricius, the envoy of Holstein, Jeffreys, the English minister, and their secretaries and friends, gave all that they had. The king, with his usual statelessness, and without any concern about the morrow, lived on these presents, which could not have sufficed him long. It was necessary to elude the vigilance of the guards, and to send privately to Constantinople to borrow money of the European merchants. But every body refused to lend a king who seemed to have put himself out of a condition of ever being able to repay them. One English merchant alone, called Cook, ventured to lend him about forty thousand crowns, content to lose that sum if the king of Sweden should happen to die. This money was brought to the king's little camp, just as they began to be in want of every thing, and even to give over all hopes of any farther relief.

During this interval, M. Poniatowsky wrote, even from the camp of the grand vizier, an account of the campaign at Pruth, in which he accused Baltagi Mehemet of perfidy and cowardice. An old janissary, provoked at the vizier's weakness, and gained moreover by Poniatowsky's liberality, undertook the delivery of the letter; and having obtained leave, presented it with his own hand to the sultan.

A few

A few days after, Poniatowsky left the camp, and repaired to the Porte to form cabals, as usual, against the grand vizier.

Every thing favoured his project. The czar, being now at liberty, was in no haste to perform his engagements. The keys of Azoph were not yet come: the grand vizier was answerable for them, and justly dreading the indignation of his master, durst not venture to appear in his presence.

At that time the seraglio was filled more than ever with intrigues and factions. These cabals, which prevail in all courts, and which in ours commonly end in the dismissal, or, at most, in the banishment of the minister, never fail at Constantinople to occasion the loss of more than one head. The present plot proved fatal to the old vizier Chourlouli, and to Osman, the lieutenant of Baltagi Mehemet, who had been the principal author of the peace of Pruth, and had afterwards obtained a considerable post at the Porte. Among Osman's treasures was found the Czarina's ring, and twenty thousand pieces of gold, of Saxon and Russian coin; a plain proof that money alone had extricated the czar from his dangerous situation, and ruined the fortunes of Charles. The vizier Baltagi Mehemet was banished to the isle of Lemnos, where he died three years after. The sultan did not seize his effects, either at his banishment or his death. He was far from being rich; and his poverty was a sufficient vindication of his character.

This grand vizier was succeeded by Jussuf, or Joseph, whose fortune was as singular as that of his predecessors. Born on the frontiers of Muscovy, and taken prisoner at six years of age, with

his family, he had been sold to a janissary. He was long a servant in the seraglio, and at last became the second person in the empire where he had been a slave; but he was only the shadow of a minister. The young sultan, Ali Combourgi, raised him to that slippery post, in hopes of one day filling it himself; and Jusuf, his creature, had nothing to do but to set the seals of the empire to whatever the favourite desired. From the very beginning of this vizier's ministry, the politics of the Ottoman court seemed to undergo a total alteration. The czar's plenipotentiaries, who resided at Constantinople, either as ministers or hostages, were treated with greater civility than ever. The grand vizier conferred with them the peace of Pruth: but what mortified the king of Sweden more than all the rest was, to hear that the secret alliance made with the czar at Constantinople, was brought about by the mediation of the English and Dutch ambassadors.

Constantinople, from the time of Charles's retreat to Bender, was become what Rome hath often been, the center of the negotiations of Christendom. Count Desaleurs, the French ambassador at the Porte, supported the interests of Charles and Stanislaus: the emperor of Germany's minister opposed them; and the factions of Sweden and Muscovy clashed, as those of France and Spain have long done at the court of Rome.

England and Holland seemed to be neuter, but were not so in reality. The new trade which the czar had opened at Petersburg attracted the attention of these two commercial nations.

The

The English and the Dutch will always side with that prince who favours their trade the most*: there were many advantages to be derived from a connection with the czar; and therefore it is no wonder, that the ministers of England and Holland should serve him privately at the Porte. One of the conditions of this new alliance was, that Charles should be immediately obliged to quit the Turkish dominions, whether it was that the czar hoped to seize him on the road, or that he thought him less formidable in his own kingdom than in Turkey, where he was always on the point of arming the Ottoman troops against the Russian empire.

Charles was perpetually soliciting the Porte to send him back through Poland with a numerous army. The divan was resolved to send him back with a simple guard of seven or eight thousand men, not as a king whom they meant to assist, but as a guest of whom they wanted to get rid. For this purpose the sultan Achmet, wrote him the following letter.

“Most powerful among the kings that adore Jesus, redresser of wrongs and injuries in the ports and republics of the South and North, shining in majesty, lover of honour and glory, and of our sublime Porte, Charles, king of Sweden, whose enterprizes may God crown with success.

“As soon as the most illustrious Achmet, formerly Chicaux Pacha, shall have the honour to

* We could wish this observation was true; but of the contrary we are feelingly convinced. The English have no commerce with Muscovy, but such as is prejudicial to the true interest of their country.

deliver you this letter, adorned with our imperial seal, be persuaded and convinced of the truth of our intentions therein contained, viz. that though we had proposed once more to march our ever-victorious army against the czar; yet that prince, in order to avoid the just resentment which we had conceived at his delaying to execute the treaty concluded on the banks of the Pruth, and afterwards renewed at our sublime Porte, having surrendered into our hands the castle and city of Azoph, and endeavoured by the mediation of the English and Dutch ambassadors, our ancient allies, to cultivate a lasting peace with us, we have granted his request, and delivered to his plenipotentiaries, who remain with us as hostages, our imperial ratification, after having received his from their hands.

“ We have given to the most honourable and valiant Delvet Gherai, kam of Budziack, Crim Tartary, Nagay, and Circassia, and to our most sage counsellor and noble serasquier of Bender, Ismael, (whom God preserve and increase their magnificence and wisdom.) our inviolable and salutary orders for your return through Poland, according to your first intention, which hath again been represented to us in your name. You must, therefore, prepare to set out next winter under the protection of providence, and with an honourable guard, in order to return to your own territories, taking care to pass through those of Poland in a friendly manner.

“ Whatever is necessary for your journey shall be furnished you by my sublime Porte, as well in money as in men, horses, and waggons. Above all things, we advise and exhort you to give the most distinct and express orders to all the Swedes,
and

and other persons in your retinue, to commit no outrage, nor to be guilty of any action that may tend either directly or indirectly to break this peace and alliance.

“By these means you will preserve our goodwill, of which we shall endeavour to give you as great and as frequent proofs as we shall have opportunities. The troops designed to attend you shall receive orders agreeable to our imperial intentions.”

Given at our sublime Porte of Constantinople, the fourteenth of the moon Rebyul Eurrech, 1214, which answers to the nineteenth of April, 1712.

This letter did not deprive the king of Sweden of all hopes. He wrote to the sultan, that he should ever retain a grateful remembrance of the favours his highness had bestowed upon him; but that he believed the sultan was too just to send him back with the simple guard of a flying camp into a country that still swarmed with the czar's troops. And indeed the emperor of Russia, notwithstanding the first article of the treaty of Pruth, by which he was obliged to withdraw all his troops from Poland, had sent fresh ones into that kingdom; and it is somewhat surprising that the grand signior should be ignorant of this particular.

The bad policy of the Porte, in being so much guided by the motives of vanity as to allow Christian princes to have ambassadors at Constantinople, without ever sending a single agent to any Christian court, gives the latter an opportunity of discovering, and sometimes of directing the

most secret resolutions of the sultan, and keeps the divan in a profound ignorance of what passes in the Christian world.

The sultan, shut up in his seraglio among his women and eunuchs, can only see with the eyes of his grand vizier. That minister, as inaccessible as his master, his time wholly engrossed with the intrigues of his seraglio, and having no foreign correspondence, is commonly deceived himself, or else deceives the sultan, who deposes or causes him to be strangled for the first offence, in order to chuse another minister as ignorant or as perfidious, who behaves like his predecessors, and soon shares the same fate.

So great, for the most part, is the inactivity and supine negligence of this court, that were the Christian princes to combine against it, their fleets might be at the Dardanelles, and their land forces at the gates of Adrianople, before the Turks would think of taking any measures for their defence; but their jarring interests, that must ever divide the Christian world, will preserve the Turks from a fate to which they seem at present exposed, by their want of policy, and by their ignorance of the art of war, both by sea and land.

So little was Achmet acquainted with what passed in Poland, that he sent an aga to enquire whether, in reality, the czar's troops were still in that country. The aga was accompanied by two secretaries of the king of Sweden, who understood the Turkish language, and were to serve as evidences against him, in case he should give in a false report.

The aga saw the Russian forces with his own eyes, and informed the sultan of every particular.

Achmet,

Achmet, fired with indignation, was going to strangle the grand vizier ; but the favourite, who protected him, and who thought he should have farther occasion for him, obtained his pardon, and supported him some time longer in the ministry.

The cause of the Russians was openly espoused by the vizier, and secretly favoured by Ali Courounourgi, who had changed sides. But the sultan was so provoked, the infraction of the treaty was so manifest, and the janissaries, who often make the ministers, the favourites, and even the sultans tremble, called out for war with so much importunity, that no one in the seraglio durst offer a more moderate proposal.

The grand seignior immediately committed to the Seven Towers the Russian ambassadors, who were already as much accustomed to go to prison as to an audience. War was declared afresh against the czar, the horses tails were displayed, and orders were given to all the bashas to assemble an army of two hundred thousand men. The sultan himself quitted Constantinople, and fixed his court at Adrianople, that he might be so much the nearer to the seat of the war.

Mean while a solemn embassy, sent to the grand seignior by Augustus and the republic of Poland, was upon the road to Adrianople. The palatine of Masovia was at the head of this embassy, with a retinue of above three hundred persons.

All the members of the embassy were seized and imprisoned in one of the suburbs of the city. Never was the king of Sweden's party more highly flattered than on this occasion ; and yet these great preparations were rendered abortive, and all their hopes were again disappointed.

If we may believe a public minister, a man of sagacity and penetration, who then resided at Constantinople, young Coumourgi had already formed other designs than that of disputing a desert country with the czar, by a war, the event of which must have been so uncertain. He had resolved to strip the Venetians of Peloponnesus, now called the Morea, and to make himself master of Hungary.

These grand projects he proposed to carry into execution, as soon as he should have attained the post of prime vizier, from which he was still excluded on account of his youth. In this view it was more for his advantage to be the ally than the enemy of the czar. It was neither his interest nor his inclination to keep the king of Sweden any longer; and much less to arm the Turkish empire in his favour. He not only resolved to dismiss that prince, but he openly declared that, for the future, no Christian minister should be allowed to reside at Constantinople; that all the common ambassadors were, at best, but honourable spies, who corrupted or betrayed the viziers, and had too long influenced the intrigues of the seraglio; and that the Franks settled at Pesa and in the sea-ports of the Levant, were merchants, who needed a consul only, and not an ambassador. The grand vizier, who owed his post and even his life to the favourite, and who besides stood greatly in awe of him, complied with his intentions with so much the more alacrity, as he had sold himself to the Russians, and hoped by this means to be revenged on the king of Sweden, who had endeavoured to ruin him. The musti, a creature of Ali Coumourgi, was likewise an absolute slave to his will. He had been a keen

advocate.

advocate for a war with Russia, when the favourite was of that opinion; but the moment Courmourgi changed his mind, he pronounced it to be unjust. Thus the army was hardly assembled when they began to listen to proposals of peace. The vice-chancellor, Shaffirof, and young Czere-metof, the czar's hostages and plenipotentiaries at the Porte, promised, after several negotiations, that their master should withdraw his troops from Poland. The grand vizier, who well knew that the czar would never execute this treaty, made no scruple to sign it; and the sultan, satisfied with having, though only in appearance, imposed laws upon the Russians, continued still at Adrianople. Thus, in less than six months, peace was ratified with the czar, war declared, and peace renewed again.

The chief article of all these treaties was to oblige the king of Sweden to depart. The sultan was unwilling to endanger his own honour, and that of the Ottoman empire, by exposing the king to the risk of being taken by his enemies on the road. It was stipulated that he should depart; but only on condition that the ambassadors of Poland and Muscovy should be responsible for the safety of his person. Accordingly these ambassadors swore, in name of their masters, that neither the czar nor the king of Poland should molest him in his journey; and Charles was to engage, on his side, that he would not attempt to excite any commotions in Poland. The divan having thus settled the fate of Charles, Ismael, serasquier of Bender, repaired to Vernitza, where the king was encamped, and acquainted him with the resolutions of the Porte, insinuating to him with great
polite-

politeness, that there was no time for any longer delay, but that he must necessarily depart.

Charles made no other answer than this, that the grand seignior had promised him an army, and not a guard; and that kings ought to keep their word.

Mean while general Fleming, the minister and favourite of Augustus, maintained a secret correspondence with the kam of Tartary and the ferasquier of Bender. La Mare, a French gentleman, a colonel in the service of Saxony, had made several journies from Bender to Dresden; and all these journies were strongly suspected.

At this very time, the king of Sweden caused a courier, whom Fleming had sent to the Tartarian prince, to be arrested on the frontiers of Wallachia. The letters were brought to him, and decyphered; and from them it clearly appeared that a correspondence was carried on between the Tartars and the court of Dresden; but the letters were conceived in such ambiguous and general terms, that it was difficult to discover, whether the intention of Augustus was only to detach the Turks from the interest of Sweden, or if he meant that the kam should deliver Charles to the Emperor as he conducted him back to Poland.

We can hardly imagine that a prince so generous as Augustus, would, by seizing the person of the king of Sweden, endanger the lives of his ambassadors, and of three hundred Polish gentlemen, who were detained at Adrianople as pledges for Charles's safety.

But it is well known, on the other hand, that Fleming, the minister of Augustus, and who had an absolute power over his master, was a man
detestable

devoid of every principle of virtue or honour. The injuries which the elector had received from the king of Sweden might seem to excuse any kind of revenge; and it might be thought, that, if the court of Dresden could buy Charles from the kam of Tartary, they would find it no difficult matter to purchase the liberty of the Polish hostages at the Ottoman Porte.

These reasons were carefully canvassed by the king, Iskulera his privy chancellor, and Oerhusen his favourite. They read the letters again and again; and their unhappy condition making them more suspicious, they resolved to believe the worst.

A few days after the king was confirmed in his suspicions by the sudden departure of count Sapieha, who had taken refuge with him, and now left him abruptly, in order to go to Poland to throw himself into the arms of Augustus. Upon any other occasion he would have considered Sapieha only as a malecontent; but in his present delicate situation he at once concluded him to be a traitor. The repeated importunities with which he was pressed to depart converted his suspicions into certainty. The inflexible obstinacy of his temper co-operating with these circumstances, confirmed him in the opinion that they intended to betray him and deliver him up to his enemies, though this plot hath never been fully proved.

Perhaps he was mistaken in supposing that Augustus had made a bargain with the Tartars for his person; but he was much more deceived in relying on the assistance of the Ottoman court. Be that as it will, he resolved to gain time.

He told the basha of Bender, that he could not depart till he had received money to discharge his debts.

debts; for though his thaim had for a long time been duly paid, his unbounded liberality had always obliged him to borrow. The basha asked him how much he wanted? The king replied, at a venture, a thousand purses, amounting to fifteen hundred thousand livres, full weight. The basha acquainted the Porte with his request. The sultan, instead of a thousand purses which Charles had required, granted him twelve hundred, and wrote the basha the following letter:

The Grand Seignior's Letter to the Bashha of
BENDER.

“ The design of this imperial letter is to acquaint you, that upon your representation and request, and upon that of the most noble Delvet Gherai Kam, to our sublime Porte, our imperial munificence hath granted a thousand purses to the king of Sweden, which shall be sent to Bender under the care and conduct of the most illustrious Mehemet Bashha, formerly Chiaoux Pachi, to remain in your custody till the departure of the king of Sweden, whose steps may God direct, and then to be given him, together with two hundred purses more, as an overplus of our imperial liberality, above what he demands.

“ With regard to the route of Poland, which he is resolved to take, you and the kam, who are to attend him, shall be careful to pursue such wise and prudent measures, as may, during the whole journey, prevent the troops under your command, as well as those of the king of Sweden, from committing any outrage, or being guilty of any action that may be deemed a violation of the peace which still subsists between our sublime Porte and the kingdom

kingdom.

kingdom and republic of Poland ; so that the king may pass in a friendly manner under our protection.

“ By doing this, (which you must expressly require him to do) he will receive from the Poles all the honour and respect that is due to his majesty ; as we have been assured by the ambassadors of Augustus and the republic, who, on this condition, have even offered themselves, together with several others of the Polish nobility, if required, as hostages for the security of his passage.

“ When the time which you and the most noble Delvet Gherai shall fix for the march, is come, you shall put yourself at the head of your brave soldiers, among whom shall be the Tartars, headed by the kam, and you shall conduct the king of Sweden and his men.

“ And may it please the only God, the Almighty, to direct your steps and theirs. The basha of Aulos shall continue at Bender with a regiment of Spahis and another of janissaries, to defend it in your absence. And in following our imperial orders and intentions, in all these points and articles, you will deserve the continuance of our imperial favour, as well as the praise and recompence due to all those who observe them.

“ Done at our imperial residence of Constantinople, the 2d of the moon Cheval, 1214 of the Hegira.”

While they were waiting for this answer from the grand seignior, Charles wrote to the Porte, complaining of the treachery of which he suspected the kam of Tartary to be guilty ; but all the passages were well guarded, and besides, the minister

nister was against him, so that his letters never reached the sultan. Nay, the vizier would not allow M. Desaleurs to come to Adrianople where the Porte then was, lest that minister, who was an agent of the king of Sweden, should endeavour to disconcert the plan he had formed for obliging him to depart.

Charles, enraged to see himself thus hunted, as it were, from the grand seignior's decisions, resolved not to quit them at all.

He might have desired to return through Germany, or to take shipping on the black Sea, in order to sail to Constantinople by the Mediterranean, but he rather chose to ask nothing, and to wait the event.

When the twelve hundred purses were arrived, his treasurer Grothufen, who, during his long abode in Turkey, had learned the language of the country, went to wait upon the basha without an interpreter, hoping to draw the money from him, and afterwards to form some new intrigue at the Porte, foolishly supposing, as he always did, that the Swedish party would at last be able to arm the Ottoman empire against the czar.

Grothufen told the basha, that the king could not get ready his equipages without money: "But (said the basha) we shall defray all the expences of your departure; your master shall be at no charge while he continues under my protection."

Grothufen replied, that the difference between the equipages of the Turks and those of the Franks was so great, that they were obliged to apply to the Swedish and Polish artificers at Varnitza.

He

He assured him that his master was willing to depart, and that this money would facilitate and hasten his departure. The too credulous basha gave the twelve hundred purses, and a few days after came to the king, and, in a most respectful manner, begged to receive his orders for his departure.

He was extremely surprised when the king told him he was not yet ready to go, and that he wanted a thousand purses more. The basha, confounded at this answer, stood speechless for a moment; then retiring to a window, he was observed to shed some tears. At last, addressing himself to the king; "I shall lose my head (says he) for having obliged your majesty: I have given you the twelve hundred purses against the express orders of my sovereign." So saying, he took his leave with a dejected countenance.

The king stopped him, and said that he would make an excuse for him to the sultan. "Ah! (replied the Turk, as he was going away) my master can, punish faults, but cannot excuse them."

Ismael Basha carried this piece of news to the kam, who having received the same orders with the basha, not to suffer the twelve hundred purses to be given to the king before his departure, and having consented to the delivery of the money, was as apprehensive as the basha, of the grand signior's indignation. They both wrote to the Porte in their own vindication, protesting they did not give the twelve hundred purses, but upon a solemn promise from the king's minister that he would depart without delay, and beseeching his highness not to impute the king's refusal to their disobedience.

Charles

Charles, still persisting in the belief that the kam and basha meant to deliver him up to his enemies, ordered M. Funk, who was then his envoy at the Ottoman court, to lay his complaints against them before the sultan, and to ask a thousand purses more. His great generosity, and the little account he made of money, hindered him from perceiving the meanness of this proposal. He did it with a view to be refused, and in order to find a fresh pretext for delaying his departure. But a man must be reduced to strange extremities, to stand in need of such artifices. Savari, his interpreter, an awful and enterprising man, carried the letter to Adrianople, in spite of all the care which the grand vizier had taken to guard the passes.

Funk was obliged to present this dangerous request. All the answer he received was to be thrown into prison. The sultan, in a passion, convoked an extraordinary divan, and, what very seldom happens, spoke himself on the occasion. His speech, according to the translation which was then made of it, was conceived in the following terms :

“ I hardly ever knew the king of Sweden but by his defeat at Pultowa, and by the application he made to me to grant him an asylum in my dominions. I have not, I believe, any need of him, nor any reason either to love or fear him. Nevertheless, without consulting any other motives than the hospitality of a Mussulman, and my own generosity, which sheds the dew of its favours upon the great as well as the small, upon strangers as well as my own subjects, I have received and assisted him, his ministers, officers, and soldiers,
and,

and, for the space of three years and an half, have continued to load him with presents.

“ I have granted him a considerable guard to conduct him back to his own kingdom. He asked a thousand purses to defray some expences, tho’ I pay them all. Instead of a thousand, I granted him twelve hundred. After having got these out of the hands of the serasquier of Bender, he asks a thousand purses more, and refuses to depart, under pretence that the guard is too small, whereas, in fact, it is but too large to pass thro’ the country of a friend.

“ I ask you then, whether it be a violation of the laws of hospitality, to send back this prince; and whether foreign powers ought to accuse me of cruelty and injustice, in case I should be obliged to compel him to depart.” All the members of the divan answered, that such a conduct would be consistent with the strictest rules of justice.

The musli declared that Mussulmans were not bound to shew any hospitality to infidels, and much less to the ungrateful; and he gave his fetfa, a kind of mandate which commonly accompanies the important orders of the grand seignior. These fetfas are revered as oracles, though the persons by whom they are given are as much slaves to the sultan as any others.

The order and the fetfa were carried to Bender by the bouyouk Imraour, grand-master of the horse, and a Chiaou basha, first usher. The basha of Bender received the order at the lodgings of the kam of Tartary; from whence he immediately repaired to Varnitza, to ask the king whether he would depart in a friendly manner, or lay him under the necessity of executing the sultan’s orders.

Charles

Charles XII. being thus menaced, could not restrain his passion. "Obey your masters, if you dare, (says he to the basha) and leave my presence immediately." The basha, fired with indignation, returned at full gallop, contrary to the common custom of the Turks; and meeting Fabricius by the way, he called out to him, without halting; "The king will not listen to reason; you will see strange things presently." The same day he discontinued the supply of the king's provisions, and removed the guard of janissaries. He caused intimation to be made to the Poles and Cossacks at Varnitza, that, if they had a mind to have any provisions, they must quit the king of Sweden's camp, repair to Bender, and put themselves under the protection of the Porte. These orders were readily obeyed by all, and the king was left without any other attendants than the officers of his household, and three hundred Swedish soldiers, to make head against twenty thousand Tartars, and six thousand Turks.

There was now no provision in the camp either for man or horse. The king ordered twenty of the fine Arabian horses, which had been sent him by the grand seignor, to be shot without the camp, adding, "I will have none of their provisions nor their horses." This was an excellent feast to the Tartars, who, as all the world knows, think horse flesh delicious fare. Mean while the Turks and Tartars invested the king's little camp on all sides.

Charles, without the least discomposure, ordered his three hundred Swedes to raise regular intrenchments, in which work he himself assisted; as did likewise his chancellor, his treasurer, his secretaries, his valets de chambre, and all his domesticks.

sicks. Some barricadoed the windows, and others fastened beams behind the doors, in the form of buttresses.

After the house was sufficiently barricadoed, and the king had rode round his pretended fortifications, he sat down to chess with his favourite Grothusen, with as much tranquillity as if every thing had been perfectly safe and secure. Happily M. Fabricius, the envoy of Hessein, did not lodge at Varrizza, but at a small village between Varrizza and Bender, where Mr. Jeffreys, the English envoy to the king of Sweden, likewise resided. These two ministers, seeing the storm ready to burst, undertook the office of mediators between the king and the Turks. The kam, and especially the basha of Bender, who had no inclination to offer any violence to the Swedish monarch, received the offers of these two ministers with great satisfaction. They had two conferences at Bender, in which the usher of the seraglio, and the grand master of the horse, who had brought the sultan's order, and the mufti's fetters assisted.

M. Fabricius * declared to them that his Swedish majesty had good reason to believe that they designed to deliver him up to his enemies in Poland. The kam, the basha, and all the rest, swore by their heads, and called God to witness, that they detested such a horrible piece of treachery; and that they would shed the last drop of their blood rather than suffer even the least disrespect to be shewn to the king in Poland; adding, that they had in their hands the Russian and Polish ambassadors, whose lives should be answerable for any

* The whole of this account is related by M. Fabricius in his letters.

affront that should be offered to the king of Sweden. In fine, they complained bitterly that the king should entertain such injurious suspicions of those who had received and treated him with so much humanity and politeness.

Though oaths are frequently the language of treachery, Fabricius could not help being convinced of their sincerity. He thought he could discern in their protestations such an air of veracity as falsehood can, at best, but imperfectly imitate. He was sensible there had been a secret correspondence between the kam of Tartary and Augustus ; but he was firmly persuaded, that the only end of their negotiation was to oblige Charles XII. to quit the dominions of the grand seignor. Whether Fabricius was mistaken or not, he assured them, he would represent to the king the injustice of his suspicions. " But, adds he, do you intend to compel him to depart ? " " Yes, says the Basna, for such are the orders of our master." He then entreated them to consider seriously whether that order implied that they should shed the blood of a crowned head. " Yes, replies the kam, in a passion, if that crowned head disobeys the grand seignor in his own dominions."

In the mean time, every thing being ready for the assault, the death of Charles XII. seemed inevitable. But as the sultan had not given them positive orders to kill him in case of resistance, the basna prevailed upon the kam to let him dispatch an express to Adrianople, where the grand seignor then resided, to receive the last orders of his highness.

Mr. Jeffreys, and M. Fabricius having procured this short respite, hastened to acquaint the king with

with it. They came with all the eagerness of people who bring good news; but were received very coldly. He called them unsolicited mediators, and still persisted in the belief that the sultan's order and the musti's fetfa were both forged, inasmuch as they had sent to the Porte for fresh orders.

The English minister retired, with a firm resolution to interfere no more in the affairs of a prince so very obstinate and inflexible. M. Fabricius, beloved by the king, and more accustomed to his humour than the English minister, remained with him, and earnestly entreated him not to hazard so precious a life on such an unnecessary occasion.

For answer, the king shewed him his fortifications, and begged he would employ his good offices in procuring him some provisions. The Turks were easily prevailed upon to allow provisions to be conveyed to the king's camp, until the return of the courier from Adrianople. The kam himself, had strictly enjoined his Tartars, who were eager for pillage, not to make any attempt against the Swedes till the arrival of fresh orders; so that Charles XII. went sometimes out of his camp with forty horse, and rode through the midst of the Tartars, who, with great respect, left him a free passage. He even marched directly up to their lines, which, instead of resisting, readily opened and allowed him to pass.

At last, the order of the grand seignior being come, to put to the sword all the Swedes that should make the least resistance, and not even to spare the life of the king, the basha had the complaisance to shew the order to M. Fabricius, with a view of inducing him to make his last ef-

fort to bend, if possible, the obstinacy of Charles. Fabricius went immediately to acquaint him with these sad tidings. "Have you seen the order you mention, said the king?" "I have," replied Fabricius. "Well then, go tell them in my name, that this second order is another forgery of theirs, and that I will not depart." Fabricius threw himself at his feet, fell into a passion, and reproached him with his obstinacy; but all to no purpose. "Go back to your Turks, said the king to him, smiling; if they attack me, I know how to defend myself." The king's chaplains likewise fell upon their knees before him, conjuring him not to expose to certain death the unhappy remains of Pultowa, and especially his own sacred person; assuring him, at the same time, that resistance in such a case was altogether unjustifiable; and that it was a direct violation of all the laws of hospitality, to resolve to continue with strangers against their will; especially with those strangers who had so long and so generously supported him." The king, who had heard Fabricius with great patience, fell into a passion with his priests, and told them, that he had taken them to pray for him, and not to give him advice.

The generals Hord and Dardoff, who had always declared against hazarding a battle which could not fail to be attended with fatal consequences, shewed the king their breasts covered with wounds, which they had received in his service; and assuring him that they were ready to lay down their lives for his sake, begged that it might be, at least, upon a more necessary occasion. "I know, says Charles XII. by your wounds and by my own, that we have fought valiantly together."

gether. You have hitherto done your duty, do it to-day likewise." Nothing now remained but to pay an implicit obedience to the king's command. Every one was ashamed not to court death with their sovereign. Charles, being now prepared for the assault, enjoyed in secret the pleasing thoughts that he should have the honour of sustaining with three hundred Swedes the united efforts of a whole army. He assigned to every man his post. His chancellor, Mullern, and the secretary, Empreus, and his clerks, were to defend the chancery-house; Baron Fief, at the head of the officers of the kitchen, was stationed in another post. A third place was to be guarded by the grooms of the stable, and the cooks; for with him every one was a soldier. He rode from the intrenchments to his house, promising rewards to every one, creating officers, and assuring them that he would exalt the very meanest of his servants who should fight with courage and resolution, to the dignity of captains.

It was not long before they beheld the combined army of the Turks and Tartars advancing to attack this little camp with ten pieces of cannon and two mortars. The horses tails waved in the air; the clarions sounded; the cries of "Alla, Alla," were heard on all sides. Baron Grothusen observing that the Turks did not mix in their cries any injurious reflections on the king, but only called him "Demirbashi," i. e. head of Iron, he instantly resolved to go out of the camp alone and unarmed; and having accordingly advanced to the lines of the janissaries, most of whom had received money from him: "What then, my friends, says he to them, in their own language, are you come to massacre three hundred

fenceless Swedes? you brave janissaries, who pardoned an hundred thousand Russians upon their crying "Amman," i. e. pardon, have you forgot the many favours you have received from us? and would you assassinate that great king of Sweden for whom you have so great a regard, and from whom you have received so many presents? All he asks, my friends, is but the space of three days; and the sultan's orders are not so strict as you are made to believe."

These words produced an effect which Grothusen himself could little have expected. The janissaries swore by their beards that they would not attack the king, but would grant him the three days he demanded. In vain was the signal given for the assault. The janissaries were so far from obeying, that they threatened to fall upon their leaders, unless they would consent to grant three days to the king of Sweden. They came to the basha of Bender's tent, crying out that the sultan's orders were fictitious. To this unexpected sedition the basha had nothing to oppose but patience.

He affected to be pleased with the generous resolution of the janissaries, and ordered them to return to Bender. The kam of Tartary, a man of headstrong and impetuous passions, would have given the assault immediately with his own troops: but the basha, unwilling that the Tartars should have all the honour of taking the king, while himself perhaps might be punished for the disobedience of the janissaries, persuaded the kam to wait till the next day.

On his return to Bender, the basha assembled all the officers of the janissaries, and the oldest soldiers, to whom he both read and shewed the

sultan's positive orders, and the musli's fetfa. Sixty of the oldest of them, with venerable grey beards, who had received a thousand presents from the king's hands, proposed to go to him in person, to intreat him to put himself into their hands, and to permit them to serve him as guards.

The basha agreed to the proposal, as indeed there was no expedient he would not willingly have tried, rather than be reduced to the necessity of killing the king. Accordingly these sixty veterans repaired next morning to Varnitza, having nothing in their hands but long white rods, the only arms which the janissaries wear, unless when they are going to fight; for the Turks consider the Christian custom of carrying swords in time of peace, and of entering armed into churches and the houses of their friends, as a barbarous practice.

They addressed themselves to baron Grothusen, and chancellor Mullern. They told them that they were come with a view to serve as faithful guards to the king; and that if he pleased they would conduct him to Adrianople, where he might have a personal interview with the grand seignor. While they were making this proposal, the king read the letters which were brought from Constantinople, and which Fabricius, who could no longer attend him in person, had sent him privately by a janissary. These letters were from count Poniatowsky, who could neither serve him at Bender nor Adrianople, having been detained at Constantinople by order of the Porte, ever since the time of his making the imprudent demand of a thousand purses. He told the king that the sultan's orders to seize or massacre his

royal person in case of resistance, were but too true; that indeed the sultan was imposed upon by his ministers; but the more he was imposed upon, he would, for that very reason, be the more faithfully obeyed: that he must submit to the times, and yield to necessity: that he took the liberty to advise him to try every expedient with the ministers by way of negotiations; not to be inflexible in a matter which required the gentlest management; and to expect from time and good policy a cure of that evil, which by rash and violent measures would be only rendered incurable.

But neither the proposal of the old janissaries, nor Poniatowsky's letters could convince the king that it was consistent with his honour to yield. He rather chose to perish by the hands of the Turks, than in any respect to be made a prisoner. He dismissed the janissaries without condescending to see them, and sent them word, that if they did not immediately depart, he would shave their beards for them; an affront which in the eastern countries is considered as the most-intolerable of all others.

The old men, filled with the highest indignation, returned home, crying out as they went, "Ah this head of iron! since he will perish, let him perish." They gave the basha an account of their commission, and informed their comrades at Bender of the strange reception they had met with; upon which they all swore to obey the basha's orders without delay, and were as impatient to go to the assault as they had been averse to it the day before.

The word of command was immediately given. The Turks marched up to the fortifications: the

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Tartars were already waiting for them, and the cannon began to play. The janissaries on the one side, and the Tartars on the other, instantly forced the little camp. Hardly had twenty Swedes time to draw their swords when the whole three hundred were surrounded and taken prisoners without resistance. The king was then on horseback, between his house and his camp, with the generals Hord, Dardoff, and Sparre; and seeing that all his soldiers had suffered themselves to be taken prisoners before his eyes, he said, with great composure, to these three officers, "Come, let us go and defend the house; we will fight, adds he, with a smile, *pro aris & focis*."

Accordingly, accompanied by these three generals, he forthwith gallops up to the house, in which he had placed about forty domesticks as centinels, and which he had fortified in the best manner he could.

The generals, accustomed as they were, to the dauntless intrepidity of their master, could not help being surprised to see him resolve in cold blood, and even with an air of pleasantry, to defend himself against ten pieces of cannon, and a whole army: nevertheless they followed him, with some guards and domesticks, making in all about twenty persons.

When they came to the door, they found it beset by the janissaries. Besides, two hundred Turks and Tartars had already entered by a window, and made themselves masters of all the apartments, except a large hall where the king's domesticks had retired. Happily this hall was near the door at which the king designed to enter with his little troop of twenty persons. He threw

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him-

himself off his horse with pistol and sword in hand, and his followers did the same.

The janissaries fell upon him on all sides. They were animated with the promise which the basha had made, of eight ducats of gold to every man who should only touch his cloaths, in case they could take him. He wounded and killed all those who came near him. A janissary whom he wounded, clapped his blunderbuss to his face, and had he not been jostled by the arm of a Turk, owing to the croud that moved backwards and forwards, like waves, the king had certainly been killed. The ball grazed upon his nose, and carried off part of his ear, and then broke the arm of general Hord, whose constant fate it was to be wounded by his master's side.

The king plunged his sword in the janissary's breast. At the same time, his domestics, who were shut up in the great hall, open the door to him. The king, with his little troop, springs in like an arrow. They instantly shut the door, and barricade it with whatever they can find. Thus was Charles XII. shut up in this hall with all his attendants, consisting of about sixty men, officers, guards, secretaries, valets de chambre, and domesticks of every kind.

The janissaries and Tartars pillaged the rest of the house, and filled the apartments. "Come, says the king, let us go and drive out these barbarians;" and putting himself at the head of his men, he with his own hands opens the door of the hall that leads to his bed-chamber, rushes into the room and fires upon the plunderers.

The Turks, loaded with spoil, and terrified at the sudden appearance of the king, whom they had ever been accustomed to respect, threw
down

down their arms, leap out of the window, or fly to the cellars. The king taking advantage of their confusion, and his own men being animated by the success of this attempt, they pursue the Turks from chamber to chamber; kill or wound those who had not made their escape; and in a quarter of an hour clear the house of the enemy.

In the heat of the fight the king perceived two janissaries who lay concealed under his bed, one of them he stabbed with his sword, the other asked pardon, by crying "Amman." "I give you your life, says the king to him, on this condition, that you go and give the basha a faithful account of what you have seen." The Turk readily promised to do as he was bid, and was allowed to leap out at the window like the rest.

The Swedes, having at last made themselves masters of the house, again shut and barricadoed the windows. They were in no want of arms. A ground-room full of muskets and powder had escaped the tumultuary search of the janissaries. These they employed to good purpose. They fired through the windows almost close upon the Turks, of whom, in less than half a quarter of an hour, they killed two hundred. The cannon still played upon the house; but the stones being very soft, there were only some holes made in the walls, and nothing was demolished.

The kam of Tartary, and the basha, who were desirous of taking the king alive, being ashamed to lose so many men, and to employ a whole army against sixty persons, thought it most adviseable to set fire to the house, in order to oblige the king to surrender. They ordered some arrows twined about with lighted matches, to be shot

upon

the roof, and against the doors and windows. In a moment the house was in flames. The roof all on fire was ready to tumble upon the Swedes. The king, with great calmness, gave orders to extinguish the fire. Finding a small barrel full of liquor, he took it up, and being assisted by two Swedes, threw it upon the place where the fire was most violent. At last he recollected that the barrel was full of brandy; but the hurry inseparable from such a scene of confusion, hindered him from thinking of it in time. The fire now raged with double fury. The king's apartment was reduced to ashes. The great hall where the Swedes were was filled with a terrible smoke, mixed with sheets of flame, that darted in at the doors of the neighbouring apartments. One half of the roof sunk within the house, the other fell on the outside, cracking amidst the flames.

In this extremity, a sentinel called Walberg, ventured to cry, that there was a necessity for surrendering. "What a strange man is this," says the king, to imagine that it is not more glorious to be burnt than taken prisoner!" Another sentinel, named Rosen, had the presence of mind to observe, that the chancery-house, which was not above fifty paces distant, had a stone roof, and was proof against fire; that they ought to fall forth, take possession of that house, and then defend themselves to the last extremity. "There is a true Swede for you," cries the king, and embracing the sentinel, he made him a colonel upon the spot. "Come on, my friends," says he, rake as much powder and ball with you as you can, and let us take possession of the chancery, sword in hand."

The Turks, who all the while surrounded the house, were struck with fear and admiration, to see the Swedes continue in it, notwithstanding it was all in flames; but their astonishment was greatly increased when they saw the doors opened, and the king and his followers rushing out upon them like so many madmen. Charles and his principal officers were armed with sword and pistol. Every man fired two pistols at once, the moment the doors were opened; and in the twinkling of an eye, throwing away their pistols, and drawing their swords, they made the Turks recoil above fifty paces. But in a moment after, this little troop was surrounded. The king, who was booted, as usual, entangled himself with his spurs, and fell. One and twenty janissaries at once spring upon him. He throws up his sword into the air, to save himself the mortification of surrendering it. The Turks bear him to the basha's quarters, some taking hold of his arms, and others of his legs, in the same manner as sick persons are wont to be carried, in order to prevent their being hurt.

No sooner did the king see himself in their hands, than the violence of his temper, and the fury which such a long and desperate fight must have naturally inspired, gave place at once to a mild and gentle behaviour: not one word of impatience dropped from his lips; not one angry look was to be seen in his face. He eyed the janissaries with a smiling countenance, and they carried him off crying "Alla," with a mixture of respect and indignation. His officers were taken at the same time and stripped by the Turks and Tartars. It was on the

twelfth of February 1713, that this strange event happened; an event that was followed with very remarkable consequences*.

* M. Norberg, who was not present at this adventure, hath in this particular part of his history, only copied the account of M. de Voltaire; but he has mangled it: he hath suppressed some interesting circumstances, and has not been able to justify the temerity of Charles XII. All that he hath been able to advance against M. de Voltaire with regard to the affair of Bender, is reducible to the adventure of the sieur Fredericus, valet de chambre to the king of Sweden, who, according to some, was burnt in the king's house, and according to others, was cut in two by the Tartars. La Motraye alledges likewise, that the king of Sweden did not use these words, "We will fight *pro aris & focis*." But M. Fabricius, who was present, affirms, that the king did pronounce these words; that La Motraye was not near enough to hear them; and that if he had, he was not capable of comprehending their meaning, as he did not understand a word of Latin.

T H E
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O F
C H A R L E S X I I .
K I N G o f S W E D E N .

B O O K V I I .

T H E C O N T E N T S .

The TURKS convey CHARLES to DEMIRTASH. King STANISLAUS is taken at the same time. Bold Undertaking of M. de VILLELONGUR. Revolutions in the Seraglio. Battle in POMERANIA. ALTENA burnt by the SWEDES. CHARLES at last sets out on his Return to his own Dominions : His strange Manner of travelling : His Arrival at STRALSUND : His Misfortunes. Successes of PETER the GREAT : His triumphant Entry into PETERSBURG.

THE basha of Bender, with great gravity, waited for Charles in his tent, attended by one Marco, an interpreter. He received his majesty in a most respectful manner, and entreated him to repose himself on a sofa ; but the king, who did not so much as take notice of the Turk's civilities, continued standing.

“Blessed be the Almighty (says the basha) that your majesty is alive: I am extremely sorry that your majesty obliged me to execute the orders of his highness.” The king, who was only vexed that his three hundred soldiers should have suffered themselves to be taken in their entrenchments, said to the basha; “Ah! had they defended themselves as they ought, you would not have been able to force our camp in ten days.” “Alas! (says the Turk) that so much courage should be so ill employed!” He ordered the king to be conducted back to Bender on a horse richly caparisoned. All the Swedes were either killed or taken prisoners. All his equipage, his goods, his papers, and most necessary utensils, were either plundered or burnt. One might have seen in the public roads the Swedish officers, almost naked, and chained together in pairs, following the Tartars or janissaries on foot. The chancellor and the general officers did not meet with a milder fate: they were the slaves of the soldiers to whose share they had fallen.

Ismael Basha having conducted Charles to his seraglio at Bender, gave him his own apartment, and ordered him to be served like a king; but not without taking the precaution to plant a guard of janissaries at the chamber door. A bed was prepared for him; but he threw himself down upon a sofa, booted as he was, and fell fast asleep. An officer, that stood near him in waiting, covered his head with a cap; but the king, upon awaking from his first sleep, threw it off; and the Turk was surprised, to see a sovereign prince sleeping in his boots and bare-headed. Next morning, Ismael introduced Fabricius into the king's Chamber. Fabricius found his majesty with his cloaths

torn ; his boots, his hands, and his whole body, covered with dust and blood, and his eye-brows burnt ; but still maintaining, in this terrible condition, a placid and chearful look. He fell upon his knees before him, without being able to utter a word ; but soon recovering from his surprize, by the free and easy manner in which the king addressed him, he resumed his wonted familiarity with him, and they began to talk of the battle of Bender with great humour and pleasantry. “ It is reported (says Fabricius) that your majesty killed twenty janissaries with your own hand.” “ Well, well, (replies the king) a story, you know, never loses in the telling.” During this conversation, the basha presented to the king his favourite Grothusen, and colonel Ribbins, whom he had had the generosity to redeem at his own expence. Fabricius undertook to ransom the other prisoners.

Jeffreys, the English envoy, joined his endeavours with those of Fabricius, in order to procure the money necessary for this purpose. A Frenchman, who had come to Bender out of mere curiosity, and who hath wrote a short account of these transactions, gave all that he had ; and these strangers, assisted by the interest, and even by the money, of the basha, redeemed not only the officers, but likewise their cloaths, from the hands of the Turks and Tartars.

Next day, the king was conducted as a prisoner, in a chariot covered with scarlet, towards Adrianople. His treasurer Grothusen was with him. Chancellor Mullern and some officers followed in another carriage. Several were on horseback ; and when they cast their eyes on the king's chariot, they could not refrain from tears. The basha was at the head of the convoy: Fabricius told

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torn ; his boots, his hands, and his whole body, covered with dust and blood, and his eye-brows burnt ; but still maintaining, in this terrible condition, a placid and chearful look. He fell upon his knees before him, without being able to utter a word ; but soon recovering from his surprize, by the free and easy manner in which the king addressed him, he resumed his wonted familiarity with him, and they began to talk of the battle of Bender with great humour and pleasantry. “ It is reported (says Fabricius) that your majesty killed twenty janissaries with your own hand.” “ Well, well, (replies the king) a story, you know, never loses in the telling.” During this conversation, the basha presented to the king his favourite Grothusen, and colonel Ribbins, whom he had had the generosity to redeem at his own expence. Fabricius undertook to ransom the other prisoners.

Jeffreys, the English envoy, joined his endeavours with those of Fabricius, in order to procure the money necessary for this purpose. A Frenchman, who had come to Bender out of mere curiosity, and who hath wrote a short account of these transactions, gave all that he had ; and these strangers, assisted by the interest, and even by the money, of the basha, redeemed not only the officers, but likewise their cloaths, from the hands of the Turks and Tartars.

Next day, the king was conducted as a prisoner, in a chariot covered with scarlet, towards Adrianople. His treasurer Grothusen was with him. Chancellor Mullern and some officers followed in another carriage. Several were on horse-back ; and when they cast their eyes on the king's chariot, they could not refrain from tears. The basha was at the head of the convoy : Fabricius told

told him that it was a shame the king should want a sword, and begged he would give him one. "God forbid, (says the basha) he would cut our beards for us, if he had a sword." However, he gave him one a few hours after.

While they were conducting this king, disarmed and a prisoner, who, but a few years before, had given law to so many states, and had seen himself the arbiter of the North and the terror of Europe, there appeared in the same place another instance of the frailty of human greatness.

King Stanislaus had been seized in the Turkish dominions, and they were now carrying him a prisoner to Bender, at the very time that they were removing Charles from it.

Stanislaus, being no longer supported by the hand which had raised him to the throne, and finding himself destitute of money, and consequently of interest in Poland, had retired at first into Pomerania; and, unable to preserve his own kingdom, he had done all that lay in his power to defend that of his benefactor: he had even gone to Sweden, in order to hasten the reinforcements that were so much wanted in Livonia and Pomerania. In a word, he had done every thing that could be expected from the friend of Charles XII. About this time, the first king of Prussia, a prince of great prudence, being justly apprehensive of danger from the too near neighbourhood of the Muscovites, thought proper to enter into a league with Augustus and the republic of Poland, in order to send back the Russians to their own country, and he hoped to engage the king of Sweden himself in this project. From this plan, three great events were expected to result; the peace of the North, the return of Charles to his own kingdom, and the establishment of a strong barrier against the

Russians, whose power was already become formidable to Europe. The preliminary article of this treaty, upon which the public tranquillity depended, was the abdication of Stanislaus; who not only accepted the proposal, but even undertook to use his endeavours in bringing about a peace which deprived him of his crown. To this step he was prompted by necessity, the publick good, the glory of the sacrifice, and the interest of Charles XII. He wrote to Bender. He explained to the king of Sweden the desperate situation of his affairs, and the only effectual remedy that could be applied. He conjured him not to oppose an abdication which was rendered necessary by the strange conjunctures of the times, and honourable by the noble motive from which it proceeded. He entreated him not to sacrifice the interests of Sweden to those of an unhappy friend, who chearfully preferred the public good to his own private happiness. Charles XII. received these letters at Varnitza. He said to the courier in a passion, in presence of several witnesses; "If my friend will not be a king, I can easily find another that will."

Stanislaus was obstinately bent on making the sacrifice which Charles opposed. These times seem to have been destined by providence to produce strange sentiments, and still stranger actions. Stanislaus resolved to go himself, and endeavour to prevail upon Charles; and thus he ran a greater risk in abdicating the throne, than ever he had done in obtaining it. One evening about six o'clock, he stole from the Swedish army, which he commanded in Pomerania, and set out, in company with baron Sparr and another colonel, the former of whom hath since been an ambassador

in France and England. He assumed the name of a French gentleman, called Haran, who was then a major in the Swedish army, and lately died commander of Dantzick. He passed close by the whole army of the enemy; was sometimes stopped, and as often released by virtue of a passport which he got in the name of Haran. At length, after many perils and dangers, he arrived on the frontiers of Turkey.

As soon as he had reached Moldavia, he sent back baron Sparr to the army, and entered Yassy, the capital of Moldavia, thinking himself perfectly secure in a country where the king of Sweden had been treated with so much respect, and never entertaining the least suspicion of what had happened.

The Moldavians asked him who he was? He said he was major of a regiment in the service of Charles XII. At the bare mention of that name he was seized, and carried before the hospodar of Moldavia, who, having already learned from the Gazettes that Stanislaus had privately withdrawn from his army, began to suspect that this was probably the man. He had heard the king's figure described so exactly, that it was very easy to discover the resemblance; an open and engaging countenance, and a very uncommon air of sweetness.

The hospodar examined him, put to him a great many captious questions, and at last asked him what commission he bore in the Swedish army. Their conversation was carried on in Latin. *Majorem*, says Stanislaus. *Imo maximus es*, replies the Moldavian; and immediately presenting him with a chair of state, he treated him like a king; but still like a king who was a prisoner, placing a
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strict guard about a Greek convent, in which he was obliged to remain, till such time as the sultan's orders should arrive. At length these orders came, importing, that Stanislaus should be carried to Bender, from which Charles XII. had been just removed.

The news of this event was brought to the basha, at the time he was accompanying the king of Sweden's chariot. The basha communicated the particulars to Fabricius, who, coming up to Charles's chariot, told him he was not the only king that was a prisoner in the hands of the Turks; and that Stanislaus was but a few miles off, under a guard of soldiers. "Run to him, my dear Fabricius, (says Charles, without being in the least disconcerted,) tell him never to make a peace with Augustus, and assure him that our affairs will soon take another turn." So much was Charles wedded to his own opinions, that, abandoned as he was in Poland, attacked in his own dominions, a captive in a Turkish litter, and led a prisoner without knowing whither they were carrying him, he still reckoned on the favour of fortune, and hoped the Ottoman Porte would assist him with an hundred thousand men. Fabricius hastened to execute his commission, attended by a janissary, having first obtained leave from the basha. At a few miles distance he met the body of soldiers that conducted Stanislaus. He addressed himself to a person that rode in the midst of them, clad in a French dress, and but indifferently mounted; and asked him in the German tongue, where the king of Poland was. The person to whom he spoke happened to be Stanislaus himself, whose features he could not recollect under this disguise. "What! (says the king) don't

don't you know me?" Fabricius then informed him of the wretched condition in which the king of Sweden was; but added, that his resolutions, however unsuccessful, were as determined as ever.

As Stanislaus was drawing near to Bender, the basha, who had returned thither after having accompanied Charles for some miles, sent the king of Poland an Arabian horse, with a magnificent harness.

He was received at Bender amidst a discharge of the artillery; and, excepting his confinement, from which he was not as yet delivered, he had no great cause to complain of his treatment*. Mean while Charles was on his way to Adrianople. Nothing was talked of in that town but his late battle. The Turks at once condemned and admired him; but the divan was so provoked, that they threatened to confine him in one of the islands of the Archipelago.

Stanislaus, king of Poland, from whom I had the honour to receive the greatest part of these particulars, assured me likewise, that a proposal was made in the divan for confining him in one of the islands of Greece; but the grand seignior being mollified, a few months after allowed him to depart.

M. Defaleurs, who could have taken his part, and could have prevented the Turks from offer-

* The good chaplain, Norberg, alleges that we are here guilty of a manifest contradiction, in supposing, that king Stanislaus was at once detained a prisoner, and treated as a king, at Bender. What! had not the poor man discernment enough to perceive that it is very possible for a person, at one and the same time, to be loaded with honours and deprived of his liberty?

ing such an affront to all Christian kings, was at Constantinople; as was likewise M. Poniatowsky, whose fertile and enterprising genius the divan had always dreaded. Most of the Swedes at Adrianople were in prison; and the sultan's throne seemed to be inaccessible to any complaints of the king of Sweden.

The marquis de Fierville, who had resided with Charles at Bender as a private agent of France, was then at Adrianople. He undertook to do that prince a piece of service, at a time when he was abandoned or oppressed by all the world besides. In this design he was happily assisted by a French gentleman, of an ancient family in Champagne, called Villelongue, a man of great courage, but who, not having a fortune equal to his spirit, and charmed with the fame of the king of Sweden, had repaired to Turkey with a view of entering into the service of that prince.

With the assistance of this young man, M. de Fierville wrote a memorial in the king of Sweden's name, in which he made his majesty demand satisfaction of the sultan for the insult, which, in his person, had been offered to all crowned heads, and for the treachery, real or supposed, of the kam and basha of Bender.

In this memorial he accused the vizier and other ministers of having received bribes from the Russians, imposed upon the grand seignior, intercepted the king's letters to his highness, and of having, by their artifices, extorted from the sultan an order so contrary to the hospitality of Mussulmans, by which, in direct violation of the laws of nations, and in a manner so unworthy of a great emperor, they had attacked, with twenty thousand men, a king who had none but his domesticks

meetics to defend him, and who relied upon the sacred word of the sultan.

When this memorial was drawn up, it was to be translated into the Turkish language, and written in a particular hand, and upon a certain kind of paper, which is always used in addresses to the sultan.

For this purpose, they applied to several French interpreters in the town; but the affairs of the king of Sweden were in such a desperate situation, and the vizier was so much his declared enemy, that not a single interpreter would undertake the task. At last they found a stranger, whose hand was not known at the Porte, who, having received a handsome gratuity, and being fully assured of the most profound secrecy, translated the memorial into the Turkish tongue, and wrote it upon the right kind of paper. Baron d'Arvidson, a Swedish officer, counterfeited the king's subscription. Fierville, who had the royal signet, appended it to the writing; and the whole was sealed with the arms of Sweden. Villelongue undertook to deliver it into the hands of the grand seignior, as he went to the mosque, according to his usual custom. The like methods had been frequently employed for presenting memorials to the sultan against his ministers; but that very circumstance rendered the success of this enterprize the more precarious, and the danger of the attempt the more imminent.

The vizier, who plainly foresaw that the Swedes would demand justice of the sultan, and who, from the unhappy fate of his predecessors, had but too many warnings to provide for his own safety, had given peremptory orders to allow no one to approach the grand seignior's person, but to seize

seize all such as should be about the mosque with petitions in their hands.

Villelongue was well apprized of this order, and at the same time knew, that, by breaking it, he run the risk of losing his head. He therefore laid aside his Frank's dress, and put on a Grecian habit; and concealing the letter in his bosom, repaired betimes to the neighbourhood of the mosque to which the grand seignior resorted. He counterfeited the madman, and dancing between two files of janissaries, through which the sultan was to pass, he purposely let some pieces of money drop from his pockets, as if by chance, in order to amuse the guards:

When the sultan was drawing near, the guards endeavoured to remove Villelongue out of the way; but he fell on his knees and struggled with the janissaries. At last his cap fell off, and he was discovered by his long hair to be a Frank. He received several blows, and was very roughly handled. The grand seignior, who was at no great distance, heard the scuffle, and asked the cause of it. Villelongue cried out with all his might, *Amman! Amman! Mercy!* pulling the letter at the same time out of his bosom. The sultan ordered the guards to let him approach. Villelongue instantly runs up to him, embraces his stirrup, and presents the memorial, saying, *Sued crall dan*, "The king of Sweden gives it thee." The sultan put the letter in his bosom, and proceeded to the mosque. Mean time Villelongue was secured, and imprisoned in one of the exterior apartments of the seraglio.

The sultan having read the letter upon his leaving the mosque, resolved to examine the prisoner himself. This perhaps will appear somewhat

what incredible: nothing, however, is here advanced, but what is vouched by the letters of M. de Villelongue; and surely, when so brave an officer affirms any thing upon his honour, he merits, at least, some credit. He assured me then that the sultan laid aside his imperial garb and turban, and disguised himself like an officer of the janissaries, a thing which he frequently does. He brought along with him an old man, of the island of Malta, as an interpreter. By favour of this disguise, Villelongue enjoyed an honour which no Christian ambassador ever obtained. He had a private conference with the Turkish emperor for a quarter of an hour. He did not fail to represent the wrongs which the king of Sweden had suffered, to accuse the ministers, and to demand satisfaction; and all this with so much the more freedom, as in talking to the sultan he was only supposed to be talking to his equal. He could easily discover, notwithstanding the darkness of the prison, that it was no other than the grand seignior himself; but this discovery only made him speak with the greater boldness. The pretended officer of the janissaries said to Villelongue; "Christian, be assured, that the sultan, my master, has the soul of an emperor; and that your king of Sweden, if he has reason on his side, shall obtain justice." Villelongue was soon set at liberty; and in a few weeks after a sudden change took place in the seraglio, owing, as the Swedes affirm, to this conference alone. The musti was deposed; the kam of Tartary was banished to Rhodes; and the seraquier basha of Bender was confined in one of the islands of the Archipelago.

The Ottoman Porte is so subject to these revolutions, that it is hard to say, whether the sultan really meant to gratify the king of Sweden by these sacrifices. From the treatment which that prince received, it cannot surely be inferred that the Porte had any great inclination to oblige him.

The favourite, Ali Coumourgi, was suspected of having brought about all these changes, in order to serve his own particular views. The kam of Tartary and the serasquier of Bender were said to have been banished for giving the king the twelve hundred purses, in contradiction to the express orders of the grand seignior. Coumourgi raised to the throne of Tartary the brother of the deposed kam, a young man of his own age, who had little regard for his brother, and upon whom the favourite depended greatly in prosecuting the wars he had already planned. With respect to the grand vizier Jusuff, he was not deposed till some weeks after; and the title of prime vizier was bestowed on Seliman Basha.

Truth obliges me to declare, that M. de Villelongue and several Swedes assured me, that all these great revolutions at the Porte were entirely owing to the letter which was presented to the sultan in the king's name; whereas M. de Fierville is of a quite contrary opinion. I have sometimes found the like contradictions in such memorials as have been submitted to my perusal. In all these cases, it is the duty of an historian honestly to narrate the plain matter of fact, without endeavouring to dive into the motives; and to confine himself to the relation of what he does know, instead of indulging his fancy in vague conjectures, about what he does not know.

Mean while Charles XII. was conducted to the little castle of Demirtash, in the neighbourhood of Adrianople. An innumerable multitude of people had crowded to this place to see the arrival of his majesty, who was carried from his chariot to the castle on a sofa; but Charles, in order to conceal himself from the view of the populace, put a cushion upon his head.

The Porte was strongly solicited to allow him to reside at Demotica, a little town six leagues from Adrianople, and near the famous river Hebrus, now called Merizza; but it was not till after several days that they granted his request. "Go, (says Coumourgi to the grand vizier Soliman) and tell the king of Sweden, that he may stay at Demotica all his life long, if he pleases; but I will answer for him, that, in less than a year, he will want to be gone of his own accord; take care, however, not to give him any money."

Thus was the king conveyed to the little town of Demotica, where the Porte allotted him a considerable quantity of provisions for himself and his retinue. But all the money they would grant him was five and twenty crowns a-day, to buy pork and wine, two kinds of provisions which the Turks never furnish to others. The allowance of five hundred crowns a-day, which he had enjoyed at Bender, was entirely withdrawn.

Hardly had he reached Demotica with his little court, when the grand vizier Soliman was deposed; and his place filled by Ibrahim Molla, a man of a high spirit, of great courage, and unpolished manners. It may not be amiss to give a short sketch of his history, that so the reader may be the better acquainted with the characters of all those

those viceroys of the Ottoman empire upon whom the fortune of Charles so long depended.

He had been a common sailor till the accession of the sultan Achmet III. This emperor frequently disguised himself in the habit of a private man, of a priest, or a dervise; and slipped in the evening into the coffee-houses and other public places of Constantinople, to hear what the people said of him, and what were their opinions concerning the affairs of state. One day he overheard this Molla complaining that the Turkish ships never took any prizes, and swearing that if he were captain of a ship, he would never enter the port of Constantinople without bringing some vessel of the infidels along with him. Next day the grand seignior gave him the command of a ship, and sent him on a cruize. The new captain returned in a few days, with a Maltese bark and a galley of Genoa. In two years time he was appointed captain-general of the navy, and at last grand vizier. As soon as he had attained his new post, he thought he could easily dispence with the interest of the favourite. In order to render himself the more necessary, he formed a scheme for commencing a war against the Russians; and with this view pitched a tent not far from the place where the king of Sweden resided.

He invited his majesty to come and see him, with the new kam of Tartary, and the French ambassador. The king, whose pride rose with his misfortunes, considered it as a most intolerable affront for a subject to send him an invitation. He ordered his chancellor Mullern to go in his place; and, lest the Turks should not pay him that respect which was due to his royal person, or oblige him to condescend to any thing beneath

his dignity, Charles, who was ever in extremes, took to his bed, which he resolved not to leave during his abode at Demotica. This resolution he kept for ten months, under pretence of sickness; chancellor Mullern, Grothusen, and colonel Dubens, being the only persons that were admitted to his table. They had none of the conveniences with which the Franks are usually provided: all these they had lost at Bender; consequently it could not be expected that their meals were served with much pomp or elegance. In effect, they were obliged to serve themselves; and, during the whole time, chancellor Mullern was cook in ordinary.

While Charles XII. was thus passing his time in bed, he received the disagreeable news of the desolation of all his provinces, that lay without the limits of Sweden.

General Steinbock, who had rendered himself illustrious by chasing the Danes out of Scania, and beating their best troops with a parcel of peasants, still maintained the glory of the Swedish arms. He defended Pomerania, Bremen, and the king's possessions in Germany, as long as he was able; but could not hinder the combined army of the Danes and Saxons from besieging Stade, a town of great strength and importance, situated on the banks of the Elbe, in the dutchy of Bremen. The town was bombarded and reduced to ashes; and the garrison obliged to surrender at discretion, before Steinbock could come to their assistance.

This general, who had about twelve thousand men, of whom the one half were cavalry, pursued the enemy, who were twice as numerous, and at last overtook them in the dutchy of Mecklenburg,

at a place called Gadesbush, near a river of the same name. It was on the 20th of December 1712, that he came in sight of the Danes and Saxons. He was separated from them by a morass. The enemy were so posted as to have this morass in front, and a wood in their rear: they had the advantage of number and situation; and their camp was utterly inaccessible, except across the morass, which the Swedes could not pass without being exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, Steinbock passed the morass at the head of his troops, advanced against the enemy in order of battle, and began one of the most desperate and bloody engagements which ever happened between these rival nations. After a sharp conflict for three hours, the Danes and Saxons were entirely routed, and obliged to quit the field of battle.

It was in this battle that a son of Augustus, by the countess of Konigsmark, known by the name of count Saxe, served his apprenticeship in the art of war. This is the same count Saxe, who had afterwards the honour to be chosen duke of Courland, and who wanted nothing but power to put himself in possession of the most incontestible right which any man can have to sovereignty, I mean the unanimous consent of the people. In fine, this is the man who hath since acquired a more solid glory by saving France at the battle of Fontenoy, conquering Flanders, and meriting the character of the greatest general of the age. He commanded a regiment at Gadesbush, and had a horse killed under him. I have heard him say, that all the Swedes kept their ranks; and that, even after the victory was gained, and the first

lines of these brave troops saw their enemies lying dead at their feet, there was not so much as a single Swede that durst stoop to strip them, till prayers had been read in the field of battle; so inflexibly did they adhere to that strict discipline which their king had taught them.

After the victory, Steinbock, remembering that the Danes had laid Stade in ashes, resolved to retaliate on Altena, a town belonging to the king of Denmark. Altena stands below Hamburg, on the banks of the Elbe, which can convey ships of considerable burthen into its harbour. The king of Denmark had indulged this town with many privileges, hoping to make it, one day, a place of great trade; and indeed the industry of the inhabitants, encouraged by the prudent measures of the king, had already raised them to such opulence, that Altena began to be reckoned in the number of rich and commercial cities. Hamburg grew jealous of this rival in trade, and earnestly wished for its destruction. When Steinbock came in sight of Altena, he sent a trumpet to acquaint the inhabitants that they might retire with as many of their effects as they could carry off, for that he meant to raze their town to the foundation.

The magistrates came and threw themselves at his feet, and offered him an hundred thousand crowns by way of ransom. Steinbock demanded two hundred thousand. The inhabitants begged that they might have time at least, to send to their correspondents at Hamburg, assuring him that next day the money should be paid him; but the Swedish general replied, that they must give it instantly, or he would immediately set Altena in flames.

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His troops were already in the suburbs, with torches in their hands. The town had no other defence but a poor wooden gate, and a ditch already filled up. The wretched inhabitants were therefore obliged to leave their houses at midnight, on the ninth of January 1713. The rigour of the season, which was then excessive, was still further increased by a strong north-wind, which served at once to spread the flames through the town with greater violence, and to render the miseries of the poor people, who were exposed in the open fields, the more intolerable. Men and women, weeping and wailing, and bending under their heavy loads, fled to the neighbouring hills, which were covered with snow. The palsied old men were transported on the shoulders of the young. Some women, newly delivered, fled with their tender babes in their arms, and perished together on the naked rock, turning their languishing eyes towards their dear country, which was now wrapt in flames. The Swedes set fire to the town, before the inhabitants had entirely left it. The conflagration continued from midnight till ten in the morning. The houses being mostly of wood, were entirely consumed; and next day there was not the least vestige of a town remaining.

The aged, the sick, and women of tender constitutions, who had lodged on the snow while their houses were in flames, at last made a shift to crawl to the gates of Hamburg, where they besought the inhabitants to receive them within the walls, and thereby to save their lives. But this favour was denied them, because some contagious distempers were known lately to have raged in Altena; and the Hamburgers had not so great a regard for the inhabitants, as to run the risk

of having their own town infected by admitting such dangerous guests. Thus the greatest part of these unhappy people expired under the walls of Hamburg, calling on heaven to witness the barbarity of the Swedes, and the still greater inhumanity of the Hamburgers.

All Germany exclaimed against this outrage. The ministers and generals of Poland and Denmark wrote to count Steinbock, reproaching him with an act of cruelty, committed without necessity, and incapable of any excuse, which could not fail to provoke heaven and earth against him.

Steinbock replied, that he never would have pushed matters to such extremities, had it not been with a view to teach the enemies of the king his master not to make war, for the future, like barbarians, but to pay some regard to the laws of nations; that they had filled Pomerania with their cruelties, laid waste that beautiful province, and sold near an hundred thousand of its inhabitants to the Turks; and that the torches which had laid Altona in ashes were no more than just reprisals for the red-hot bullets which had destroyed Stade.

Such was the implacable resentment with which the Swedes and their enemies carried on the war. Had Charles appeared in Pomerania at this time, he might possibly have retrieved his ruined fortune. His armies, though removed at so great a distance from his person, were still animated by his spirit; but the absence of a prince is always prejudicial to his affairs, and hinders his subjects from making the proper use of their victories. Steinbock lost by piece-meal what he had gained
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by those signal actions, which, at a happier juncture, would have been decisive.

Victorious as he was, he could not prevent the junction of the Russians, Danes, and Saxons. The combined army of these allies seized upon his quarters. He lost some troops in several little skirmishes. Two thousand of his men were drowned in passing the Elber, as they were going to their winter-quarters in Holstein; and all these losses, in a country surrounded on every side by powerful enemies, were utterly irreparable.

He endeavoured to defend the duchy of Holstein against the Danes; but, notwithstanding all his prudent measures and vigorous efforts, the country was lost, his whole army ruined, and himself taken prisoner.

Pomerania, all but Stralsund, the isle of Rugen, and some neighbouring places, being left defenceless, became a prey to the allies, and was sequestered in the hands of the king of Prussia. Bremen was filled with Danish garrisons. At the same time, the Russians over-ran Finland and beat the Swedes, who, being now dispersed and inferior in point of number, began to lose that superiority over their enemies which they had possessed at the commencement of the war.

To complete the misfortunes of Sweden, the king resolved to stay at Demotica, and still flattered himself with the delusive hopes of obtaining assistance from the Turks, in whom he ought no longer to have reposed any confidence.

Ibrahim Molla, that bold vizier, who had been so obstinately bent on a war with the Russians, in opposition to the favourite, was strangled in one of the passages of the seraglio.

The place of vizier was become so dangerous, that no one would venture to accept of it; and of consequence it continued vacant for six months. At last the favourite, Ali Cournourgi, assumed the title of grand vizier. This measure gave a fatal blow to all the hopes of the king of Sweden, who knew Cournourgi so much the better, that he had really been obliged to him for some friendly offices, when the interest of the favourite and that of his majesty happened to coincide.

Charles had now been eleven months at Demotica, buried in sloth and oblivion. This extreme indolence succeeding so suddenly to the most violent exercises, had at last given him the disease which he had formerly feigned. The report of his death was spread over all Europe. The council of regency, which he had established at Stockholm when he left his capital, no longer received any dispatches from him. The senate came in a body to the princess Ulrica Eleonora, the king's sister, and entreated her to take the regency into her own hands, during her brother's absence. She accepted the proposal; but finding that the senate intended to force her to make a peace with the czar and the king of Denmark, and well knowing that her brother would never approve of such a measure, she resigned the regency, and wrote a full and circumstantial account of the whole matter to the king, in Turkey.

Charles received his sister's packet at Demotica. The arbitrary principles which he had sucked in with his mother's milk, made him forget that Sweden had formerly been a free state, and that, in ancient times, the management of public affairs was conducted by the king and senate, in

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conjunction. He considered that respectable body as no better than a parcel of menial servants, who wanted to usurp the command of the house in their master's absence. He wrote to them, that if they pretended to assume the reins of government, he would send them one of his boots, from which he would oblige them to receive their orders.

To prevent, therefore, these attempts (as he thought them) upon his authority in Sweden, and to defend his kingdom now in the last extremity, deprived of all hopes of assistance from the Ottoman Porte, and relying on himself alone, he signified to the grand vizier his desire of departing, and returning by the way of Germany.

M. Desaleurs, the French ambassador, who was charged with the affairs of Sweden, made the proposal. "Well, (says the vizier to count Desaleurs) did not I tell you, that in less than a year the king of Sweden would beg it as a favour, to be allowed to depart? Tell him he may either go or stay as he pleases; but let him come to a fixed resolution, and appoint the day of his departure, that he may not again bring us into such another scrape as that of Bender."

Count Desaleurs softened the harshness of this answer, when he reported it to the king. The day was accordingly fixed. But, before he would quit Turkey, Charles resolved to display the pomp of a great king, though involved in all the difficulties of a fugitive prince. He gave Grothusen the title of his ambassador extraordinary, and sent him with a retinue of eighty persons, all richly dressed, to take his leave in form at the Porte.

The splendour of this embassy was only exceeded by the meanness of the shifts which the

king was obliged to employ, in order to collect a sum of money sufficient to defray the expence of it.

M. Desaleurs lent him forty thousand crowns. Grothusen had agents at Constantinople, who borrowed in his name, at the rate of fifty *per cent.* interest, a thousand crowns of a Jew, two hundred pistoles of an English merchant, and a thousand livres of a Turk.

By these means they procured wherewithal to enable them to act the splendid farce of the Swedish embassy before the divan. Grothusen received at the Porte all the honours that are usually paid to ambassadors extraordinary on the day of their audience. The design of all this parade was only to obtain money from the grand vizier; but that minister was inexorable.

Grothusen made a proposal for borrowing a million from the Porte. The vizier answered coldly, that his master knew how to give, when he thought proper; but that it was beneath his dignity to lend: that the king should be supplied with plenty of every thing necessary for his journey, in a manner worthy of the person that sent him back; and that the Porte, perhaps, might even make him a present in gold billion, though he would not have him depend upon it for certain.

At last, on the first day of October 1714. the king of Sweden set out on his journey. A capigi basha, with six chiaoux, came to attend him from the castle of Demirtashi, where he had resided for some days past. The basha presented him, in the name of the grand seignior, with a large tent of scarlet embroidered with gold, a sabre whose handle

handle was set with jewels, and eight beautiful Arabian horses, with fine saddles, and stirrups of massy gold. It is not beneath the dignity of history to observe, that the Arabian groom, who took care of the horses, gave the king an account of their genealogy; a custom which hath long prevailed among these people, who seem to be more attentive to the nobility of horses than of men; which after all, perhaps, is not so unreasonable, as these animals, if the breed is kept free from intermixture, are never known to degenerate.

The convey consisted of sixty loaded waggons, and three hundred horse. The capigi basha being informed that several Turks had lent money to the king of Sweden's attendants at an immoderate interest, told his majesty that usury was forbid by the Mahometan law; he therefore entreated him to liquidate all these debts, and to order his resident at Constantinople to pay no more than the capital. "No, (says the king) if any of my servants have given bills for an hundred crowns, I will pay them, though they should not even have received ten."

He made a proposal to his creditors to follow him, assuring them at the same time, that he would not only pay their debts, but likewise indemnify them for the expence of the journey. Several of them went to Sweden; and Grothusen was commissioned to see them paid.

In order to shew the greater deference to their royal guest, the Turks made him travel by very short stages; but this slow and respectful motion was ill-suited to the impatient spirit of the king. During the journey, he got up at three in the morning, according to his usual custom. As soon

as he was dressed, he went himself and awakened the capigi and chiacoux, and began to march in the dark. The Turkish gravity was affronted with this new manner of travelling; but Charles took pleasure in making them uneasy, and said, that he should at least be a little revenged on them, for their behaviour to him at Bender.

About the time that Charles reached the frontiers of Turkey, Stanislaus was leaving them, tho' by a different road, and going into Germany, with a view of retiring into the dutchy of Deux-Ponts, a province bordering on the palatinate of Alsace and the Rhine, and which has belonged to the kings of Sweden ever since Charles X. the successor of Christina, united it to his crown. Charles assigned Stanislaus the revenue of this dutchy, which was then valued at about seventy thousand crowns. Such was the final result of so many projects, wars, and expectations! Stanislaus both could and would have concluded an advantageous treaty with Augustus, had not the inflexible obstinacy of Charles made him lose his lands and real estate in Poland, in order to preserve the empty title of king.

This prince continued to reside in the dutchy of Deux-Ponts till the death of Charles XII. when that province returning to a prince of the Palatine family, he chose to retire to Wiltemberg, a place belonging to the French in Alsace. M. Sum, Augustus's envoy, entered a complaint on this head to the duke of Orleans, regent of France. The duke made him this remarkable answer: "Sir, let the king your master know, that France hath never refused an asylum to kings in distress."

When the king of Sweden arrived on the frontiers of Germany, he had the pleasure to hear,
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that the emperor had given strict orders to receive him in every part of his dominions with a becoming magnificence. The towns and villages through which the quarter-masters had previously fixed his route, made great preparations for receiving him; every one burned with impatience to see this extraordinary man, whose victories and misfortunes, whose most trifling actions, and even his keeping his bed, had made so great a noise in Europe and Asia. But Charles had no inclination to bear the fatigue of all this pomp and pageantry, or to exhibit as a public spectacle the prisoner of Bender. On the contrary, he had resolved never to re-enter Stockholm, until he should have repaired his losses by a change of fortune.

As soon as he arrived at Targowitz, on the confines of Transylvania, he took leave of his Turkish convoy; and then assembling his attendants in a barn, he told them not to give themselves any concern about him, but to proceed with all possible expedition to Stralsund in Pomerania, on the coast of the Baltic, distant from Targowitz about three hundred leagues.

He took nobody with him but two officers, Rosen and Daring, and parted cheerfully with the rest of his attendants, who were filled with astonishment, sorrow, and apprehension. By way of disguise, he put on a black wig, concealing his own hair, which he always wore underneath it, a gold laced hat, a grey coat, and blue cloak, and assuming the name of a German officer, rode off with his two fellow-travellers.

He thinned, as much as possible, the territories of his secret or declared enemies, taking the road through Hungary, Moravia, Austria, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, the Palatinate, Westphalia, and
Meck-

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He shunned, as much as possible, the territories of his secret or declared enemies, taking the road through Hungary, Moravia, Austria, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, the Palatinate, Westphalia, and Meck-

Mecklenburg; by which means he almost made the complete tour of Germany, and lengthened his journey by one half. Having rode the whole first day, without intermission, young During, who was not so much inured to these excessive fatigues, fainted away as he was dismounting. The king, who was determined not to halt a moment by the road, asked During as soon as he had recovered, how much money he had? "About a thousand crowns in gold," replies During. "Then give me one half of it, (says the king) I see you are not able to follow me, I shall finish the journey by myself." During begged he would be so good as to tarry but for three hours, assuring him, that by that time he should be able to remount his horse and attend his majesty, and entreated him to reflect on the imminent dangers to which he would expose himself by travelling alone. The king was inexorable. He made him give him the five hundred crowns, and called for horses. During, startled at this resolution, bethought himself of an innocent stratagem. He took the post-master aside, and pointing to the king: "This gentleman (says he) is my cousin: we are going together upon the same business; he sees that I am indisposed, and yet he will not wait for me but for three hours: pray, give him the worst horse in your stable; and let me have a chariot, or post-chaise."

He slipped two ducats into the post-master's hand, who punctually obeyed his orders. The king had a lame and restive horse, upon which he set out alone at ten at night, amidst darkness, snow, wind, and rain. His fellow-traveller, after having slept a few hours, began to follow him in a chariot, with good horses. He had not rode many miles,

miles; when, at day-break, he overtook the king, who not being able to make his beast move on, was travelling on foot to the next stage.

Charles was obliged to get into Düring's chaise, where he slept upon the straw. Thus they continued the journey without intermission, by day on horseback, and sleeping by night in a chaise.

Having travelled for sixteen days, during which they had more than once been in danger of being taken, they arrived at last, on the twenty first of November 1714, at the gates of Stralsund, about one in the morning.

The king called out to the centinel, and told him that he was a courier dispatched from Turkey by the king of Sweden, and that he must immediately speak with general Ducker, the governor. The centinel said that it was too late; that the governor was gone to bed; and that he must wait till break of day.

The king replied, that he came upon business of importance, and that, if they did not instantly go and awaken the governor, they should all be punished next morning. At last a serjeant went and called up the governor. Ducker imagined that it might possibly be one of the king's generals: the gates were opened; and the courier introduced into the governor's chamber.

Ducker, who was still half asleep, asked him; "What news of the king of Sweden?" The king, taking him by the arm, "What, (says he to Ducker) have my most faithful subjects forgot me?" The governor recollected the king, though he could not believe his own eyes; and jumping out of bed, embraced his master's knees with tears of joy. The news of this happy event were spread

spread through the town in a moment. Every body got up. The soldiers flocked about the governor's house. The streets were crowded with people, asking each other, whether the king was really come. All the windows were illuminated, and the conduits ran with wine, amidst the blaze of a thousand flambeaus, and the repeated discharges of the artillery.

Mean while the king was put to bed, which was more than he had been for sixteen days before. His legs were so much swollen with the great fatigue he had undergone, that, instead of pulling, they were obliged to cut off his boots. As he had neither linnen nor cloaths, they immediately furnished him with such a wardrobe as the town could afford. After he had slept a few hours, he rose and went directly to review his troops, and visit his fortifications. And that very day, he dispatched orders into all parts, for renewing the war against his enemies with greater vigour than ever. All these particulars, which are so consistent with the extraordinary character of Charles XII. were first communicated to me by M. Fabricius, and afterwards confirmed by count Croissy, ambassador to the king of Sweden.

Europe was now in a condition very different from that in which it was when Charles left it, in 1709.

The war which had so long raged in the South, that is, in Germany, England, Holland, France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, was now at an end. The general peace which succeeded was owing to some private intrigues in the court of England. The earl of Oxford, an able minister, and lord Bolingbroke, one of the greatest geniuses, and one of the most eloquent orators of the age, had got the

the better of the duke of Marlborough, and prevailed upon the queen to make a peace with Lewis XIV. France being no longer at war with England, soon obliged the other powers to come to an accommodation.

Philip V. the grandson of Lewis XIV. began to reign in peace over the ruins of the Spanish monarchy. The emperor of Germany, now become master of Naples and Flanders, was firmly established in his vast dominions: and Lewis XIV. seemed to aim at nothing higher than to finish his long career of glory by a peaceable end.

Anne, queen of England, died on the tenth of August 1714, hated by half the nation, for having given peace to so many kingdoms. Her brother, James Stewart, an unhappy prince, excluded from the throne almost at his birth, not being in England at that time to claim the succession, which new laws would have conferred upon him, if his party could have prevailed; George I. elector of Hanover, was unanimously acknowledged king of Great Britain. The throne devolved to that elector not by right of blood, tho' descended from a daughter of James, but by virtue of an act of parliament.

George, advanced in years when he was called to reign over a people whose language he did not understand, and to whom he was an utter stranger, he considered himself rather as elector of Hanover than king of England. All his ambition was to aggrandize his German dominions. He commonly went once a-year to visit his hereditary subjects, by whom he was adored. In other respects, he took more pleasure in living like a private man, than like a mighty sovereign. The pomp of royalty appeared to him an insupportable

able burden. He passed his time with a few old courtiers, with whom he lived in great familiarity. He was not the king that made the greatest figure in Europe; but he was one of the wisest princes of the age, and perhaps the only one that knew how to enjoy on a throne the pleasures of friendship and private life. Such were the principal monarchs, and such the situation of the south of Europe.

The revolutions that happened in the North were of another nature. The kings in that part of the world were engaged in war, and leagued together against the king of Sweden.

Augustus had been long restored to the throne of Poland by the assistance of the czar, and with the joint consent of the emperor of Germany, of Anne of England, and of the states-general, who, though guaranties of the treaty of Altranstedt, when Charles XII. was able to impose laws, thought themselves absolved from that obligation, when they had nothing more to fear from him.

But Augustus did not enjoy an undisturbed authority. No sooner was he restored to the throne, than the people's apprehensions of arbitrary power began to revive. The whole nation was in arms to oblige him to conform to the *pacta conventa*, a sacred contract between the king and people, who seemed to have recalled their sovereign for no other purpose than to declare war against him. In the beginning of these troubles, the name of Stanislaus was not once mentioned: his party seemed to be annihilated; and the Poles retained no other remembrance of the king of Sweden than as of a torrent, which, in the violence of its course, had occasioned a temporary change in the face of nature.

Pultowa and the absence of Charles XII. had occasioned the fall not only of Stanislaus, but also of the duke of Holstein, Charles's nephew, who had lately been despoiled of his dominions by the king of Denmark. The king of Sweden had had a sincere regard for the father, and, of consequence, could not fail to be deeply affected with the misfortunes of the son; the rather, as, glory being the end of all his actions, the fall of those princes whom he had either made or restored, gave him as much pain as the loss of his own provinces.

Every one was at liberty to enrich himself with the ruins of Charles's fortune. Frederick William, the new king of Prussia, who seemed to be as fond of war as his father had been of peace, was the first who put in for his share of the spoils. He seized Stetin and part of Pomerania, as an equivalent for four hundred thousand crowns which he had advanced to the czar and the king of Denmark. George, elector of Hanover, now become king of England, had likewise sequestered into his hands the dutchy of Bremen and Verden, which the king of Denmark had assigned to him as a deposit for sixty thousand pistoles*. In this manner were divided the spoils of Charles XII. and whoever possessed any of his dominions as pledges, became, from their selfish and interested views, as dangerous enemies as those who had taken them from him.

* The English parliament afterwards granted a sum of money to complete the purchase; and thus Bremen and Verden were secured to the house of Hanover. This acquisition may be considered as the first link of that political chain by which Great Britain hath been dragged back and fast bound to the continent.

With regard to the czar, he was doubtless the most formidable of all his enemies. His former losses, his victories, his very faults, his unremitted perseverance in acquiring knowledge, and in communicating that knowledge to his subjects, and his incessant labours, had justly entitled him to the character of a great man. Riga was already taken; Livonia, Ingria, Carelia, half of Finland, and all the provinces that had been conquered by Charles's ancestors, were now subjected to the Russian yoke.

Peter Alexiowitz, who, twenty years before, had not a single vessel in the Baltick, now saw himself master of those seas, with a fleet of thirty ships of the line.

One of these ships had been built by his own hands. He was the best carpenter, the best admiral, and the best pilot in the North. There was not a difficult passage from the gulph of Bothnia to the Ocean, which he had not founded. And, having thus joined the labours of a common sailor to the curious experiments of a philosopher, and the grand designs of an emperor, he arrived, by degrees and a course of victories, to the rank of admiral, in the same manner as he had become a general in the land-service.

While prince Galliczen, a general formed under his auspices, and one of those who seconded his enterprizes with the greatest vigour, completed the reduction of Finland, took the town of Vasa, and beat the Swedes, the emperor put to sea, in order to attempt the conquest of Aland, an island in the Baltick, about twelve leagues from Stockholm.

He set out on this expedition in the beginning of July 1714, while his rival Charles XII. was keeping his bed at Demotica. He embarked at

Cronslot, an harbour which he had built a few years before, about four miles from Petersburg. The new harbour, the fleet, the officers, the sailors, were all the work of his own hands; and wherever he turned his eyes, he could behold nothing but what he himself had, in some measure, created.

On the fifteenth of July, the Russian fleet, consisting of thirty ships of the line, eighty gallies, and an hundred half-gallies, reached the coast of Aland. On board of these ships were twenty thousand soldiers: admiral Apraxin was commander in chief; and the Russian emperor served as rear-admiral. On the sixteenth the Swedish fleet, commanded by vice-admiral Erinchild, came up with the enemy; and, though weaker than them by two thirds, maintained a fight for the space of three hours. The czar attacked the admiral's ship, and took her after a sharp engagement.

The same day he landed sixteen thousand men on the isle of Aland; and having taken a number of Swedish soldiers, that had not been able to get on board of Erinchild's fleet, he carried them off in his own ships. He returned to his harbour of Cronslot with Erinchild's large ship, three others of a less size, one frigate, and six gallies, all which he had taken in the engagement.

From Cronslot he set sail for Petersburg, followed by his own victorious fleet, and the ships he had taken from the enemy. On his arrival at Petersburg, he was saluted by a triple discharge of an hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. He then made a triumphant entry, which flattered his vanity still more than that at Moscow, as he received these honours in his favourite city, a place where but ten years before there was not a single hut,

and where now there were thirty-four thousand five hundred houses; in a word, as he saw himself at the head not only of a victorious navy, but what is more, of the first Russian fleet that had ever appeared in the Baltick, and amidst the acclamations of a people, to whom, before his time, the very name of a fleet was not so much as known.

The entry into Petersburg was accompanied with much the same ceremonies as that into Moscow. The Swedish vice-admiral was the chief ornament of this new triumph. Peter Alexiowitz appeared in the procession as rear-admiral. A Russian nobleman, called Romanodowsky, who commonly represented the czar on these solemn occasions, was seated on a throne, surrounded with senators. To this nobleman the rear-admiral presented an account of his victory; and, in reward of his services, was declared vice-admiral. An odd ceremony, but extremely necessary, in a country where military subordination was one of the novelties which the czar wanted to introduce.

The emperor of Russia, now victorious over the Swedes by sea and land, and having assisted in expelling them from Poland, began to domineer there in his turn. He acted as mediator between Augustus and the republic; a glory, perhaps, not inferior to that of creating a king. This honour, and, indeed, all the good fortune of Charles, had fallen to the share of the czar; who, it must be owned, made a better use of these advantages; for all his successes were so managed, as to contribute to the interest of his country. If he took a town, the best artisans in it carried their families and their industry to Petersburg. The manufactures, the arts and sciences of the

provinces which he conquered from Sweden, were transported into Muscovy. Thus were his dominions enriched by his victories; a circumstance that makes him the most excuseable of all conquerors.

Sweden, on the contrary, despoiled of almost all her foreign provinces, had neither commerce, money, nor credit. Her veteran troops, which were formerly so formidable, had either fallen in battle, or perished with hunger. Upwards of an hundred thousand Swedes were slaves in the vast dominions of the czar; and near the same number had been sold to the Turks and Tartars. The human species seemed visibly to decline in the country; but the king's arrival at Stralsund inspired them with fresh hopes.

The respect and admiration which they had formerly entertained for his sacred person, were still so strongly rivetted in the minds of his subjects, that the youth came from the country in crowds, and voluntarily offered to enlist, though there was not a sufficient number of hands left to cultivate the lands.

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
C H A R L E S X I I .
K I N G o f S W E D E N .

B O O K V I I I .

T H E C O N T E N T S .

C H A R L E S gives his sister in marriage to the prince of HESSE: is besieged in STRALSUND, and escapes to SWEDEN. Schemes of baron de GORTZ, his prime minister. Plan of a reconciliation with the CZAR, and of a descent upon England. C H A R L E S besieges FREDERICSHALL, in NORWAY: is killed: his character. GORTZ is beheaded.

I N the midst of these preparations, the king gave his only surviving sister, Ulrica Eleonora, in marriage to Frederick prince of Hesse-Cassel. The queen dowager, grandmother of Charles XII. and the princess, and then in the eightieth year of her age, did the honours of the table at this solemnity, which was celebrated on the fourth of April 1715, in the palace of Stockholm, where she died soon after.

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The marriage was not honoured with the presence of the king, who was then employed in finishing the fortifications of Stralsund, a place of great importance, and threatened with a siege by the kings of Prussia and Denmark. Nevertheless he made his brother-in-law generalissimo of all his forces in Sweden. This prince had served the states-general in their wars with the French, and was esteemed a good general; a qualification which contributed not a little to procure him the sister of Charles XII. in marriage.

Charles's misfortunes now came as thick upon him as his victories had formerly done. In the month of June 1715, the German troops of the king of England, with those of Denmark, invested the strong town of Wisnar, while the combined army of the Danes and Saxons, amounting to thirty-six thousand men, marched towards Stralsund, to form the siege of that place. The kings of Prussia and Denmark sunk five Swedish ships a little off Stralsund. The czar was then in the Baltick, with twenty large ships of war, and an hundred and fifty transports, on board of which were thirty thousand men. He threatened a descent upon Sweden; one while approaching the coast of Helsingburg, and at another appearing before Stockholm. All Sweden was in arms upon the coasts, and every moment expected an invasion. At the same time the czar's land forces drove the Swedes from post to post, until they had dispossessed them of all the places they held in Finland, towards the gulph of Bothnia. But Peter pushed his conquests no farther.

At the mouth of the Oder, a river that divides Pomerania in two, and after washing the walls of Stetin falls into the Baltick, lies the little isle

of Usedom, a place of great importance on account of its situation, commanding the Oder both on the right and left; so that whoever is master of the island is likewise master of the navigation of the river. The king of Prussia had dislodged the Swedes from this place, and taken possession of it as well as of Stetin, which he kept sequestered, and all, as he pretended, "For the sake of peace." The Swedes had retaken Usedom in May 1715. They had two forts in the island; one of which was the fort of Suine, upon a branch of the Oder, that bore the same name; the other, a place of greater consequence, was called Pennamonder, and situated upon another branch of that river. To defend these two forts, and indeed the whole island, there were only two hundred and fifty Pomeranians, under the command of an old Swedish officer, called Kuze-Slerp, a man whose name deserves to be immortalized.

On the fourth of August, the king of Prussia sent fifteen hundred foot and eight hundred dragoons to make a descent upon the island. They came and landed without opposition near the fort of Suine, which being the least important of the two, the Swedish commander abandoned it to the enemy; and as he could not safely divide his men, he retired with his little company to the castle of Pennamonder, determined to hold out to the last extremity.

There was therefore a necessity of besieging it in form; for which purpose a train of artillery was embarked at Stetin, and the Prussian troops were reinforced with a thousand foot and four hundred horse. On the eighteenth the trenches were opened in two places, and the fort was briskly battered with cannon and mortars. During
the

the siege, a Swedish soldier, who was sent privately with a letter from Charles XII. found means to land on the island, and to slip into the fort. The letter he delivered to the commander. The purport was as follows: "Do not fire till the enemy come to the brink of the fosse. Defend the place to the last extremity. I commend you to your good fortune. Charles."

Slerp having read the note, resolved to obey, and to lay down his life, as he was ordered, for the service of his master. On the twenty-second at day-break the assault was given. The besieged having kept in their fire till they saw the enemy on the brink of the fosse, killed an immense number of them. But the ditch was full, the breach large, and the assailants too numerous; so that they entered the castle at two different places at once. The commander now thought of nothing but of selling his life dear, and obeying his master's orders. He abandoned the breaches through which the enemy entered; intrenched his little company, who had all the courage and fidelity to follow him behind a bastion, and posted them in such a manner that they could not be surrounded. The enemy came up to him, and were greatly surprized that he did not ask for quarter. He fought for a complete hour; and after having lost the half of his men, was at last killed himself, together with his lieutenant and major. Upon this, the surviving few, amounting to an hundred soldiers and one officer, begged their lives, and were made prisoners of war. Charles's letter was found in the commander's pocket, and carried to the king of Prussia.

At the time that Charles lost Usedom, and the neighbouring isles, which were quickly taken;

while Wismar was ready to surrender, and Sweden, destitute of a fleet, was daily threatened with an invasion; he himself was in Stralsund, besieged by an army of thirty-six thousand men.

Stralsund, a town famous over all Europe for the siege which the king of Sweden sustained there, is the strongest place in Pomerania; and is situated between the Baltick and the lake of Franken, near the freights of Gella. It is inaccessible by land, except by a narrow causeway, defended by a citadel, and by fortifications which were thought to be impregnable. There was in it a garrison of about nine thousand men, and, what was more than all, the king of Sweden himself. The kings of Prussia and Denmark undertook the siege of this place, with an army of six and thirty thousand men, composed of Prussians, Danes, and Saxons.

The honour of besieging Charles XII. was so powerful a motive, that they soon surmounted every obstacle, and opened the trenches in the night between the nineteenth and twentieth of October 1715. The king of Sweden declared, at the beginning of the siege, that for his own part, he could not comprehend, how a place well fortified, and provided with a sufficient garrison, could possibly be taken. Not but that in the course of his past victories, he had taken several places himself, but hardly ever by a regular siege. The terror of his arms carried all before it. Besides, he never judged of other people by himself; but always entertained too low an opinion of his enemies. The besiegers carried on their works with surprising vigour and resolution, and were greatly assisted by a very singular accident.

It is well known that the Baltick sea neither ebbs nor flows. The fortifications which covered the town, and which were defended on the west by an impassable morass, and by the sea on the east, seemed to be secure from any assault. It had hitherto escaped the observation of every one, that when the west wind blows strong, the waves of the Baltic are driven back in such a manner as to leave but three feet depth of water under the fortifications, which had always been supposed to be washed by a branch of the sea, so deep as to be utterly impassable. A soldier having fallen from the top of the fortifications into the sea, was surprised to find a bottom; and thinking that this discovery might make his fortune, he deserted, and went to the quarters of count Wackerbarth, the Saxon general, to inform him that the sea was fordable, and that he might easily penetrate to the Swedish fortifications. It was not long before the king of Prussia availed himself of this piece of intelligence.

Next night about twelve o'clock, the west wind still continuing to blow, lieutenant colonel Koppen entered the water, with eighteen hundred men. At the same time two thousand advanced upon the causeway that led to the fort; all the Prussian artillery fired, and the Danes and Prussians gave an alarm on the other side.

The Swedes thought they could easily repulse the two thousand men whom they saw advancing with so much apparent rashness upon the causeway; but all of a sudden, Koppen, with his eighteen hundred men entered the fort on the side towards the sea. The Swedes, surrounded and surprised, could make no resistance; and the post was carried after a terrible slaughter. Some of

the Swedes fled to the town; the besiegers pursued them thither, and entered pell-mell along with the fugitives. Two officers and four Saxon foldiers were already on the draw-bridge, which the Swedes had just time to raise; so that the men were taken, and the town saved for that time.

There were found in the fort twenty-four pieces of cannon, which were immediately turned against Stralsund. The siege was pushed with such vigour and resolution as this success could not fail to inspire. The town was cannonaded and bombarded without intermission.

Opposite to Stralsund, in the Baltic Sea, lies the isle of Rugen, which serves as a bulwark to that place, and into which the garrison and citizens might have retired, could they have found boats to transport them thither. This island was of the last importance to Charles. He plainly perceived, that should it fall into the hands of the enemy, he would be immediately besieged both by sea and land, and perhaps reduced to so great extremities, that he must either bury himself in the ruins of Stralsund, or else become a prisoner to those very enemies whom he had so long despised, and upon whom he had imposed the most severe and rigorous terms. But notwithstanding these gloomy prospects, such was the wretched situation of his affairs, that he had not been able to place a sufficient garrison in Rugen, where, in effect, there were no more than two thousand men.

His enemies had been employed for three months past in making all the necessary preparations for a descent upon this island; and having at last finished a great number of boats, the prince
of

of Anhalt; favoured by the goodness of the weather, landed twelve thousand men upon Rugen, on the fifteenth of November. The king, who seemed to be every where present, was then in the island, having lately joined his two thousand men, who were intrenched near a small harbour, three leagues from the place where the enemy had landed. He put himself at the head of this little troop, and observing the most profound silence, advanced at midnight towards the foe. The prince of Anhalt had already entrenched his forces, a precaution which seemed altogether unnecessary. The inferior officers never dreamed of being attacked the very first night, as they imagined Charles to be at Stralsund; but the prince of Anhalt, who well knew what incredible things Charles was capable of attempting, had caused a deep fosse to be sunk, fenced with chevaux de frise; and indeed took all his measures with as much circumspection, as if he had had a superior army to contend with.

At two in the morning, Charles reached the enemy's camp, without making the least noise. His soldiers said to each other, "Come let us pull up the chevaux de frise." These words being overheard by the centinels, the alarm was instantly given in the camp, and the enemy stood to their arms. The king, taking up the chevaux de frise, perceived a deep ditch before him. "Ah! says he, is it possible? this is more than I expected." However this unexpected event did not disconcert him. He was alike ignorant of the number of the enemy, and they of his. The darkness of the night seemed to favour the boldness of the attempt. He formed his resolution in a moment, and jumped into the ditch, accom-

panied by the bravest of his men, and instantly followed by all the rest. The chevaux de frise, which were presently plucked up, the levelled earth, the trunks and branches of such trees as they could find, and the carcases of the soldiers that were killed by random shot, served for fascines. The king, the generals, and the bravest of the officers and soldiers, mounted upon the shoulders of others, as in an assault. The fight began in the enemy's camp. The irresistible impetuosity of the Swedes soon threw the Danes and Prussians into confusion; but the numbers were too unequally matched. After a keen dispute for a quarter of an hour, the Swedes were repulsed, and obliged to repass the fosse. The prince of Anhalt pursued them into the plain, little thinking it was Charles XII. that fled before him. The unhappy monarch rallied his troops in the open field, and the battle was renewed with equal fury on both sides. Grothusen, the king's favourite, and general Dardoff, fell dead at his feet. In the heat of the fight Charles passed over the body of the latter, who was still breathing; and Daring, who had accompanied him in his journey from Turkey to Stralsund, was killed before his face.

In the midst of the fray, a Danish lieutenant, whose name I have not been able to learn, knew the king; and seizing his sword with one hand, and with the other dragging him by the hair, "Surrender yourself, says he, or you are a dead man." The king drew a pistol from his belt, and, with his left hand, fired it at the officer, who died of the wound the next morning. The name of king Charles, which the Dane had pronounced, immediately drew a crowd of the enemy together.

The

The king was surrounded, and received a musket shot below his left breast. The wound, which he called a contusion, was two fingers deep. Charles was on foot, and in the most imminent danger of either being killed or taken prisoner. At that critical moment count Poniatowski fought near his majesty's person. He had saved his life at Pultowa, and had now the good fortune to save it once more in the battle of Rugen, by putting him on his horse.

The Swedes retired to a part of the island called Altesferra, where there was a fort, of which they were still masters. From thence the king passed over to Stralsund, obliged to abandon his brave troops, who had so courageously assisted him in this daring enterprize, and who, two days after, were all made prisoners of war.

Among the prisoners was that unhappy French regiment, composed of the shattered remains of the battle of Hochstet, which had entered into the service of Augustus, and afterwards into that of the king of Sweden. Most of the soldiers were now incorporated into a new regiment, commanded by the prince of Anhalt's son, who was their fourth master.

The commander of this wandering regiment in the isle of Rugen was that same count de Villelongue, who had so nobly exposed his life at Adrianople to serve king Charles XII. He was taken prisoner, with his men, and but poorly rewarded in the sequel for all his services, labours, and sufferings.

After all these prodigies of valour, which tended only to weaken his forces, the king shut up in Stralsund, which was every moment in danger of being stormed, behaved in much the same man-

ner as he had done at Bender. Unappalled by so many surrounding dangers, he employed the day in making ditches and entrenchments behind the walls, and by night he sallied out upon the enemy. Mean while Stralsund was battered in breach: the bombs fell thick as hail upon the houses, and half the town was reduced to ash. The citizens were so far from complaining, that filled with the highest veneration for their royal master, whose vigilance, temperance, and courage, they could not sufficiently admire, they were all become soldiers under him. They accompanied him in all his sallies, and served him in place of a second garrison.

One day as the king was dictating some letters to his secretary, that were to be sent to Sweden, a bomb fell on the house, pierced the roof, and burst near the royal apartment. One half of the floor was shattered to pieces; but the closet in which the king was, being partly surrounded by a thick wall, received no damage; and what was remarkably fortunate, none of the splinters that flew about in the air, came in at the closet-door, which happened to be open. The report of the bomb, and the crashing noise it occasioned in the house, which seemed ready to tumble about their ears, made the secretary drop his pen. "What is the reason, says the king, with great composure, that you do not write?" The poor secretary could only bring out with a faltering voice; "The the bomb, sir." "Well, replies the king, and what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating? Go on."

There was, at that time, an ambassador of France shut up with Charles in Stralsund. This was one Colbert, count de Croissy, a lieutenant-

general in the French army, brother to the marquis de Torcy, the famous minister of state, and a relation of the celebrated Colbert, whose name ought never to be forgotten in France. To send a man on an embassy to Charles XII. or into trenches was much the same. The king would talk with Croissy for hours together in places of the greatest danger, while the soldiers were falling on every side of them by the fire of the bombs and cannon; Charles, in all appearance, insensible of the risk he run, and the ambassador not chusing to give his majesty so much as a hint that there were more proper places to talk of business. This minister exerted his utmost efforts, before the siege commenced, to effect an accommodation between the kings of Sweden and Prussia; but the demands of the latter were too high, and the former would make no concessions. So that the count de Croissy derived no other advantage from his embassy to Charles XII. than the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with that extraordinary man. He frequently lay by his majesty upon the same cloak; and by sharing with him in all his dangers and fatigues, had acquired a right of talking to him with greater freedom. Charles encouraged this boldness in those he loved; and would sometimes say to the count de Croissy, *Veni, maledicamus de rege*: "Come now let us make a little free with the character of Charles XII." This account I had from the ambassador himself.

Croissy continued in the town till the thirteenth of November, when having obtained from the enemy a passport for himself and his baggage, he took his leave of the king, who still remained amidst the ruins of Stralsund, with a garrison di-

diminished by one half, but firmly resolved to stand an assault.

And two days after, an assault was actually made upon the horn-work. Twice did the enemy take it, and twice were they repulsed. In this rencounter the king fought amidst his grenadiers; but at last superior numbers prevailed, and the enemy remained masters of the place. Charles continued in the town two days after this, expecting every moment a general assault. On the twenty-first he stayed till midnight upon a little ravelin that was entirely demolished by the bombs and cannon. Next day the principal officers conjured him to quit a place which he could no longer defend. But to retreat was now become as dangerous as to stay. The Baltick was covered with Russian and Danish ships. There were no vessels in the harbour of Stralsund, but one small bark with sails and oars. The great danger which rendered this retreat so glorious, was the very thing that prompted Charles to attempt it. He embarked at midnight on the twentieth of December, 1715, accompanied by ten persons only. They were obliged to break the ice with which the water of the harbour was covered; a hard and laborious task, which they were forced to continue for several hours before the bark could sail freely. The enemies admirals had strict orders not to allow Charles to escape from Stralsund; but to take him, dead or alive. Happily for him, they were under the wind, and could not come near him. He ran a still greater risk in passing by a place called la Babette, in the isle of Rugen, where the Danes had erected a battery of twelve cannon, from which they fired upon him. The mariners spread every sail and
plied:

plied every oar in order to get clear of the enemy, But two men were killed at the king's side by one cannon ball, and the ship's mast was shattered by another. Through all these dangers, however, did the king escape unhurt, and at last came up with two of his own ships that were cruising in the Baltick. Next day Stralsund was surrendered, and the garrison made prisoners of war. Charles landed at Isted in Scania, and forthwith repaired to Carelsroon, in a condition very different from what he was in, when, about fifteen years before, he set sail from that harbour in a ship of a hundred and twenty guns, to give laws to the North.

As he was so near his capital, it was expected that after such a long absence, he would pay it a visit; but he was determined not to enter it again till he had obtained some signal victory. Besides, he could not bear the thoughts of revisiting a people by whom he was beloved, and whom nevertheless he was obliged to oppress, in order to enable him to make head against his enemies. He wanted only to see his sister, with whom he appointed an interview on the banks of the lake Weter, in Ostrogothia. Thither he rode post attended only by one servant, and after having spent a day with her returned to Carelsroon.

From this place, where he passed the winter, he issued out orders for raising recruits through the whole kingdom. He thought that his subjects were born for no other purpose than to follow him to the field of battle, and he had actually accustomed them to entertain the same opinion. Some were enlisted who were not above fifteen years of age. In several villages there were none left but old men, women, and children; and in many

many places the women were obliged to plow the land alone.

It was still more difficult to procure a fleet. In order to supply that defect as well as possible, commissions were granted to the owners of privateers, who, upon obtaining certain privileges unreasonable in themselves, and destructive to the community, equipped a few ships; and these poor efforts were the last that the declining state of Sweden was now capable of making. To defray the expences of all these preparations, there was a necessity for encroaching upon the property of the subject; and every kind of extortion was practised under the specious name of taxes and duties. Strict search was made into every house, and one half of the provisions that were found in them was conveyed to the king's magazines. All the iron in the kingdom was bought up for his use. This the government paid for in paper, and sold it out for ready money. A tax was laid on all such as had any mixture of silk in their cloaths, or wore periwigs or gilded swords; and the duty of hearth-money was immoderately high. The people, oppressed with such a load of taxes, would have revolted under any other king; but the poorest peasant in Sweden knew that his master led a life still more hard and frugal than himself; so that every one submitted chearfully to those hardships which the king was the first to suffer.

All sense of private misfortunes was swallowed up in the apprehension of public danger. The Swedes expected every moment to see their country invaded by the Russians, the Danes, the Prussians, the Saxons, and even by the English; and their fear of this hostile visit was so strong and pre-

prevalent, that those who had money or valuable effects took care to bury them in the earth.

An English fleet had already appeared in the Baltick, though its particular destination was not known; and the czar had given his word to the king of Denmark, that in the spring of 1716, the Russians should join the Danes, in order to make a descent upon Sweden.

But how great was the astonishment of all Europe, ever attentive to the fortune of Charles XII. when, instead of defending his own country, which was threatened with an invasion by so many princes, they saw him in the month of March 1716, passing over into Norway, with twenty thousand men.

From the time of Hannibal to that of Charles XII. the world had never seen any general, who, unable to make head against his enemies at home, had boldly carried the war into the heart of their own dominions. The prince of Hesse, his brother-in-law, attended him in this expedition.

There is no travelling from Sweden to Norway but through the most dangerous by-ways; and when these are past, one meets with so many flashes of water formed by the sea amongst the rocks, that there is a necessity for making bridges every day. A handful of Danes might have stopped the progress of the whole Swedish army; but this sudden invasion had not been foreseen. Europe was still more astonished to see the czar, amidst all these mighty events, remaining inactive, and not making a descent upon Sweden, as had formerly been stipulated between him and his allies.

This inactivity was owing to one of the greatest and most difficult schemes that ever was formed by the mind of man.

Henry

Henry de Gortz, a native of Franconia, and baron of the empire, having done several good offices to the king of Sweden, during that monarch's abode at Bender, was now become his favourite, and first minister.

Never man was at once so bold and so artful; so full of expedients amidst misfortunes; so unbounded in his designs, or so active in the prosecution of them. No project too great for his daring genius to attempt; no means too difficult for his sagacity and penetration to discover; in pursuing his favourite schemes he was equally prodigal of presents and promises, of oaths, of truth and of falsehood.

From Sweden he went to France, England, and Holland, to examine those secret springs which he afterwards meant to put in motion. He was capable of throwing all Europe into combustion; and his inclination was equal to his power. What his master was at the head of an army, that was de Gortz in the cabinet; by which means he had acquired a greater ascendancy over Charles XII. than any minister before him had ever possessed.

Charles, who at twenty years of age had prescribed orders to count Piper, was now content to receive instructions from baron de Gortz, resigning himself to the direction of that minister with so much the less reserve, as his misfortunes obliged him to listen to the advice of others, and as Gortz never gave him any but such as was suitable to his undaunted courage. He observed, that of all the sovereigns united against Sweden, George, elector of Hanover, and king of England, was the prince against whom Charles was most highly incensed; because he was the only one to whom he had never done the least injury; and be-

because George had engaged in the quarrel under the pretext of compromising matters, but in reality with a view of preserving Bremen and Verden, to which he seemed to have no other right than that of having bought them for a trifle from the king of Denmark, to whom, after all, they did not belong.

Nor was it long before he discovered that the czar was secretly dissatisfied with his allies, who had all conspired to hinder him from acquiring any possessions in Germany, where that monarch, already become too formidable, wanted only to obtain a footing. Wismar, the only town that still remained to the Swedes on the frontiers of Germany, was, on the fourteenth of February 1716, surrendered to the Danes and Prussians, who would not so much as allow the Russian troops that were in Mecklenburg, to be present at the siege. Such repeated marks of jealousy for two years together, had alienated the czar's mind from the common cause, and perhaps prevented the ruin of Sweden. There are many instances of several states in alliance being conquered by a single power; but hardly any of a great empire subdued by several allies. If it should happen to be humbled by their joint efforts, their intestine divisions soon allow it to retrieve its former grandeur.

Ever since the year 1714, the czar had had it in his power to make a descent upon Sweden; but whether it was that he could not perfectly agree with the kings of Poland, England, Denmark, and Prussia, allies justly jealous of his growing power, or that he did not as yet think his troops sufficiently disciplined to attack in their own territories a people whose very peasants had beat the

the flower of the Danish forces, he still put off the execution of the enterprize.

But what had chiefly interrupted the progress of his arms was the want of money. The czar, though one of the most powerful monarchs in the universe, was far from being one of the richest; his revenues, at that time, not exceeding twenty-four millions of livres. He had discovered indeed some mines of gold, silver, copper, and iron; but the profits arising from these was still uncertain, and the expence of the working them was intolerably great. He had likewise established an extensive commerce; but that in its infancy rather filled him with the agreeable hopes of what it might one day prove, than was really productive of any present advantage: nor did the provinces which he had lately conquered increase his revenues, in the same proportion as they augmented his power and glory. It required a long time to heal the wounds of Livonia, a country extremely fertile, but desolated by fire, sword, and disemper, and by a war of fifteen years continuance, destitute of inhabitants, and as yet chargeable to the conqueror. His finances were further drained by the large fleets he maintained, and by the new enterprizes which he was daily undertaking. He had even been reduced to the wretched expedient of raising the value of money, a remedy that can never cure the evils of state, and is in a particular manner prejudicial to a country, whose exports fall short of their imports.

Such was the foundation upon which de Gortz had built his scheme of a revolution. He ventured to advise the king of Sweden to purchase a peace from the Russian emperor at any price, intimating to him, at the same time, that the czar

was highly incensed at the kings of Poland and England, and assuring him that he and Peter Alexiowitz, when joined together, would be able to strike terror into the rest of Europe.

There was no possibility of making a peace with the czar, without giving up a great many of those provinces which lie to the east and north of the Baltick sea. But Gortz entreated the king to consider, that by yielding up these provinces, which the czar already possessed, and which Charles at present was unable to recover, he might have the honour of restoring Stanislaus to the throne of Poland, of replacing the son of James II. on that of England, and of re-establishing the duke of Holstein in the peaceable possession of his dominions.

Charles, pleased with these mighty projects, upon which, however, he laid no great stress, gave carte blanche to his minister. Gortz set out from Sweden, furnished with full powers to act without controul, and to treat as his master's plenipotentiary, with all those princes with whom he should think proper to negotiate. The first step was to sound the court of Moscow, which he did by means of a Scotchman, called Areskine, first physician to the czar, and strongly attached to the pretender's interest, as indeed most of the Scots were, except such as subsisted upon favours from the court of London*.

* The Scottish nation will not thank Mr. de Voltaire for this assertion, which is by no means consistent with truth. Were it necessary it might be easily proved, that the whig party has greatly preponderated in Scotland ever since the Union.

This physician represented to prince Menzikoff the greatness and importance of the scheme, with all the warmth of a man who was so much interested in its success. Prince Menzikoff relished the proposal, and the czar approved of it. Instead of making a descent upon Sweden, as had been stipulated between him and his allies, he sent his troops to winter in Mecklenburg, whither he soon after repaired himself. This he did under the specious pretext of terminating some disputes that had lately arisen between the duke and his nobility; but in reality with a view to prosecute his favourite scheme of obtaining a principality in Germany, and hoping he should be able to persuade the duke of Mecklenburg to sell him his sovereignty.

The allies were highly provoked at these proceedings; and the more so, as they did not chuse to have such a formidable neighbour as Peter Alexiowitz, who, could he once obtain any footing in Germany, might one day procure himself to be elected emperor, to the great oppression of all the princes of the empire. But the more they were provoked, the more was the grand scheme of de Gortz forwarded. This minister, the better to conceal his secret intrigues, affected to negotiate with the confederate princes, who were likewise amused with vain hopes from the czar.

Charles XII. and his brother-in-law, the prince of Hesse, were all this while in Norway, at the head of twenty thousand men. The country was defended by no more than eleven thousand Danes, divided into several detached parties, who were all put to the sword by the king and the prince of Hesse.

Charles advanced towards Christiania, the capital of the kingdom; and fortune began once more

to finish upon him in this part of the globe: But he never took sufficient care to provide for the subsistence of his troops. A Danish fleet and army were coming to the relief of Norway; and Charles being in want of provisions, was obliged to return to Sweden, there to wait the issue of his minister's mighty projects.

The execution of the scheme required at once inviolable secrecy, and vast preparations, two things almost incompatible. Cortz even ransacked the Asiatic seas for an assistance, which, however odious in appearance, would nevertheless have been extremely proper for making a descent upon Scotland, and for furnishing Sweden with ships, men, and money.

The pirates of all nations, and especially those of England, having entered into a mutual association, had long infested the seas of Europe and America. Driven at last from all their wonted haunts, and having no hopes of obtaining any quarter, they had lately retired to the coasts of Madagascar, a large island to the east of Africa. These men were all of them desperadoes, and most of them famous for actions which wanted nothing but justice to render them truly heroic. They were endeavouring to find out a prince that would receive them under his protection; but the laws of nations shut all the harbours in the world against them.

No sooner were they informed that Charles XII. was returned to Sweden, than they began to flatter themselves with the agreeable hopes, that that prince passionately fond of war, obliged at present to be engaged in it, and in great want as well of ships as soldiers, would be glad to make an agreement with them upon reasonable terms.

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With this view they sent a deputy to Europe on board of a Dutch vessel, to make a proposal to baron de Gortz, that if they were sure of meeting with a favourable reception in the port of Gottenburg, they would instantly repair there with sixty ships loaded with riches *.

The baron prevailed upon the king to agree to the proposal; and next year Cromstrom and Mendal, two Swedish gentlemen, were sent to finish the treaty with the corsairs of Madagascar.

But a more honourable and a more powerful support was soon after found in cardinal Alberoni, a man of an extraordinary genius, who governed Spain long enough for his own glory; but too short a time for the grandeur and happiness of the kingdom.

He readily embraced the proposal of placing the son of James II. on the throne of England. Nevertheless, as he was but just entered into the ministry, and had the affairs of Spain to regulate, before he could think of throwing other kingdoms into confusion, it was not likely that he would be able for a considerable time to put this grand machine in motion. But in less than two years he changed the face of affairs in Spain, restored that kingdom to her former degree of credit, among the other powers of Europe, prevailed upon the Turks, as is commonly supposed,

* This has so much the air of a fable, that we know not how to believe it. True it is, a few pirates fixed their habitation on the island of Madagascar: but they lived miserably, single, and separate, like wild beasts in a state of nature, without plan, subordination, or society, without force or shipping: for what ships they had taken, either perished, rotted, or were broken up by their own hands, &c.

to attack the emperor of Germany, and attempted, at one and the same time, to deprive the duke of Orleans of the regency of France, and king George of the crown of England. So dangerous may one single man prove, when he is vested with absolute authority in a powerful state, and is endowed with courage and greatness of soul.

Gortz having thus scattered in the courts of Muscovy and Spain the first sparks of that flame which he intended to kindle, went privately to France, and from thence to Holland, where he had an interview with some of the pretender's adherents.

He informed himself more particularly of the strength, the number, and disposition of the malecontents in England, of the money they could furnish, and the troops they could raise. The malecontents required only a reinforcement of ten thousand men, with whose assistance, they said, they should be fully able to effectuate a revolution.

Count Gillenbourg, the Swedish ambassador in England, being furnished with proper instructions by baron Gortz, had several conferences at London, with the chiefs of the disaffected party. He encouraged them with the most flattering hopes of success, and readily promised them whatever they could wish to obtain; and they, on their part, were so forward as to furnish considerable sums of money, which Gortz received in Holland. He treated about the purchase of some ships, and bought six in Britain, with all kinds of arms.

He then sent several officers privately into France, and among others the chevalier de Polard, who having made thirty campaigns in the French armies, without any considerable ad-

dition to his fortune, had lately offered his service to the king of Sweden, not so much from any interested views, as from a desire of serving under a king of such a glorious reputation. Folard likewise hoped to recommend to that prince the improvements he had made in the art of war, which he had always studied as a philosopher; and he hath since published his discoveries in his commentary on Polybius. Charles XII. who had made war himself in a manner entirely new, and was never guided by custom in any thing, was pleased with his notions; and resolved to employ him in his projected invasion of Scotland. The secret orders of baron de Gortz were faithfully executed in France by the chevalier de Folard. A great number of French, and a still greater number of Irish officers engaged in this uncommon conspiracy, which was hatching at one and the same time in England, France, and Muscovy, and the branches of which were secretly extended from one end of Europe to the other.

These preparations, however great, were only a sample of what de Gortz intended to do; though it was a matter of no small consequence to have thus set the scheme a-going. But the point of the greatest importance, and without which nothing could succeed, was to bring about a peace between the czar and Charles; to accomplish which many difficulties were to be removed. Baron Osterman, minister of state in Muscovy, refused at first to come into de Gortz's measures. The former was as cautious and circumspect as the latter was bold and enterprising. The one, slow and regular in his politicks, was for allowing every thing time to ripen: the other of a daring genius, and impatient spirit, had no sooner sown
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the seed then he was presently for reaping the harvest. Osterman fearing that the emperor, his master, dazzled with the splendor of this enterprise, would grant the Swedes a too advantageous peace, delayed the conclusion of it by a variety of obstacles and procrastinations.

Happily for baron de Gortz, the czar himself came to Holland in the beginning of the year 1717. His intention was to go from thence into France. He was desirous of seeing that famous nation, which, for more than a hundred years past, hath been censured, envied, and imitated by all its neighbours. He wanted to gratify his insatiable curiosity of seeing and learning every thing, and, at the same time, to exercise his politicks.

Gortz had two interviews with him at the Hague; and in these he made greater progress than he could have done in six months with the plenipotentiaries. Every thing wore a favourable aspect. His mighty projects seemed to be covered under the veil of impenetrable secrecy; and he flattered himself that Europe would know them only by their being carried into execution. Mean while he talked of nothing but peace at the Hague, he openly declared that he would always consider the king of England as the pacifier of the North; and he even pressed, (in appearance at least,) the holding of a congress at Brunswick, in which the jarring interests of Sweden and her enemies might be amicably adjusted.

These intrigues were first discovered by the duke of Orleans, regent of France, who had spies in every part of Europe. Men of this character, who make a trade of selling the secrets of their friends, and get their livelihood by being informers,

and frequently by inventing and propagating the grossest lies and calumnies, were so much increased in France under his government, that one half of the nation were become spies upon the other. The duke of Orleans, who was connected with the king of England by personal ties, acquainted him with the secret plot that was hatching against him.

At the same time the Dutch, who began to take umbrage at the behaviour of de Gortz, communicated their suspicions to the English minister. Gortz and Gillembourg were prosecuting their schemes with great vigour, when they were both arrested, the one at Deventer, in Guelderland, and the other at London.

As Gillembourg, the Swedish ambassador, had violated the law of nations, by conspiring against the prince to whom he was sent in a public character, the English made no scruple to violate the same law, by arresting his person. But all the world was surprised to see the states general imprison the baron de Gortz, in order to gratify the king of England, an instance of complaisance hardly to be paralleled in history. They even appointed the count de Welderen to examine him. This formality was only an aggravation of their former insult, which being rendered entirely abortive, produced no other effect than to cover them with confusion. "Do you know me?" says Gortz to the count de Welderen. "Yes, Sir," replies the Dutchman. "Well, then, says de Gortz, if you do know, you must be sensible that I will not speak one word more than I please." The examination was carried no farther. All the foreign ministers, and especially the marquis de Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador in England, protested

tested against the violence offered to the person of Gortz and Gillembourg. The Dutch were inexcusable. They had not only violated a most sacred law, by seizing the prime minister of the king of Sweden, who had formed no plots against them; but they acted in direct opposition to the spirit of that inestimable liberty which hath drawn so many foreigners into their country, and is the foundation of all their greatness.

With regard to the king of England, he had acted consistently with the strictest principles of justice, in imprisoning his enemy. He published in his own vindication, the letters of Gortz and Gillembourg, which were found among the papers of the latter. The king of Sweden was in Scania, when he received these printed letters, together with the news of the two ministers being imprisoned. He asked with a smile, if they had not likewise printed his letters; and gave immediate orders for arresting the English resident at Stockholm, with all his family and domesticks. The Dutch resident was forbid the court, and strictly watched in all his motions. Charles, mean while, neither avowed nor disclaimed the proceedings of de Gortz. Too proud to deny a scheme which he had once approved, and too wise to acknowledge a plot which had thus been stifled in its birth, he maintained a disdainful silence towards England and Holland.

The czar took a very different course. As his name was not expressly mentioned, but only obscurely hinted at in the papers of Gortz and Gillembourg, he wrote a long letter to the king of England, complimenting him upon the discovery of the plot, and assuring him of the most inviolable friendship; and king George received

his protestations without believing them, though he thought it most prudent in the present case to pretend that he did. A plot contrived by private men is annihilated the moment it is discovered; but a conspiracy formed by kings, the more it is known the stronger it grows.

The czar arrived at Paris in the month of May 1717, to view the beauties of art and nature; and to visit the academies, public libraries, the cabinets of the curious, and the royal palaces, were not the only ends of his journey. He made a proposal to the duke of Orleans for concluding a treaty, which, had it taken place, would have compleated the greatness of Muscovy. His design was to compromise matters with the king of Sweden, who would yield to him some large provinces, to deprive the Danes of the empire of the Baltick Sea, to weaken the English by a civil war, and to make all the trade of the North to center in Russia. He had even some thoughts of setting up Stanislaus afresh against Augustus, that so the fire being every where kindled, he might have it in his power either to quench or blow it up, as should be most conducive to his interest. With this view he proposed to the regent of France to act as mediator between Sweden and Muscovy, and to make a league offensive and defensive with these two crowns, and that of Spain. This treaty, seemingly so natural and so advantageous to the several nations concerned, and which would have put the balance of power in Europe into their hands, was nevertheless rejected by the duke of Orleans. Nay, at that very time, he entered into engagements of a quite opposite nature. He made a league with the emperor of Germany, and with George king of England.

land. The reasons of state had so much altered the views and inclinations of all the princes of Europe, that the czar was ready to declare against his old ally, Augustus, and to espouse the cause of Charles, his mortal enemy; while France, in order to oblige the Germans and the English, was going to make war upon the grand-son of Lewis XIV. after having so long supported him against these very enemies, at a prodigious expence of blood and treasure. All that the czar could obtain by these indirect measures was to prevail upon the regent to interpose his good offices to procure the enlargement of Gortz and Gillembourg. He returned to his own dominions about the end of June, after having shewn the French a fight they had never seen before, an emperor travelling for instruction. But the generality of that people were only struck with his rude unpolished manners, the result of his bad education; while the legislator, the great man, and the creator of a new nation, entirely escaped the notice of these superficial observers.

What the czar sought for in the duke of Orleans, he soon found in cardinal Alberoni, who now governed the Spanish councils with unlimited sway. Alberoni desired nothing so much as the restoration of the pretender. This he did both as he was minister of Spain, which had been so ill treated by the English; as he was a personal enemy to the duke of Orleans, who was leagued with England against Spain; and, in fine, as he was a priest of that church, for the sake of which the pretender's father had so foolishly lost his crown.

The Duke of Ormond, as much beloved in England, as the duke of Marlborough was ad-
mired,

mired, had left his country at the accession of king George, and retired to Madrid. This nobleman was now vested with full powers by the king of Spain and the pretender; and, accompanied by one Irnegan, another native of England, a man of fine address, and an enterprising spirit, he went to meet the czar in his way to Mittau in Courland. He demanded the princess Anna Petrowna, the czar's daughter, in marriage for the son of James II. * hoping that this alliance would the more strongly attach the czar to the interests of that unhappy prince. But this proposal, instead of forwarding, retarded, at least for some time, the progress of the negotiations. Baron de Gortz, among his other projects, had long set apart this princess for the duke of Holstein, to whom, in effect, she was soon after married. The moment he was informed of the duke of Ormond's proposal, he became jealous of its success, and employed every art to render it abortive. He, as well as count Gillembourg, was set at liberty in the month of August, the king of Sweden not even deigning to offer the least apology to the king of England, nor to express the slightest disapprobation of his minister's conduct.

At the same time, the English resident and all his family were released at Stockholm, where they

* The truth of all these particulars is confirmed by cardinal Alberoni himself, in a letter of thanks which he wrote to the author. M. Norberg, whose ignorance of the affairs of Europe, can only be equalled by the poverty of his genius, alledges that the duke of Ormond left England not upon the accession of George I. but immediately after the death of queen Anne; as if forsooth George I. had not been the immediate successor of that queen.

had been treated with much more severity than Gillenbourg had been at London.

Gortz, being now at liberty, behaved like an implacable enemy, prompted not only by the powerful motives by which he had been formerly actuated, but instigated by a spirit of revenge, on account of his late imprisonment. He instantly posted away to the czar, and, by his artful insinuations, obtained a greater ascendant over that prince than ever. He assured him, that in less than three months, he would, in conjunction with a single plenipotentiary from Russia, remove every obstacle that retarded the conclusion of a peace with Sweden. Taking a map in his hand, which had been drawn by the czar himself, and making a line from Wibourg, all the way to the frozen sea, running along the lake Ladoga, he undertook to persuade his master to give up all the country lying to the eastward of that line, as well as Carelia, Ingria, and Livonia. He then hinted at a proposal of marriage between his czarist majesty's daughter and the duke of Holstein, flattering the czar with the agreeable hopes that the duke might possibly be prevailed upon to yield him up his dominions for an equivalent, by which acquisition he would become a member of the empire, and that either himself or some of his descendants might one day obtain the imperial crown. By these means he gratified the ambitious views of the Russian monarch, and deprived the pretender of all hopes of marrying the czarist princess, at the same time that he opened to him a more tempting project in England, and thus accomplished all his own projects at once.

The czar named the isle of Aland for holding the conference between Osterman, his minister of

state, and baron de Gortz. He desired the duke of Ormond to return to Spain, that he might not give too great cause of offence to the English, with whom he had no intention of coming to an open rupture, till he should be ready to make the projected invasion. But Innegan, the duke's confidant, was allowed to stay at Petersburg, where he lived with so much privacy and caution, that he never came abroad in the day time, nor ever conversed with any of the czar's ministers, except in the disguise of a peasant or Tartar.

Immediately after the duke of Ormond's departure, the czar acquainted the king of England with the high compliment he had payed him in dismissing the greatest man in the pretender's faction; and baron Gortz returned to Sweden, flushed with hopes of success.

Gortz found his master at the head of thirty-five thousand regular troops, and all the coasts guarded by the militia. The king wanted nothing but money. But the public credit, as well at home as abroad, was entirely exhausted. France, which had furnished him with some supplies, during the last years of Lewis XIV. refused to contribute any more under the regency of the duke of Orleans, who pursued a cause very different from that of Lewis. Spain promised him some remittances; but was not yet in a condition to afford any thing considerable.

De Gortz therefore carried a scheme into execution which he had tried before his journey to France and Holland. This was to give to copper the value of silver; so that a piece of the former metal, whose intrinsic value was only a half-penny, should, when stamped with the king's mark, pass for forty pence; as the governors of
be-

besieged towns frequently pay the soldiers and citizens in leathern money, in expectation of being one day able to reimburse them in real coin. This fictitious kind of money, which owes its birth to necessity, and can only be rendered current by its being punctually paid in real specie, is like bills of exchange, the imaginary value of which may easily exceed the solid funds that are in a nation.

These expedients are of great use in a free country. They have often saved a republic, but seldom, or never, fail to ruin a monarchy; for, as the people soon begin to grow suspicious, the minister is obliged to break his word: the ideal money multiplies apace; private men bury their money in the earth; and the whole machine of government falls into a confusion which is often productive of the most pernicious consequences, as was but too plainly exemplified in the fate of Sweden.

At first the baron de Gortz issued out his new coin with equal discretion and reserve; but, by the rapidity of a motion which he could not restrain, he was soon hurried beyond the limits which he had originally prescribed to himself. All kinds of goods and provisions having risen to an immoderate price, he was obliged to encrease the quantity of his copper coin. But the more it was encreased, the less was its value; and Sweden, deluged as it were by this false money, set up a general cry against baron de Gortz. The people, who always regarded their sovereign with a kind of veneration, could not find in their hearts to hate him, and therefore made the weight of their resentment to fall on a minister, who, both as a

foreigner and chief director of the finances, was doubly exposed to the public odium.

But what entirely completed his ruin was a tax he attempted to impose on the clergy. The clergy, who are too apt to join their own cause to that of the Supreme Being, called him an atheist, because he demanded their money. Some of the new copper coin being stamped with the figures of the heathen gods, they thence took occasion to call those pieces the gods of baron de Gortz.

To this public odium under which he laboured, was added the jealousy of the ministers; the more implacable in their resentment as their power was the less. The king's sister, and the prince her husband, dreaded him, as a man attached from his birth to the duke of Holstein, and might one day be able to place the crown of Sweden on his head. In a word, he had incurred the hatred of the whole nation, Charles alone excepted; but this general aversion served only to ensure to him the friendship of the king, whose maxim it always was to be the more inflexible the more he was contradicted. Accordingly, he now relied upon the baron with an almost implicit confidence; gave him an absolute power in the interior government of the kingdom; and committed to his care whatever related to the negotiations with the czar, pressing him above all things to hasten the conference that was to be held in the isle of Aland.

And, indeed, Gortz had no sooner regulated the finances, (a work which had hitherto detained him at Stockholm) than he set out on his journey for the place appointed, in order to finish with the czar's minister the grand scheme he had projected.

The preliminary articles of that alliance, which

was wholly to have changed the face of affairs in Europe, were found among de Gortz's papers after his death, and were as follow :

The czar was to keep the whole of Livonia, and part of Ingria and Carelia to himself, and to restore the rest to Sweden. He was to join his efforts with those of Charles XII. in order to restore Stanislaus to the throne of Poland, and to enter that country with eighty thousand Russians, to dethrone the very king in whose defence he had waged a war of ten years continuance. He was to furnish the king of Sweden with a number of ships sufficient to transport ten thousand Swedes to England, and thirty thousand to Germany. The united forces of Peter and Charles were to attack the king of England in his German dominions, especially in Bremen and Verden; and were likewise to be employed in re-establishing the duke of Holstein, and compelling the king of Prussia to agree to a treaty, by which he would have been deprived of part of those territories which he had seized. From the time that this alliance was made, Charles assumed such lofty airs, as if his victorious troops, reinforced by those of the czar, had already carried all his schemes into execution. He required the emperor of Germany, in a peremptory manner, to fulfil the treaty of Altranstad. But the court of Vienna would hardly deign to give an answer to the proposal of a prince from whom she had nothing to fear.

The king of Poland did not enjoy the same tranquillity; but saw the clouds gathering all around him. The Polish nobility had formed a confederacy against him; and, ever since his restoration, he had perpetually been engaged either in wars or treaties with his subjects. The czar,
who

who was now become a dangerous mediator, had an hundred gallies near Dantzick, and forty thousand men on the frontiers of Poland. All the North was filled with jealousy and apprehension. Fleming, of all men in the world the most apt to distrust, and himself the most to be distrusted, was the first who suspected the designs of the czar and the king of Sweden in favour of Stanislaus. He therefore resolved to have this prince seized in the dutchy of Deux-Ponts, as James Sobiesky had formerly been in Silesia. Saiffan, a Frenchman, one of those restless and enterprising spirits, who wander into foreign parts to try their fortunes, had lately brought a small number of his countrymen, bold and daring like himself, into the service of the king of Poland. He imparted a project to Fleming, by which he undertook, with the assistance of thirty French officers, to seize Stanislaus in his own palace, and carry him a prisoner to Dresden. The project was approved. Enterprizes of that nature were not then uncommon. Some of those desperate fellows who are called Braves in Italy, had performed the like achievements in the Milanese, during the last war between France and Germany: and, even since that time, several French refugees in Holland had ventured to penetrate to Versailles, in order to carry off the dauphin, and actually had seized the person of the first equerry, almost under the windows of the castle where Lewis XIV. resided.

Accordingly, Saiffan disposed his men and post-horses in the best manner he could contrive, in order to seize and carry off Stanislaus. But the enterprize was discovered the night before it was to have been carried into execution. Several of the desperadoes saved themselves by flight, and the
rest

rest were taken prisoners. They had no right to expect to be treated as prisoners of war, but rather as common robbers. Stanislaus, instead of punishing them as their crime deserved, contented himself with reproaching them with their baseness, and even that he did with the greatest politeness and humanity. Nay, what is more, he gave them money to defray the expences of their return to Poland, and, by that act of generosity, plainly shewed that his rival Augustus had but too much reason to fear him*.

Mean while Charles set out on a second expedition to Norway, in the month of October 1718. He had taken all his measures with so much prudence and precaution, that he hoped he should be able, in the space of six months, to make himself master of that kingdom. He rather chose to go and conquer rocks amidst ice and snow, in the depth of winter, which kills the animals even in Sweden, where the cold is less severe, than to recover his beautiful provinces in Germany. These he expected he should soon be able to retake in consequence of his alliance with the czar; and, in any event, it was a much more tempting object of ambition to wrest a kingdom from his victorious foe.

At the mouth of the river Tistendall, near the bay of Denmark, and between the towns of Ba-

* Here M. Norberg accuses the author of treating crowned heads with too little respect; as if this faithful account contained in it any thing injurious, or as if we were obliged to relate aught but truth of departed kings. What! does he imagine that history should resemble a sermon preached before a sovereign, in which the flattering orator loads his royal hearers with unmerited praises?

hus and Anflo, stands Frederickshall, a place of great strength and importance, and considered as the key of the kingdom. To this town Charles laid siege, in the month of December. The soldiers, benumbed with cold, were hardly able to break the ground, which was so much hardened by the frost, that it was almost as difficult to pierce it, as if they had been opening trenches in a rock. But nothing could resist the resolution and perseverance of the Swedes, while they saw their king at their head, and sharing in all their labours. Never, indeed, did Charles undergo greater fatigues. His constitution, strengthened by eighteen years of severe labour, was hardened to such a degree, that he slept in the open field in Norway in the midst of winter, covered only with a cloak, and without doing the least prejudice to his health. Several of the soldiers on duty dropt down dead with cold; and though the rest were almost frozen to death, yet as they saw their king partaking in all their hardships, they durst not utter a single word of complaint. Having heard, a little before this expedition, of a certain woman in Scania, called Joan Potter, who had lived for several months, without any other nourishment than water; he, who had all his life studied to inure himself to the worst extremes that human nature can support, resolved to try how long he could fast without fainting. Accordingly he fasted five whole days, without either eating or drinking; and, on the morning of the sixth, rode two leagues, and then alighted at the tent of the prince of Hesse, his brother-in-law, where he eat heartily, without feeling the least disorder, either from his long fast of five days,

or from the plentiful meal which now succeeded*.

With such a body of iron, inspired by a soul alike enterprising and inflexible in every condition, he could not fail to be formidable to all his neighbours.

On the eleventh of December, being St. Andrew's day, he went at nine in the evening to view the trenches; and not finding the parallel so far advanced as he expected, he could not help expressing his surprize and displeasure. Mr. Megret, a French engineer, who conducted the siege, assured him that the place would be taken in eight days. "Well! we shall see," says the king, and went on with the engineer to survey the works. He stopped at a place where a branch of the trenches formed an angle with the parallel. He kneeled on the inner *talus*, and resting his elbow on the parapet, continued for some time to view the men who were carrying on the trenches by star-light.

Circumstances, in their own nature trivial, become important when they relate to the death of such a man as Charles XII. I must therefore take upon me to say, that the whole of the conversation, reported by so many writers to have passed between the king and Megret the engineer, is absolutely false. The following account I can affirm, upon the best authority, to be the real truth of the matter.

The king stood with almost the half of his body exposed to a battery of cannon pointed directly

* Norberg alledges that it was to cure a pain in his breast, that Charles submitted to this long abstinence. Confessor Norberg is surely a most wretched physician.

against the angle where he was. He was attended by two Frenchmen only; one of whom was M. Siquier, his aid-de-camp, a man of courage and conduct, who had entered into his service in Turkey, and was particularly attached to the prince of Hesse; the other was this engineer. The cannon fired upon them with grape-shot, to which the king, as he stood behind them, was most exposed. A little behind them was count Swerin, who commanded the trenches. While Swerin was giving orders to count Pöffe, a captain of the guards, and to one Culbert, his aid-de-camp, Siquier and Megret saw the king fall upon the parapet, with a deep sigh. They ran to him; but he was already dead. A ball of half a pound had struck him on the right temple, and made a hole sufficient to receive three fingers at once. His head reclined upon the parapet; his left eye beat in, and the right one entirely beat out of its socket. Though he expired the moment he received the wound, yet, by a kind of instinctive motion, he had grasped the hilt of his sword in his hand, and still lay in that posture. At sight of this shocking spectacle, Megret, a man of a singular turn of mind, and of great indifference of temper, said, "Come, gentlemen, the farce is ended, let us now go to supper." Siquier ran immediately and informed count Swerin of what had happened. They all agreed to conceal the news of his death from the soldiers, till such time as the prince of Hesse should be acquainted with it. The body was wrapt up in a grey cloak. Siquier put his hat and wig on the king's head; and in this condition Charles was carried, under the name of one captain Carlsberg, through the midst of his troops,

troops, who thus say their dead king pass them, without ever dreaming that it was his majesty.

The prince gave instant orders that no one should stir out of the camp, and that all the passes to Sweden should be strictly guarded, that so he might have time to take the necessary measures for placing the crown on his wife's head, and to exclude the duke of Holstein, who might lay claim to it.

Thus fell Charles XII. king of Sweden, at the age of thirty-six years and an half, after having experienced all the grandeur of prosperity, and all the hardships of adversity, without being either softened by the one, or the least disturbed by the other. Almost all his actions, even those of his private life, border on the marvellous. Perhaps he was the only man, most certainly he was the only king, that ever lived without failings. He carried all the virtues of the hero to such an excess as renders them no less dangerous than the opposite vices. His resolution, hardened into obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and detained him five years in Turkey. His liberality, degenerating into profusion, ruined Sweden. His courage, pushed the length of temerity, was the cause of his death. And, during the last years of his reign, the means he employed to support his authority, differed little from tyranny. His great qualities, any one of which would have been sufficient to immortalize another prince, proved pernicious to his country. He never was the aggressor; but, in taking vengeance on those who had injured him, his resentment got the better of his prudence. He was the first man who ever aspired to the title of conqueror, without the least desire of enlarging his domi-

dominions. His only end in subduing kingdoms was to have the pleasure of giving them away. His passion for glory, for war, and revenge, prevented him from being a good politician; a quality, without which the world had never before seen any one a conqueror. Before a battle, and after a victory, he was modest and humble; and after a defeat firm and undaunted. Severe to himself as well as to others, he too little regarded either his own life and labours, or those of his subjects: an extraordinary rather than a great man, and more worthy to be admired than imitated. From the history of his life however, succeeding kings may learn, that a quiet and happy government is infinitely preferable to so much glory.

Charles XII. was of a tall stature and portly figure; he had a fine forehead, large blue eyes full of sweetness, and a handsome nose. But the lower part of his face was disagreeable, and too often disfigured by a frequent laugh, which scarce opened his lips; and as to hair and beard, he had hardly any at all. A profound silence reigned at his table. Notwithstanding the inflexible obstinacy of his temper, he always retained that bashfulness which goes by the name of false modesty. He was but little qualified to make a figure in conversation, because, having addicted himself entirely to war and action, he was utterly unacquainted with the pleasures of society. Till the time of his residence among the Turks, which furnished him with a good deal of leisure, he had read nothing but Cæsar's Commentaries and the history of Alexander. It is true he had wrote some remarks on the art of war, and particularly on his own campaigns from 1700 to 1709. This he owned to the chevalier de Folard, but said that
the

the manuscript had been lost in the unfortunate battle of Pultowa. Some people would make us believe that Charles was a good mathematician. That he was possessed of great depth and penetration of thought, cannot be denied; but the arguments they produce to prove his knowledge in mathematics are by no means conclusive. He wanted to alter the method of counting by tens, and to substitute in its place the number sixty-four, because that number contains both a square and a cube, and being divided by two is reducible to an unit. This, if it proves any thing, only shews that he always delighted in what was difficult and extraordinary.

With regard to his religion, though the sentiments of a prince ought to have no influence on other men, and though the opinion of a monarch so illiterate as Charles, is of little consequence in these matters, yet in this, as well as in other particulars, we must gratify the curiosity of mankind, who are anxious to know whatever relates to a prince of his character. I am informed, by the gentleman who hath furnished me with the greatest part of the materials which compose this history, that Charles XII. was a serious Lutheran till the year 1707. Happening then to be at Leipzig, he there met with the famous philosopher Mr. Leibnitz, a man who thought and spoke with equal freedom, and had already instilled his notions into more princes than one. I cannot believe, what is commonly reported, that Charles XII. conceived an indifference for Lutheranism from the conversation of this philosopher, who never had the honour to talk with him above a quarter of an hour; but I have been told by M. Fabricius, who lived with him in great familiarity

for seven years successively, that having seen, during his abode among the Turks, such an infinite variety of religions, he became more lax in his principles. This fact is likewise confirmed by Motraye in his voyages. The same too is the opinion of the count de Croissy, who hath often told me, that of all his old principles, Charles retained none but that of absolute predestination, a doctrine that favoured his courage, and justified his temerity. The czar was of much the same way of thinking, with regard to fate and religion; but talked of these subjects more frequently, as indeed he did of every thing else with his favourites, in a very familiar manner; for he had this advantage over Charles, that he was a good philosopher and an eloquent speaker.

Here I cannot help taking notice of a most uncharitable suspicion, too readily embraced by the weak and credulous, and too industriously propagated by the malicious and ill-natured, to wit, that the death of princes is always owing to poison or assassination. It was then the current report in Germany, that Mr. Siquier was the man who killed the king of Sweden. That brave officer was long grieved at this injurious aspersions; and, as he was one day talking to me on the subject: "I might have killed the king of Sweden, (said he) but, had I been capable of forming such a barbarous resolution, so great was my veneration for that illustrious hero, that I could not have had the courage to carry it into execution."

I know, indeed, that Siquier himself gave occasion to this heavy charge, which, even to this day, many of the Swedes believe to be well founded. He told me, that being seized with a violent fever at Stockholm, he cried out that he
had

had killed the king of Sweden ; and that, in the height of his phrenzy, he even opened the window, and publicly begged pardon for the regicide. When he was informed, in the course of his recovery, of what he had said in his illness, he was almost ready to die with grief. This anecdote I did not chuse to publish during his life-time. I saw him a little before he expired, and think I can safely affirm, that, far from killing Charles XII. he would have suffered a thousand deaths to save the life of that hero. Had he actually committed such a horrid crime, it must have been to serve some prince, who, no doubt, would have liberally rewarded him for such a piece of treachery ; but he died in France so extremely poor, that he even stood in need of my assistance. If these reasons are not thought sufficient to vindicate his memory, let it be considered, that the ball by which Charles fell could not come from a pistol, and yet that Sigaier had no other way to give the fatal blow, than by a pistol concealed under his garments.

The king was no sooner dead, than the siege of Frederickshall was raised, and a total change took place in the government. The Swedes, who considered the glory of their sovereign rather as a burden than an advantage, applied their whole attention towards concluding a peace with their enemies, and suppressing that absolute power which baron de Gortz had so much abused to their ruin. The states, by a free and voluntary choice, elected the sister of Charles XII. for their queen, and obliged her, by a solemn act, to renounce all hereditary right to the crown, that so she might hold it by the suffrages of the people. She bound herself by the most sacred oaths never

to attempt the re-establishment of arbitrary power; and at last, sacrificing the love of royalty to conjugal affection, yielded the crown to her husband, who was chosen king by the states, and mounted the throne on the same conditions with his royal consort.

The baron de Gortz was taken into custody immediately after the death of Charles, and condemned by the senate of Stockholm to lose his head, at the foot of the common gallows; an act of revenge, perhaps, rather than of justice, and a cruel insult to the memory of a king whom Sweden still admires.



Z A D I G;

O R,

F A T E.

An ORIENTAL HISTORY.

A N D,

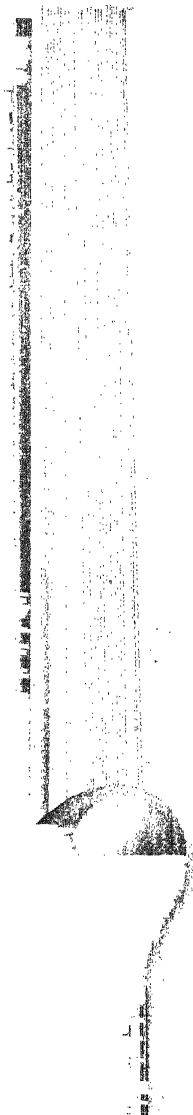
The WORLD as it Goes,

The VISION of BABOUÇ.

Written by himself.

APPROBATION.

I The underwritten, who have obtained the character of a learned, and even of an ingenious man, have read this manuscript, which, in spite of myself, I have found to be curious, entertaining, moral, philosophical, and capable of affording pleasure even to those who hate romances. I have therefore decried it; and have assured the Cadi-lesquier that it is an abominable performance.



EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE.

SULTANA SHERAA.

BY SADI.

The 18th of the Month SCHEWAT, in the
837th Year of the HEGIRA.

DELIGHT of the eyes, torment
of the heart, and light of the mind,
I kiss not the dust of thy feet, because
thou never walkest; or walkest only on
the carpets of Iran, or in paths strewed
with roses. I offer thee the translation of
a book, wrote by an ancient sage; who,
having the happiness to have nothing to
do, amused himself in composing the his-
tory of Zadig; a work which performs
more than it promises. I beseech thee to

read and examine it; for, though thou art in the spring of life, and every pleasure courts thee to its embrace; though thou art beautiful, and thy beauty be embellished by thy admirable talents; tho' thou art praised from evening to morning, and, on all these accounts, hast a right to be devoid of common sense; yet thou hast a sound judgment, and a fine taste; and I have heard thee reason with more accuracy than the old dervises, with their long beards and pointed bonnets. Thou art discreet, without being distrustful; gentle without weakness; and beneficent with discernment. Thou lovest thy friends, and makest thyself no enemies. Thy wit never borrows its charms from the shafts of detraction; thou neither sayest nor doest any ill, notwithstanding that both are so much in thy power. In a word, thy soul hath always appeared to me to be as pure and un sullied as thy beauty. Besides, thou hast some little knowledge in philosophy, which makes me

be-

believe that thou wilt take more pleasure than others of thy sex in perusing the work of this venerable sage.

It was originally written in the ancient Chaldee, a language which neither thou nor I understand. It was afterwards translated into the Arabic, to amuse the famous sultan Ouloubeg, much about the time that the Arabians and Persians began to write the Thousand and One Nights, the Thousand and One Days, &c. Ouloug was fond of reading Zadig; but the sultanas were fonder of the Thousand and One. "How can you prefer (would the wise Ouloug say to them) those stories which have neither sense nor meaning?" "It is for that very reason (replied the sultanas) that we like them."

I flatter myself that thou wilt not resemble these thy predecessors; but that thou wilt be a true Ouloug. I even hope, that when thou art tired with those general conversations, which differ from the

Thousand and One in nothing but in being less agreeable, I shall have the honour to entertain thee for a moment with a rational discourse. Hadst thou been Thalestris, in the time of Scander the son of Philip; hadst thou been the queen of Sheba in the time of Solomon, these are the very kings that would have paid thee a visit.

I pray the heavenly powers, that thy pleasures may be unmixed, thy beauty never fading, and thy happiness without end.

S A D I.

Z A D I G*.

A N

ORIENTAL HISTORY.

The BLIND of One EYE.

THERE lived at Babylon, in the reign of king Moabdar, a young man, named Zadig, of a good natural disposition, strengthened and improved by education. Tho' rich and young, he had learned to moderate his passions: he had nothing stiff or affected in his behaviour; he did not pretend to examine every action by the strict rules of reason; but was always ready to make proper allowances for the weakness of mankind. It was matter of surprise, that, notwithstanding his sprightly wit,

* The reader will at once perceive that this piece is a diverting picture of human life, in which the author has ingeniously contrived to ridicule and stigmatize the follies and vices that abound in every station.

he never exposed by his raillery those vague, incoherent, and noisy discourses, those rash censures, ignorant decisions, coarse jests, and all that empty jingle of words, which, at Babylon, went by the name of conversation. He had learned, in the first book of Zoroaster, that self-love is a foot-ball swelled with wind, from which, when pierced, the most terrible tempests issue forth. Above all, Zadig never boasted of his conquests among the women, nor affected to entertain a contemptible opinion of the fair sex. He was generous; and was never afraid of obliging the ungrateful, remembering the grand precept of Zoroaster; "When thou eatest, give to the dogs, should they even bite thee." He was as wise as it is possible for man to be; for he sought to live with the wise. Instructed in the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he understood the principles of natural philosophy, such as they were then supposed to be; and knew as much of metaphysics as hath ever been known in any age, that is, little or nothing at all. He was firmly persuaded, notwithstanding the new philosophy of the times, that the year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, and that the sun was in the center of the world. But when the principal magi told him, with a haughty and contemptuous air, that his sentiments were of a dangerous tendency, and that it was to be an enemy to the state, to believe that the sun revolved round its own axis, and that the year had twelve months, he held his tongue with great modesty and meekness*.

* Alluding to the story of Galileo, who was imprisoned in the inquisition at Rome under pope Urban VIII. for having

Possessed as he was of great riches, and consequently of many friends, blessed with a good constitution, a handsome figure, a mind just and moderate, and a heart noble and sincere, he fondly imagined that he might easily be happy. He was going to be married to Semira, who, in point of beauty, birth, and fortune, was the first match in Babylon. He had a real and virtuous affection for this lady, and she loved him with the most passionate fondness. The happy moment was almost arrived, that was to unite them for ever in the bands of wedlock, when happening to take a walk together towards one of the gates of Babylon, under the palm-trees that adorn the banks of the Euphrates, they saw some men approaching, armed with sabres and arrows. These were the attendants of young Orcan, the minister's nephew, whom his uncle's creatures had flattered into an opinion that he might do every thing with impunity. He had none of the graces nor virtues of Zadig; but thinking himself a much more accomplished man, he was enraged to find that the other was preferred before him. This jealousy, which was merely the effect of his vanity, made him imagine that he was desperately in love with Semira; and accordingly he resolved to carry her off. The ravishers seized her; in the violence of the outrage they wounded her; and made the blood flow from a person, the sight of which would have softened the tigers of mount Imaus. She pierced the heavens with her complaints. She cried out,

having taught the motion of the earth, and obliged to retract that doctrine.

“ My dear husband ! they tear me from the man I adore.” Regardless of her own danger, she was only concerned for the fate of her dear Zadig, who, in the mean time, defended himself with all the strength that courage and love could inspire. Assisted only by two slaves, he put the ravishers to flight, and carried home Semira, insensible and bloody as she was. On opening her eyes, and beholding her deliverer, “ O Zadig, (said she) I loved thee formerly as my intended husband ; I now love thee as the preserver of my honour and my life.” Never was heart more deeply affected than that of Semira. Never did a more charming mouth express more moving sentiments, in those glowing words inspired by a sense of the greatest of all favours, and by the most tender transports of a lawful passion. Her wound was slight, and was soon cured. Zadig was more dangerously wounded ; an arrow had pierced him near his eye, and penetrated to a considerable depth. Semira wearied heaven with her prayers for the recovery of her lover. Her eyes were constantly bathed in tears ; she anxiously waited the happy moment when those of Zadig should be able to meet hers ; but an abscess growing on the wounded eye, gave every thing to fear. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Memphis, for the great physician Hermes, who came with a numerous retinue. He visited the patient, and declared that he would lose his eye. He even foretold the day and hour when this fatal event would happen. “ Had it been the right eye, (said he) I could easily have cured it ; but the wounds of the left eye are incurable.” All Babylon lamented the fate of Zadig,

dig, and admired the profound knowledge of Hermes. In two days the abscess broke of its own accord; and Zadig was perfectly cured. Hermes wrote a book to prove that it ought not to have been cured. Zadig did not read it: but, as soon as he was able to go abroad, he went to pay a visit to her in whom all his hopes of happiness were centered, and for whose sake alone he wished to have eyes. Semira had been in the country for three days past. He learned on the road, that that fine lady, having openly declared that she had an unconquerable aversion to one-eyed men, had, the night before, given her hand to Orcan. At this news he fell speechless to the ground. His sorrows brought him almost to the brink of the grave. He was long indisposed; but reason, at last, got the better of his affliction; and the severity of his fate served even to console him.

"Since (said he) I have suffered so much from the cruel caprice of a woman educated at court, I must now think of marrying the daughter of a citizen." He pitched upon Azora, a lady of the greatest prudence, and of the best family in town. He married her, and lived with her for three months in all the delights of the most tender union. He only observed that she had a little levity; and was too apt to find that those young men who had the most handsome persons were likewise possessed of most wit and virtue.

The N O S E.

ONE morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible passion, and uttering the most violent exclamations. "What aileth thee, (said he) my dear spouse? what is it that can thus have discomposed thee?" "Alas, (said she) thou wouldest be as much enraged as I am, hadst thou seen what I have just beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Cosrou, who, within these two days, hath raised a tomb to her young husband, near the rivulet that washes the skirts of this meadow. She vowed to heaven, in the bitterness of her grief, to remain at this tomb, while the water of the rivulet should continue to run near it." "Well, (said Zadig) she is an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the most sincere affection." "Ah! (replied Azora) didst thou but know in what she was employed when I went to wait upon her!" "In what, pray, beautiful Azora? was she turning the course of the rivulet?" Azora broke out into such long invectives, and loaded the young widow with such bitter reproaches, that Zadig was far from being pleased with this ostentation of virtue.

Zadig had a friend, named Cador, one of those young men in whom his wife discovered more probity and merit than in others. He made him his confident, and secured his fidelity as much as possible, by a considerable present. Azora having passed two days with a friend in the country, returned home on the third. The servants told her, with tears in their eyes, that her husband died suddenly the night before; that

that they were afraid to send her an account of this mournful event; and that they had just been depositing his corps in the tomb of his ancestors, at the end of the garden. She wept; she tore her hair; and swore she would follow him to the grave. In the evening, Cador begged leave to wait upon her, and joined his tears with hers. Next day they wept less, and dined together. Cador told her, that his friend had left him the greatest part of his estate; and that he should think himself extremely happy in sharing his fortune with her. The lady wept, fell into a passion, and at last became more mild and gentle. They sat longer at supper than at dinner. They now talked with greater confidence. Azora praised the deceased; but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

During supper, Cador complained of a violent pain in his side. The lady, greatly concerned, and eager to serve him, caused all kinds of essences to be brought, with which she anointed him, to try if some of them might not possibly ease him of his pain. She lamented that the great Hermes was not still in Babylon. She even condescended to touch the side in which Cador felt such exquisite pain. "Art thou subject to this cruel disorder?" said she to him with a compassionate air. "It sometimes brings me (replied Cador) to the brink of the grave; and there is but one remedy that can give me relief; and that is, to apply to my side the nose of a man who is lately dead." A strange remedy, indeed!" said Azora. "Not more strange (replied he) than the sachels of Arnou
against

against the apoplexy*.” This reason, added to the great merit of the young man, at last determined the lady. “After all, (says she) when my husband shall cross the bridge Tchinar, in his journey to the other world, the angel Asrael will not refuse him a passage because his nose is a little shorter in the second life than it was in the first.” She then took a razor; went to her husband’s tomb; bedewed it with her tears; and drew near to cut off the nose of Zadig, whom she found extended at full length in the tomb. Zadig arose, holding his nose with one hand, and putting back the razor with the other. “Madam, (said he) don’t exclaim so violently against young Cosiou: the project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning the course of a rivulet†.”



The DOG and the HORSE.

ZADIG found by experience, that the first month of marriage, as it is written in the book of Zend, is the moon of honey; and that the second is the moon of wormwood. He was, some time after, obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too difficult to be pleased; and he then sought for happiness in the study of na-

* There was at that time a Babylonian named Arneu, who, according to his advertisements in the Gazettes, cured and prevented all kinds of apoplexies, by a little bag hung about the neck.

† One sees the author had in his eye the well known fable of the Ephesian matron.

ture. "No man (said he) can be happier than a philosopher, who reads in this great book, which God hath placed before our eyes. The truths he discovers are his own. He nourishes and exalts his soul; he lives in peace; he fears nothing from men; and his tender spouse will not come to cut off his nose."

Possessed of these ideas, he retired to a country-house on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not employ himself in calculating how many inches of water flow in a second of time under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube-line of rain in the month of the Mouse, more than in the month of the Sheep. He never dreamed of making silk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of plants and animals; and soon acquired a sagacity that made him discover a thousand differences where other men see nothing but uniformity.

One day, as he was walking near a little wood, he saw one of the queen's eunuchs running towards him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity, and who ran to and fro like men distracted, eagerly searching for something they had lost of great value. "Young man, (said the first eunuch) hast thou seen the queen's dog?" "It is a bitch, (replied Zadig with great modesty) and not a dog." "Thou art in the right," returned the first eunuch. "It is a very small she spaniel, (added Zadig;) she has lately whelped; she limps on the left fore-foot, and has very long ears." "Thou hast seen her," said the first eunuch, quite out of breath. "No, (replied Zadig) I have

have not seen her; nor did I so much as know that the queen had a bitch."

Exactly at the same time, by one of the common freaks of fortune, the finest horse in the king's stable had escaped from the jockey in the plains of Babylon. The principal huntsman, and all the other officers, ran after him with as much eagerness and anxiety as the first eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had not seen the king's horse passing by. "He is the fleetest horse in the king's stable," (replied Zadig;) he is five feet high, with very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and an half in length; the studs on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver, of eleven penny-weight." "What way did he take? where is he?" demanded the chief huntsman. "I have not seen him*, (replied Zadig) and never heard talk of him before."

The principal huntsman, and the first eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had stolen the king's horse, and the queen's bitch. They therefore had him conducted before the assembly of the grand desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to spend the rest of his days in Siberia†. Hardly was the sentence passed, when the horse and the bitch were both found. The

* This, however, was a mere equivocation; for, though he had not actually seen the horse, it will afterwards appear that he must have known what road he followed.

† Here the author seems to have forgot himself; otherwise he would never have dreamed of inflicting a Russian punishment on a Babylonian criminal; far less of sending him in exile from the banks of the Euphrates into the deserts of Siberia,

judges were reduced to the disagreeable necessity of reversing their sentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold, for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to pay; after which he was permitted to plead his cause before the council of the grand desterham, when he spoke to the following effect:

“Ye stars of justice, abyss of sciences, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron, the splendour of the diamond, and many of the properties of gold; since I am permitted to speak before this august assembly, I swear to you by Oromades, that I have never seen the queen’s respectable bitch, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows: I was walking towards the little wood, where I afterwards met the venerable eunuch, and the most illustrious chief huntsman. I observed on the sand the traces of an animal, and could easily perceive them to be those of a little dog. The light and long furrows impressed on little eminences of sand between the marks of the paws, plainly discovered that it was a bitch, whose dugs were hanging down, and that therefore she must have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently brushed the surface of the sand near the marks of the fore-feet, shewed me that she had very long ears; and as I remarked, that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our august queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression.

“With

“ With regard to the horse of the king of kings, you will be pleased to know, that walking in the lanes of this wood, I observed the marks of a horse’s shoes, all at equal distances. This must be a horse, said I to myself, that gallops excellently. The dust on the trees in a narrow road that was but seven feet wide was a little brushed off, at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whisked to the right and left, has swept away the dust. I observed under the trees that formed an arbour five feet in height, that the leaves of the branches were newly fallen; from whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must therefore be five feet high. As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone which I knew to be a touch-stone, and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was shod with silver eleven deniers fine.” All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound discernment. The news of this speech was carried even to the king and queen. Nothing was talked of but Zadig in the antichambers, the chambers, and the cabinet; and though many of the Magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a forcerer, the king ordered his officers to restore him the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been obliged to pay. The register, the attornies and bailiffs, went to his house with great formality, to carry him back his four hundred ounces. They only retained three hundred and ninety-eight of them

to defray the expences of justice; and their servants demanded their fees.

Zadig saw how extremely dangerous it sometimes is to appear too knowing, and therefore resolved that on the next occasion of the like nature, he would not tell what he had seen.

Such an opportunity soon offered. A prisoner of state made his escape, and passed under the windows of Zadig's house. Zadig was examined and made no answer. But it was proved that he had looked at the prisoner from this window. For this crime he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold; and, according to the polite custom of Babylon, he thanked his judges for their indulgence. "Great God! said he to himself, what a misfortune it is to walk in a wood through which the queen's bitch or the king's horse have passed! how dangerous to look out at a window! and how difficult to be happy in this life!"

The ENVIOUS MAN.

ZADIG resolved to comfort himself by philosophy and friendship, for the evils he had suffered from fortune. He had in the suburbs of Babylon a house elegantly furnished, in which he assembled all the arts and all the pleasures worthy the pursuit of a gentleman. In the morning his library was open to the learned. In the evening, his table was surrounded by good company. But he soon found what very dangerous guests these men of letters are. A warm dispute arose on one of Zoro-
after's

after's laws, which forbids the eating of a griffin. "Why, said some of them, prohibit the eating of a griffin, if there is no such animal in nature?" "There must necessarily be such an animal, said the others, since Zoroaster forbids us to eat it." Zadig would fain have reconciled them by saying: "If there are griffins let us not eat them; if there are no griffins we cannot possibly eat them; and thus either way we shall obey Zoroaster."

A learned man, who had composed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and was besides the chief theurgite, hastened away to accuse Zadig before one of the principal magi, named Yebor, the greatest blockhead, and therefore the greatest fanatic among the Chaldeans. This man would have empaled Zadig to do honour to the sun, and would then have recited the breviary of Zoroaster with greater satisfaction. The friend Cador, (a friend is better than a hundred priests,) went to Yebor and said to him, "Long live the sun and the griffins; beware of punishing Zadig; he is a saint; he has griffins in his inner court, and does not eat them; and his accuser is an heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean." "Well, said Yebor, shaking his bald pate, we must empale Zadig for having thought contemptuously of griffins, and the other for having spoke disrespectfully of rabbits." Cador hushed up the affair by means of a maid of honour who had bore him a child, and who had great interest in the college of the magi. No body was empaled. This lenity occasioned great murmuring among some of the doctors, who from

thence predicted the fall of Babylon*. "Upon what does happiness depend, said Zadig; I am persecuted by every thing in the world, even on account of beings that have no existence." He cursed those men of learning, and resolved for the future to live with none but good company.

He assembled at his house the most worthy men, and the most beautiful ladies of Babylon. He gave them delicious suppers, often preceded by concerts of music, and always animated by polite conversation, from which he knew how to banish that affectation of wit, which is the surest method of preventing it entirely, and of spoiling the pleasure of the most agreeable society. Neither the choice of his friends nor that of the dishes, was made by vanity; for in every thing he preferred the substance to the shadow; and by these means he procured that real respect to which he did not aspire.

Opposite to his house lived one Arimazes, a man whose deformed countenance was but a faint picture of his still more deformed mind. His heart was a mixture of malice, pride, and envy. Having never been able to succeed in any of his undertakings, he revenged himself on all around him, by loading them with the blackest calumnies. Rich as he was, he found it difficult to procure a set of flatterers. The rattling of the chariots that entered Zadig's court in the evening filled him with uneasiness; the sound of his praises enraged him still more.

* This is a severe satire upon those cruel bigots who persecute all such as presume to differ from established opinions, though purely speculative.

He sometimes went to Zadig's house, and sat down at table without being desired; where he spoiled all the pleasure of the company, as the harpies are said to infect the viands they touch. It happened that one day he took it in his head to give an entertainment to a lady, who, instead of accepting it, went to sup with Zadig. At another time, as he was talking with Zadig in the palace, they accosted a minister, who invited Zadig to supper, without inviting Arimazes. The most implacable hatred has seldom a more solid foundation. This man, who in Babylon was called the *Envious*, resolved to ruin Zadig, because he was called the *Happy*. "The opportunity of doing mischief occurs a hundred times in a day, and that of doing good but once a year," as sayeth the wise Zoroaster.

The envious man went to see Zadig, who was walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he said many gallant things, without any other intention than that of saying them. The conversation turned upon a war which the king had just brought to a happy conclusion against the prince of Hircania, his vassal. Zadig, who had signalized his courage in this short war, bestowed great praises on the king, but greater still on the lady. He took out his pocket-book, and wrote four lines extempore, which he gave to this amiable person to read. His friends begged they might see them; but modesty, or rather a well regulated self-love, would not allow him to grant their request. He knew that extemporary verses are never approved by any but by the person in whose honour they are written. He therefore tore in two the leaf on which he had wrote them

them, and threw both the pieces into a thicket of rose bushes, where the rest of the company sought for them in vain. A slight shower falling soon after, obliged them to return to the house. The envious man, who staid in the garden, continued to search, till at last he found a piece of the leaf. It had been torn in such a manner, that each half of a line formed a complete sense, and even a verse of a shorter measure; but what was still more surprising, these short verses were found to contain the most injurious reflections on the king: they ran thus:

*Par les plus grands forfaits
Sur le trône affermi,
Dans la publique paix
C'est le seul ennemi.*

By crimes of deepest dye
Establish'd on the throne,
Of peace the enemy
Is he, and he alone.

The envious man was now happy for the first time of his life. He had it in his power to ruin a person of virtue and merit. Filled with this fiend-like joy, he found means to convey to the king the satire written by the hand of Zadig, who, together with the lady and his two friends, was thrown into prison. His trial was soon finished, without his being permitted to speak for himself. As he was going to receive his sentence, the envious man threw himself in his way, and told him with a loud voice, that his verses were good for nothing. Zadig did not value himself on being a good poet; but it filled him with inexpressible concern to find that he was condemned for high

treason, and that the fair lady and his two friends were confined in prison for a crime of which they were not guilty. He was not allowed to speak, because his writing spoke for him. Such was the law of Babylon. Accordingly he was conducted to the place of execution, through an immense crowd of spectators, who durst not venture to express their pity for him; but who carefully examined his countenance, to see if he died with a good grace. His relations alone were inconsolable; for they could not succeed to his estate. Three-fourths of his wealth were confiscated into the king's treasury, and the other fourth was given to the envious man.

Just as he was preparing for death, the king's parrot flew from its cage, and alighted on a rose bush in Zadig's garden. A peach had been driven thither by the wind from a neighbouring tree, and had fallen on a piece of the written leaf of the pocket-book, to which it stuck. The bird carried off the peach and the paper, and laid them on the king's knee. The king took up the paper with great eagerness, and read the words, which formed no sense, and seemed to be the endings of verses. He loved poetry; and there is always some mercy to be expected from a prince of that disposition. The adventure of the parrot set him a thinking. The queen, who remembered what had been written on the piece of Zadig's pocket-book, caused it to be brought. They compared the two pieces together, and found them to tally exactly: they then read the verses as Zadig had wrote them.

*Pur les plus grands forfaits j'ai vu troubler la terre.
 Sur le trône affermi le roi fait tout denter.
 Dans la publique paix l'ennur seul fait la guerre:
 C'est le seul ennemi qui soit à redouter.*

By crimes of deepest dye—the wretched world's
 in thrall;
 Establish'd on the throne—our monarch's pow'rs
 rever'd;

Of peace the enemy—Love, potent lord o'er all
 Is he, and he alone,—we chiefly ought to fear.

The king gave immediate orders that Zadig should be brought before him, and that his two friends and the lady should be set at liberty. Zadig fell prostrate on the ground before the king and queen; humbly begged their pardon for having made such bad verses, and spoke with so much propriety, wit, and good sense, that their majesties desired they might see him again. He did himself that honour, and insinuated himself still farther into their goodgraces. They gave him all the wealth of the envious man; but Zadig restored him back the whole of it; and this instance of generosity gave no other pleasure to the envious man than that of having preserved his estate. The king's esteem for Zadig encreased every day. He admitted him into all his parties of pleasure, and consulted him in all affairs of state. From that time the queen began to regard him with an eye of tenderness, that might one day prove dangerous to herself, to the king her august consort, to Zadig, and to the kingdom in general. Zadig now began to think that happiness was not so unattainable as he had formerly imagined.

The GENEROUS.

THE time was now arrived for celebrating a grand festival, which returned every five years. It was a custom in Babylon solemnly to declare, at the end of every five years, which of the citizens had performed the most generous action. The grandees and the magi were the judges. The first satrape, who was charged with the government of the city, published the most noble actions that had passed under his administration. The competition was decided by votes; and the king pronounced the sentence. People came to this solemnity from the extremities of the earth. The conqueror received from the monarch's hands a golden cup adorned with precious stones, his majesty at the same time making him this compliment: "Receive this reward of thy generosity, and may the gods grant me many subjects like to thee."

This memorable day being come, the king appeared on his throne, surrounded by the grandees, the magi, and the deputies of all the nations that came to these games, where glory was acquired not by the swiftness of horses, nor by strength of body, but by virtue. The first satrape recited with an audible voice, such actions as might intitle the authors of them to this invaluable prize. He did not mention the greatness of soul with which Zadig had restored the envious man his fortune, because it was not judged to be an action worthy of disputing the prize.

He first presented a judge, who having made a citizen lose a considerable cause by a mistake, for

for which, after all, he was not accountable, had given him the whole of his own estate, which was just equal to what the other had lost.

He next produced a young man, who being desperately in love with a lady whom he was going to marry, had yielded her up to his friend, whose passion for her had almost brought him to the brink of the grave, and at the same time had given him the lady's fortune.

He afterwards produced a soldier, who, in the wars of Ilircania, had given a still more noble instance of generosity. A party of the enemy having seized his mistress, he fought in her defence with great intrepidity. At that very instant he was informed that another party, at the distance of a few paces, were carrying off his mother; he therefore left his mistress with tears in his eyes, and flew to the assistance of his mother. At last, he returned to the dear object of his love, and found her expiring. He was just going to plunge his sword in his own bosom; but his mother remonstrating against such a desperate deed, and telling him that he was the only support of her life, he had the courage to endure to live.

The judges were inclined to give the prize to the soldier. But the king took up the discourse, and said, "The action of the soldier, and those of the other two, are doubtless very great, but they have nothing in them surprising. Yesterday Zadig performed an action that filled me with wonder. I had a few days before disgraced Coreb, my minister and favourite. I complained of him in the most violent and bitter terms; all my courtiers

assured me that I was too gentle, and seemed to vie with each other in speaking ill of Coreb. I asked Zadig what he thought of him, and he had the courage to commend him. I have read in our histories of many people who have atoned for an error by the surrender of their fortune; who have resigned a mistress; or preferred a mother to the object of their affection; but never before did I hear of a courtier who spoke favourably of a disgraced minister, that laboured under the displeasure of his sovereign. I give to each of those whose generous actions have been now recited, twenty thousand pieces of gold; but the cup I give to Zadig."

"May it please your majesty, said Zadig, thyself alone deservest the cup: thou hast performed an action of all others the most uncommon and meritorious, since, notwithstanding thy being a powerful king, thou wast not offended at thy slave, when he presumed to oppose thy passion." The king and Zadig were equally the object of admiration. The judge who had given his estate to his client; the lover who had resigned his mistress to his friend; and the soldier who had preferred the safety of his mother to that of his mistress, received the king's presents, and saw their names inrolled in the catalogue of generous men. Zadig had the cup, and the king acquired the reputation of a good prince, which he did not long enjoy. The day was celebrated by feasts that lasted longer than the law enjoined; and the memory of it is still preserved in Asia. Zadig said, "Now I am happy at last;" but he found himself fatally deceived.

The MINISTER.

THE king had lost his first minister, and chose Zadig to supply his place. All the ladies in Babylon applauded the choice; for since the foundation of the empire there had never been such a young minister. But all the courtiers were filled with jealousy and vexation. The envious man, in particular, was troubled with a spitting of blood, and a prodigious inflammation in his nose. Zadig having thanked the king and queen for their goodness, went likewise to thank the parrot. "Beautiful bird, said he, 'tis thou that hast saved my life, and made me first minister. The queen's bitch and the king's horse did me a great deal of mischief, but thou hast done me much good. Upon such slender threads as these do the fates of mortals hang! but, added he, this happiness perhaps will vanish very soon." "Soon, replied the parrot." Zadig was somewhat startled at this word. But as he was a good natural philosopher, and did not believe parrots to be prophets, he quickly recovered his spirits, and resolved to execute his duty to the best of his power.

He made every one feel the sacred authority of the laws, but no one felt the weight of his dignity. He never checked the deliberations of the divan; and every vizier might give his opinion without the fear of incurring the minister's displeasure. When he gave judgment, it was not he that gave it, it was the law; the rigor of which, however, whenever it was too severe, he always took care to soften; and when

laws were wanting, the equity of his decisions was such as might easily have made them pass for those of Zoroaster.

It is to him that the nations are indebted for this grand principle, to wit, that it is better to run the risk of sparing the guilty than to condemn the innocent. He imagined that laws were made as well to secure the people from the suffering of injuries, as to restrain them from the commission of crimes. His chief talent consisted in discovering the truth, which all men seek to obscure. This great talent he put in practice from the very beginning of his administration. A famous merchant of Babylon, who died in the Indies, divided his estate equally between his two sons, after having disposed of their sister in marriage, and left a present of thirty thousand pieces of gold to that son who should be found to have loved him best. The eldest raised a tomb to his memory; the youngest encreased his sister's portion, by giving her a part of his inheritance. Every one said that the eldest son loved his father best, and the youngest his sister; and that the thirty thousand pieces belonged to the eldest.

Zadig sent for both of them, the one after the other. To the eldest he said, "Thy father is not dead; he is recovered of his last illness, and is returning to Babylon." "God be praised, replied the young man, but his tomb cost me a considerable sum." Zadig afterwards said the same thing to the youngest. "God be praised, said he, I will go and restore to my father all that I have; but I could wish that he would leave my sister what I have given her." "Thou shalt restore nothing, replied Zadig, and

and thou shalt have the thirty thousand pieces; for thou art the son who loves his father best."

A young lady possessed of a handsome fortune had given a promise of marriage to two magi; and after having, for some months, received the instructions of both, she proved with child. They were both desirous of marrying her. "I will take for my husband, said she, the man who has put me in a condition to give a subject to the state." "I am the man that has done the work, said the one." "I am the man that has done it, said the other." "Well, replied the lady, I will acknowledge for the infant's father him that can give it the best education." The lady was delivered of a son. The two magi contended who should bring him up, and the cause was carried before Zadig. Zadig summoned the two magi to attend him. "What will you teach your pupil? said he to the first." "I will teach him, said the doctor, the eight parts of speech, logick, astrology, pneumaticks, what is meant by substance and accident, abstract and concrete, the doctrine of the monades, and the pre-establiſhed harmony." "For my part, said the second, I will endeavour to give him a sense of justice, and to make him worthy the friendship of good men." Zadig then cried, "Whether thou art his father or not, thou shalt have his mother."

THE DISPUTES and the AUDIENCES.

IN this manner he daily discovered the subtilty of his genius and the goodness of his heart. The people at once admired and loved him. He passed for the happiest man in the world. The whole empire resounded with his name. All the ladies ogled him. All the men praised him for his justice. The learned regarded him as an oracle; and even the priests confessed that he knew more than the old arch-magi Yebor. They were now so far from prosecuting him on account of the griffins, that they believed nothing but what he thought credible.

There had reigned in Babylon, for the space of fifteen hundred years, a violent contest that had divided the empire into two sects. The one pretended that they ought to enter the temple of Mitra with the left foot foremost*; the other held this custom in detestation, and always entered with the right foot first. The people waited with great impatience for the day on which the solemn feast of the sacred fire was to be celebrated, to see which sect Zadig would favour. All the world had their eyes fixed on his two feet, and the whole city was in the utmost suspense and perturbation. Zadig jumped into the temple with his feet joined together; and afterwards proved, in an eloquent discourse, that the sovereign of heaven and earth, who accepteth not the persons of men,

* This is probably a glance at the disputes about Jansenism, which, though in themselves insignificant, have divided France into two inveterate factions.

makes no distinction between the right and the left foot. The envious man and his wife alledged that his discourse was not figurative enough, and that he did not make the rocks and mountains to dance with sufficient agility. "He is dry, said they, and void of genius: he does not make the sea to fly, and stars to fall, nor the sun to melt like wax: he has not the true oriental stile." Zadig contented himself with having the stile of reason. All the world favoured him, not because he was in the right road, or followed the dictates of reason, or was a man of real merit, but because he was prime vizier.

He terminated with the same happy address the grand difference between the white and the black magi. The former maintained, that it was the height of impiety to pray to God with the face turned towards the east in winter: the latter asserted that God abhorred the prayers of those who turned towards the west in summer. Zadig decreed that every man should be allowed to turn, as he pleased.

Thus he found out the happy secret of finishing all affairs, whether of a private or public nature, in the morning. The rest of the day he employed in superintending and promoting the embellishments of Babylon. He exhibited tragedies that drew tears from the eyes of the spectators, and comedies that shook their sides with laughter; a custom which had long been disused, and which his good taste now induced him to revive. He never affected to be more knowing in the polite arts than the artists themselves; he encouraged them by rewards and honours, and was never jealous of their talents.

In the evening the king was highly entertained with his conversation, and the queen still more. "Great minister!" said the king. "Amiable minister," said the queen; and both of them added, "It would have been a great loss to the state, had such a man been hanged."

Never was man in power obliged to give so many audiences to the ladies. Most of them came to consult him about——no business at all, that so they might have some business with him. The wife of the envious man was among the first. She swore to him by Mitra, by Zenda Vesta, and by the sacred fire, that she detested her husband's conduct: she then told him in confidence that he was a jealous brutal wretch; and gave him to understand, that heaven punished him for his crimes, by refusing him the precious effects of the sacred fire, by which alone man can be rendered like the gods. At last she concluded by dropping her garter. Zadig took it up with his usual politeness; but did not tie it about the lady's leg; and this slight fault, if it may be called a fault, was the cause of the most terrible misfortunes. Zadig never thought of it more; but the lady thought of it with great attention.

Never a day passed without several visits from the ladies. The secret annals of Babylon pretend that he once yielded to the temptation; but that he was surprised to find that he enjoyed his mistress without pleasure, and embraced her without distraction. The lady to whom he gave, almost without being sensible of it, these marks of his favour, was a maid of honour to queen Astarte. This tender Babylonian said to herself by way of comfort, "This

“ This man must have his head filled with a prodigious heap of business, since even in making love he cannot avoid thinking on public affairs.” Zadig happened, at the very instant when most people say nothing at all, and others only pronounce a few sacred words, to cry out, “ The queen.” The Babylonian thought that he was at last happily come to himself, and that he said, “ My queen.” But Zadig, who was always too absent, pronounced the name of Astarte. The lady, who in this happy situation interpreted every thing in her own favour, imagined that he meant to say, “ Thou art more beautiful than queen Astarte.” After receiving some handsome presents, she left the seraglio of Zadig, and went to relate her adventure to the envious woman, who was her intimate friend, and who was greatly piqued at the preference given to the other. “ He would not so much as deign, said she, to tie this garter about my leg, and I am therefore resolved never to wear it more.” “ O ho, said the happy lady to the envious one, your garters are the same with the queen’s ! do you buy them from the same weaver ?” This hint set the envious lady a thinking ; she made no reply, but went to consult with her envious husband.

Mean while Zadig perceived that his thoughts were always distracted, as well when he gave audience, as when he sat in judgment. He did not know to what to attribute this absence of mind ; and that was his only sorrow.

He had a dream, in which he imagined that he laid himself down upon a heap of dry herbs, among which there were many prickly ones that

that gave him great uneasiness, and that he afterwards reposed himself on a soft bed of roses, from which there sprung a serpent, that wounded him to the heart with its sharp and venomous tongue. "Alas, said he, I have long lain on these dry and prickly herbs, I am now on the bed of roses; but what shall be the serpent?"



J E A L O U S Y.

ZADIG's calamities sprung even from his happiness, and especially from his merit. He every day conversed with the king and Astarte his august consort. The charms of his conversation were greatly heightened by that desire of pleasing, which is to the mind what dress is to beauty. His youth and graceful appearance insensibly made an impression on Astarte, which she did not at first perceive. Her passion grew and flourished in the bosom of innocence. Without fear or scruple, she indulged the pleasing satisfaction of seeing and hearing a man, who was so dear to her husband, and to the empire in general. She was continually praising him to the king. She talked of him to her women, who were always sore to improve on her praises. And thus every thing contributed to pierce her heart with a dart, of which she did not seem to be sensible. She made several presents to Zadig, which discovered a greater spirit of gallantry than she imagined. She intended to speak to him only as a queen satisfied with his services; and her expressions were sometimes those of a woman in love.

Astarte was much more beautiful than that Semira who had such a strong aversion to one-eyed men, or that other woman who had resolved to cut off her husband's nose. Her unreserved familiarity; her tender expressions, at which she began to blush; and her eyes, which, though she endeavoured to divert them to other objects, were always fixed upon his, inspired Zadig with a passion that filled him with astonishment. He struggled hard to get the better of it. He called to his aid the precepts of philosophy, which had always stood him in stead; but from thence, though he could derive the light of knowledge, he could procure no remedy to cure the disorders of his love-sick heart. Duty, gratitude, and violated majesty, presented themselves to his mind, as so many avenging gods. He struggled; he conquered; but this victory, which he was obliged to purchase afresh every moment, cost him many sighs and tears. He no longer dared to speak to the queen with that sweet and charming familiarity which had been so agreeable to them both. His countenance was covered with a cloud. His conversation was constrained and incoherent. His eyes were fixed on the ground; and when, in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, they encountered those of the queen, they found them bathed in tears, and darting arrows of flame. They seemed to say, We adore each other, and yet are afraid to love: we both burn with a fire which we both condemn.

Zadig left the royal presence full of perplexity and despair, and having his heart oppressed with a burden which he was no longer able to bear.

In the violence of his perturbation he involuntarily betrayed the secret to his friend Cador, in the same manner as a man, who, having long supported the fits of a cruel disease, discovers his pain by a cry extorted from him by a more severe fit, and by the cold sweat that covers his brow.

“I have already discovered, said Cador, the sentiments which thou wouldest fain conceal from thyself. The symptoms by which the passions shew themselves are certain and infallible. Judge, my dear Zadig, since I have read thy heart, whether the king will not discover something in it that may give him offence. He has no other fault but that of being the most jealous man in the world. Thou canst resist the violence of thy passion with greater fortitude than the queen, because thou art a philosopher, and because thou art Zadig. Astarte is a woman: she suffers her eyes to speak with so much the more imprudence, as she does not as yet think herself guilty. Conscious of her own innocence, she unhappily neglects those external appearances which are so necessary. I shall tremble for her so long as she has nothing wherewithal to reproach herself. Were ye both of one mind, ye might easily deceive the whole world. A growing passion which we endeavour to suppress, discovers itself in spite of all our efforts to the contrary; but love, when gratified, is easily concealed.” Zadig trembled at the proposal of betraying the king, his benefactor; and never was he more faithful to his prince, than when guilty of an involuntary crime against him. Mean while, the queen mentioned the name of Zadig so frequently,
and

and with such a blushing and downcast look; she was sometimes so lively, and sometimes so perplexed, when she spoke to him in the king's presence; and was seized with such a deep thoughtfulness at his going away, that the king began to be troubled. He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see. He particularly remarked, that his wife's shoes were blue, and that Zadig's shoes were blue; that his wife's ribbons were yellow; and that Zadig's bonnet was yellow; and these were terrible symptoms to a prince of so much delicacy. In his jealous mind suspicions were turned into certainty.

All the slaves of kings and queens are so many spies over their hearts. They soon observed that Astarte was tender, and that Moabdar was jealous. The envious man persuaded his wife to send the king her garter, which resembled these of the queen; and to complete the misfortune, this garter was blue. The monarch now thought of nothing but in what manner he might best execute his vengeance. He one night resolved to poison the queen, and in the morning to put Zadig to death by the bowstring. The orders were given to a merciless eunuch, who commonly executed his acts of vengeance. There happened at that time to be in the king's chamber a little dwarf, who, though dumb, was not deaf. He was allowed, on account of his insignificance, to go wherever he pleased; and, as a domestic animal, was a witness of what passed in the most profound secrecy. This little mute was strongly attached to the queen and Zadig. With equal horror and surprize he heard the cruel orders given. But how prevent the fatal sentence
that

that in a few hours was to be carried into execution? He could not write, but he could paint; and excelled particularly in drawing a striking resemblance. He employed a part of the night in sketching out with his pencil what he meant to impart to the queen. The piece represented the king in one corner, boiling with rage, and giving orders to the eunuch; a blue bowstring, and a bowl on a table, with blue garters and yellow ribbands; the queen in the middle of the picture, expiring in the arms of her woman, and Zadig strangled at her feet. The horizon represented a rising sun, to express that this shocking execution was to be performed in the morning. As soon as he had finished the picture, he ran to one of Astarte's women, awaked her, and made her understand, that she must immediately carry it to the queen.

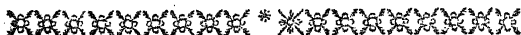
At midnight a messenger knocks at Zadig's door; awakes him; and gives him a note from the queen. He doubts whether it is not a dream; and opens the letter with a trembling hand. But how great was his surprize! and who can express the consternation and despair into which he was thrown, upon reading these words: "Fly, this instant, or thou art a dead man. Fly, Zadig, I conjure thee by our mutual love and my yellow ribbands. I have not been guilty; but I find that I must die like a criminal."

Zadig was hardly able to speak. He sent for Cadon, and, without uttering a word, gave him the note. Cadon forced him to obey, and forthwith to take the road to Memphis. "Shouldest thou dare (said he) to go in search of the queen, thou wilt hasten her death. Shouldest

Shouldest thou speak to the king, thou wilt infallibly ruin her. I will take upon me the charge of her destiny; follow thy own. I will spread a report that thou hast taken the road to India. I will soon follow thee, and inform thee of all that shall have passed in Babylon." At that instant, Cador caused two of the swiftest dromedaries to be brought to a private gate of the palace. Upon one of these he mounted Zadig, whom he was obliged to carry to the door, and who was ready to expire with grief. He was accompanied by a single domestic; and Cador, plunged in sorrow and astonishment, soon lost sight of his friend.

This illustrious fugitive arriving on the side of a hill, from whence he could take a view of Babylon, turned his eyes towards the queen's palace, and fainted away at the sight; nor did he recover his senses but to shed a torrent of tears, and to wish for death. At length, after his thoughts had been long engrossed in lamenting the unhappy fate of the loveliest woman and the greatest queen in the world, he for a moment turned his views on himself, and cried, "What then is human life? O virtue, how hast thou served me! Two women have basely deceived me; and now a third, who is innocent, and more beautiful than both the others, is going to be put to death! Whatever good I have done hath been to me a continual source of calamity and affliction; and I have only been raised to the height of grandeur, to be tumbled down the most horrid precipice of misfortune." Filled with these gloomy reflections, his eyes overspread with the veil of grief, his countenance covered with the paleness of death, and
his

his soul plunged in an abyfs of the blackeft defpair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.



The WOMAN Beaten.

ZADIG directed his courfe by the ftars. The confellation of Orion, and the fplendid Dog-ftar, guided his fteps towards the pole of Canopæa. He admired thofe vaft globes of light, which appear to our eyes but as fo many little fparks, while the earth, which in reality is only an imperceptible point in nature, appears to our fond imaginations as fomething fo grand and noble. He then represented to himfelf the human fpecies, as it really is, as a parcel of infects devouring one another on a little atom of clay. This true image feemed to annihilate his misfortunes, by making him fenfible of the nothingnefs of his own being, and of that of Babylon. His foul launched out into infinity, and detached from the fenfes, contemplated the immutable order of the univerfe. But when, afterwards, returning to himfelf, and entering into his own heart, he confidered that Aftarte had perhaps died for him, the univerfe vanifhed from his fight, and he beheld nothing in the whols compafs of nature but Aftarte expiring, and Zadig unhappy. While he thus alternately gave up his mind to this flux and reflux of fublime philofophy and intolerable grief, he advanced towards the frontiers of Egypt; and his faithful domeftic was already in the firft village,
in

in search of a lodging. Mean while, as Zadig was walking towards the gardens that skirted the village, he saw, at a small distance from the highway, a woman bathed in tears, and calling upon heaven and earth to her assistance; and a man in a furious passion, pursuing her. This madman had already overtaken the woman, who embraced his knees, notwithstanding which he loaded her with blows and reproaches. Zadig judged by the frantic behaviour of the Egyptian, and by the repeated pardons which the lady asked him, that the one was jealous, and the other unfaithful. But when he surveyed the woman more narrowly, and found her to be a lady of exquisite beauty, and even to have a strong resemblance to the unhappy Astarte, he felt himself inspired with compassion for her, and horror towards the Egyptian. "Assist me, (cried she to Zadig with the deepest sighs) deliver me from the hands of the most barbarous man in the world; save my life." Moved by these pitiful cries, Zadig ran and threw himself between her and the barbarian. As he had some knowledge of the Egyptian language, he addressed him in that tongue: "If (said he) thou hast any humanity, I conjure thee to pay some regard to her beauty and weakness. How canst thou behave in this outrageous manner to one of the master-pieces of nature, who lies at thy feet, and has no defence but her tears?" "Ah, ah! (replied the madman) thou art likewise in love with her; I must be revenged on thee too." So saying, he left the lady, whom he had hitherto held with his hand twisted in her hair, and taking his lance, attempted to stab the stranger. Zadig, who was in cold blood, easily

easily eluded the blow aimed by the frantic Egyptian. He seized the lance near the iron with which it was armed. The Egyptian strove to draw it back; Zadig to wrest it from the Egyptian; and in the struggle it was broke in two. The Egyptian draws his sword; Zadig does the same. They attack each other. The former gives a hundred blows at random; the latter wards them off with great dexterity. The lady, seated on a turf, re-adjusts her head-dress, and looks at the combatants. The Egyptian excelled in strength; Zadig in address. The one fought like a man whose arm was directed by his judgment; the other like a madman, whose blind rage made him deal his blows at random. Zadig closes with him, and disarms him; and while the Egyptian, now become more furious, endeavours to throw himself upon him, he seizes him, presses him close, and throws him down; and then holding his sword to his breast, offers him his life. The Egyptian, frantic with rage, draws his poniard, and wounds Zadig at the very instant that the conqueror was granting a pardon. Zadig, provoked at such brutal behaviour, plunged his sword in the bosom of the Egyptian, who giving a horrible shriek and a violent struggle, instantly expired. Zadig then approached the lady, and said to her with a gentle tone, "He hath forced me to kill him; I have avenged thy cause; thou art now delivered from the most violent man I ever saw; what further, madam, wouldst thou have me to do for thee?" "Die, villain, (replied she) die; thou hast killed my lover; O that I were able to tear out thy heart!" "Why truly, madam, (said Zadig) thou hadst a strange

a strange kind of a man for a lover ; he beat thee with all his might, and would have killed me, because thou hadst entreated me to give thee assistance." " I wish he were beating me still, (replied the lady, with tears and lamentation ;) I well deserved it ; for I had given him cause to be jealous. Would to heaven that he was now beating me, and that thou wast in his place." Zadig, struck with surprize, and inflamed with a higher degree of resentment than he had ever felt before, said, " Beautiful as thou art, madam, thou deservest that I should beat thee in my turn for thy perverse and impertinent behaviour ; but I shall not give myself the trouble." So saying, he remounted his camel, and advanced towards the town. He had proceeded but a few steps, when he turned back at the noise of four Babylonian couriers, who came riding at full gallop. One of them, upon seeing the woman, cried, " It is the very same ; she resembles the description that was given us." They gave themselves no concern about the dead Egyptian, but instantly seized the lady. She called out to Zadig ; " Help me once more, generous stranger ; I ask pardon for having complained of thy conduct ; deliver me again, and I will be thine for ever." Zadig was no longer in the humour of fighting for her. " Apply to others, (said he) thou shalt not again enslave me by thy wiles." Besides, he was wounded ; his blood was still flowing ; and he himself had need of assistance ; and the sight of four Babylonians, probably sent by king Moabdar, filled him with apprehension. He therefore hastened towards the village,

unable

unable to comprehend why four Babylonian couriers should come to seize this Egyptian woman, but still more astonished at the lady's behaviour.



S L A V E R Y.

AS he entered the Egyptian village, he saw himself surrounded by the people. Every one said, "This is the man that carried off the beautiful Missouf, and assassinated Clitofis." "Gentlemen, (said he) God preserve me from carrying off your beautiful Missouf; she is too capricious for me: and with regard to Clitofis, I did not assassinate him; I only fought with him in my own defence. He endeavoured to kill me, because I humbly interceded for the beautiful Missouf, whom he beat most unmercifully. I am a stranger, come to seek refuge in Egypt; and it is not likely, that in coming to implore your protection, I should begin by carrying off a woman, and assassinating a man."

The Egyptians were then just and humane. The people conducted Zadig to the town-house. They first of all ordered his wound to be dressed; and then examined him and his servant apart, in order to discover the truth. They found that Zadig was not an assassin; but as he was guilty of having killed a man, the law condemned him to be a slave. His two camels were sold for the benefit of the town: all the gold he had brought with him was distributed

among the inhabitants; and his person, as well as that of the companion of his journey, was exposed to sale in the market-place. An Arabian merchant, named Setoc, made the purchase; but as the servant was fitter for labour than the master, he was sold at a higher price. There was no comparison between the two men. Thus Zadig became a slave subordinate to his own servant. They were linked together by a chain fastened to their feet, and in this condition they followed the Arabian merchant to his house. By the way Zadig comforted his servant, and exhorted him to patience; but he could not help making, according to his usual custom, some reflections on human life. "I see (said he) that the unhappiness of my fate hath an influence on thine. Hitherto every thing has turned out to me in a most unaccountable manner. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having seen the marks of a bitch's feet. I thought that I should once have been empaled on account of a griffin. I have been sent to execution for having made some verses in praise of the king. I have been upon the point of being strangled, because the queen had yellow ribbands; and now I am a slave with thee, because a brutal wretch beat his mistress. Come, let us keep a good heart; all this perhaps will have an end. The Arabian merchants must necessarily have slaves; and why not I as well as another, since, as well as another, I am a man? This merchant will not be cruel; he must treat his slaves well, if he expects any advantage from them." But while he spoke thus, his heart was entirely engrossed by the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Two days after, the merchant Setoc set out for Arabia Deserta, with his slaves and his camels. His tribe dwelt near the desert of Oreb. The journey was long and painful. Setoc set a much greater value on the servant than the master, because the former was more expert in loading the camels; and all the little marks of distinction were shewn to him. A camel having died within two days journey of Oreb, his burden was divided and laid on the backs of the servants; and Zadig had his share among the rest. Setoc laughed to see all his slaves walking with their bodies inclined. Zadig took the liberty to explain to him the cause, and to inform him of the laws of the balance. The merchant was astonished, and began to regard him with other eyes. Zadig, finding he had raised his curiosity, increased it still further by acquainting him with many things that related to commerce; the specific gravity of metals and commodities under an equal bulk; the properties of several useful animals; and the means of rendering those useful that are not naturally so. At last Setoc began to consider Zadig as a sage, and preferred him to his companion, whom he had formerly so much esteemed. He treated him well, and had no cause to repent of his kindness.

As soon as Setoc arrived among his own tribe, he demanded the payment of five hundred ounces of silver, which he had lent to a Jew in presence of two witnesses; but as the witnesses were dead, and the debt could not be proved, the Hebrew appropriated the merchant's money to himself, and piously thanked God for putting it in his power to cheat an Arabian.

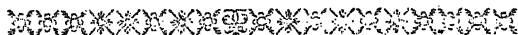
Setoc

Setoc imparted this troublesome affair to Zadig, who was now become his council. "In what place (said Zadig) didst thou lend the five hundred ounces to this infidel?" "Upon a large stone, (replied the merchant) that lies near mount Oreb." "What is the character of thy debtor?" said Zadig. "That of a knave," returned Setoc. "But I ask thee, whether he is lively or phlegmatic; cautious or imprudent?" "He is, of all bad payers, (said Setoc) the most lively fellow I ever knew." "Well, (resumed Zadig) allow me to plead thy cause." In effect, Zadig having summoned the Jew to the tribunal, addressed the judge in the following terms: "Pillow of the throne of equity, I come to demand of this man, in the name of my master, five hundred ounces of silver, which he refuses to repay." "Hast thou any witnesses?" said the judge. "No, they are dead; but there remains a large stone upon which the money was counted; and if it please thy grandeur to order the stone to be sought for, I hope that it will bear witness. The Hebrew and I will tarry here till the stone arrives: I will send for it at my master's expence." "With all my heart," replied the judge, and immediately applied himself to the discussion of other affairs.

When the court was going to break up, the judge said to Zadig, "Well, friend, is not thy stone come yet?" The Hebrew replied with a smile; "Thy grandeur may stay here till the morrow, and after all not see the stone. It is more than six miles from hence; and it would require fifteen men to move it." "Well, (cried Zadig) did not I say that the stone would bear witness? Since this man knows where it is, he

thereby confesses that it was upon it that the money was counted." The Hebrew was disconcerted, and was soon after obliged to confess the truth. The judge ordered him to be fastened to the stone, without meat or drink, till he should restore the five hundred ounces, which were soon after paid.

The slave Zadig and the stone, were held in great repute in Arabia.



The FUNERAL PILE.

SETOC, charmed with the happy issue of this affair, made his slave his intimate friend. He had now conceived as great an esteem for him as ever the king of Babylon had done; and Zadig was glad that Setoc had no wife. He discovered in his master a good natural disposition, much probity of heart, and a great share of good sense; but he was sorry to see, that, according to the ancient custom of Arabia, he adored the host of heaven; that is, the sun, moon, and stars. He sometimes spoke to him on this subject with great prudence and discretion. At last he told him, that these bodies were like all other bodies in the universe, and no more deserving of our homage, than a tree or a rock. "But (said Setoc) they are eternal beings; and it is from them we derive all we enjoy. They animate nature; they regulate the seasons; and besides are removed at such an immense distance from us, that we cannot help revering them." "Thou receivest more advantage

antage (replied Zadig) from the waters of the Red Sea, which carries thy merchandize to the Indies. Why may not it be as ancient as the stars? and if thou adorest what is placed at a distance from thee, thou oughtest to adore the land of the Gangarides, which lies at the extremity of the earth." "No, (said Setoc) the brightness of the stars commands my adoration."

At night Zadig lighted up a great number of candles in the tent where he was to sup with Setoc; and the moment his patron appeared, he fell on his knees before these lighted tapers, and said; "Eternal and shining luminaries! be ye always propitious to me." Having thus said, he sat down at the table, without taking the least notice of Setoc; "What art thou doing?" said Setoc to him in amaze. "I act like thee, (replied Zadig) I adore these candles, and neglect their master and mine." Setoc comprehended the profound sense of this apologue. The wisdom of his slave sunk deep into his soul; he no longer offered incense to the creatures, but adored the eternal Being who made them.

There prevailed at that time in Arabia a shocking custom, sprung originally from Scythia, and which, being established in the Indies by the credit of the brachmans, threatened to over-run all the East. When a married man died, and his beloved wife aspired to the character of a saint, she burned herself publicly on the body of her husband. This was a solemn feast, and was called the Funeral Pile of Widowhood; and that tribe in which most women had been burned, was the most respected. An Arabian of Setoc's tribe being dead, his widow, whose name was Almona, and who

was very devout, published the day and hour when she intended to throw herself into the fire, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets. Zadig remonstrated against this horrible custom; he shewed Seroc how inconsistent it was with the happiness of mankind, to suffer young widows to burn themselves every other day, widows who were capable of giving children to the state, or at least of educating those they already had; and he convinced him that it was his duty to do all that lay in his power to abolish such a barbarous practice. "The women (said Seroc) have possessed the right of burning themselves for more than a thousand years; and who shall dare to abrogate a law which time hath rendered sacred? Is there any thing more respectable than ancient abuses?" "Reason is more ancient, (replied Zadig;) mean while, speak thou to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will go to wait on the young widow."

Accordingly he was introduced to her; and, after having insinuated himself into her good graces by some compliments on her beauty, and told her what a pity it was to commit so many charms to the flames, he at last praised her for her constancy and courage. "Thou must, surely, have loved thy husband (said he to her) with the most passionate fondness." "Who, I? (replied the lady) I loved him not at all. He was a brutal, jealous, insupportable wretch; but I am firmly resolved to throw myself on his funeral pile." "It would appear then, (said Zadig) that there must be a very delicious pleasure in being burnt alive." "Oh! it makes nature shudder, (replied the lady;) but that must be overlooked. I am a devotee; I should lose

lose my reputation; and all the world would despise me, if I did not burn myself." Zadig having made her acknowledge that she burned herself to gain the good opinion of others, and to gratify her own vanity, entertained her with a long discourse, calculated to make her a little in love with life, and even went so far as to inspire her with some degree of good-will for the person who spoke to her. "And what wilt thou do at last, (said he) if the vanity of burning thyself should not continue?" "Alas! (said the lady) I wish I should desire thee to marry me."

Zadig's mind was too much engrossed with the idea of *Affaire*, not to elude this declaration; but he instantly went to the chiefs of the tribe, told them what had passed, and advised them to make a law, by which a widow should not be permitted to burn herself, till she had conversed privately with a young man for the space of an hour. Since that time, not a single woman hath buried herself in Arabia. They were indebted to Zadig alone for destroying in one day a cruel custom, that had lasted for so many ages; and thus he became the benefactor of Arabia.

The SUPPER.

SETOC, who could not separate himself from this man, in whom dwelt wisdom, carried him to the great fair of Balzora, whither the richest merchants in the earth resorted. Zadig was highly pleased to see so many men of different countries united in the same place. He considered the whole universe as one large family assembled at Balzora. The second day, he sat at table with an Egyptian, an Indian, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Greek, a Celtic, and several other strangers, who, in their frequent voyages to the Arabian gulph, had learned enough of the Arabic to make themselves understood. The Egyptian seemed to be in a violent passion. "What an abominable country is Balzora! (said he;) they refuse me a thousand ounces of gold on the best security in the world." "How! (said Setoc) on what security have they refused thee this sum?" "On the body of my aunt, (replied the Egyptian;) she was the most notable woman in Egypt; she always accompanied me in my journeys; she died on the road; I have converted her into one of the finest mummies in the world; and, in my own country, I could have as much as I please, by giving her as a pledge. It is very strange that they will not here lend me so much as a thousand ounces of gold on such a solid security." Angry as he was, he was going to help himself to a bit of excellent boiled fowl, when the Indian, taking him by the hand, cried out in a sorrowful tone; "Ah! what art thou going

going to do?" "To eat a bit of this fowl," replied the man who owned the mummy. "Take care that thou doest not, (replied the Indian.) It is possible that the soul of the deceased may have passed into this fowl, and thou wouldest not, surely, expose thyself to the danger of eating thy aunt*. To boil fowls is a manifest outrage on nature." "What dost thou mean by thy nature and thy fowls? (replied the choleric Egyptian.) We adore a bull; and yet we eat heartily of beef." "You adore a bull! is it possible?" said the man of Ganges. "Nothing is more possible, (returned the other;) we have done so for these hundred and thirty-five thousand years; and nobody amongst us has ever found fault with it." "A hundred and thirty-five thousand years! (said the Indian) This account is a little exaggerated; it is but eighty thousand years since India was first peopled, and we are surely more ancient than you: Brama† prohibited our eating of ox-flesh before you thought of putting it on your spits or altars." "This Brama of yours, (said the Egyptian) is a pleasant sort of an animal truly, to compare with our Apis; what great things hath your Brama performed?" "It was he (replied the Bramin) that taught mankind to read and write, and to whom the world is indebted for the game of chess." "Thou art mistaken, (said a Chaldean who sat near him;)

* Many casts or tribes of Indians, especially the Bramins, believe in the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls.

† Brama, or Brahma, is one of the principal deities of the Tonquinese.

it is to the fish Oannes* that we owe these great advantages; and it is just that we should render homage to none but him. All the world will tell thee, that he is a divine being, with a golden tail and a beautiful human head, and that, for three hours every day, he left the water to preach on dry land. He had several children who were kings, as every one knows. I have a picture of him at home, which I worship with becoming reverence. We may eat as much beef as we please; but it is surely a great sin to dress fish for the table. Besides, you are both of an origin too recent and ignoble to dispute with me. The Egyptians reckon only a hundred and thirty-five thousand years, and the Indians but eighty thousand, while we have almanacks of four thousand ages. Believe me; renounce your follies; and I will give to each of you a beautiful picture of Oannes."

The man of Cathay took up the discourse, and said; "I have a great respect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celts, Brama, the bull Apis, and the beau-

* Berosus, in his account of the Babylonian antiquities, says, that in the beginning of the Chaldean empire, an animal called Oannes came out of the Red Sea. He had the body of a fish, with the head and feet of a man. He conversed with the people, and imparted to them the knowledge of letters, arts, and sciences. He taught them to form societies, build cities, erect temples, measure and cultivate lands; in a word, civilized the whole nation. However, he neither ate nor drank with them, and at sunset always retired into the sea. This fable probably alludes to some strangers who arrived on the coast in a ship, and took some pains to humanize the barbarous inhabitants.

tiful fish Oannes; but I should think that Li, or Tien *, as he is commonly called, is superior to all the bulls in the earth, and all the fish in the sea. I shall say nothing of my native country; it is as large as Egypt, Chaldea, and the Indies, put together. Neither shall I dispute about the antiquity of our nation; because it is of little consequence whether we are ancient or not; it is enough if we are happy; but, were it necessary to speak of almanacks, I could say that all Asia takes ours; and that we had very good ones before arithmetic was known in Chaldea."

"Ignorant men, as ye all are, (said the Greek;) do you not know that Chaos is the father of all; and that form and matter have put the world into its present condition?" The Greek spoke for a long time; but was at last interrupted by the Celtic, who, having drank pretty deeply while the rest were disputing, imagined he was now more knowing than all the others, and said with an oath, that there were none but Teutat † and the mistletoe of the oak that were worth the trouble of a dispute; that, for his own part, he had always some mistletoe in his pocket; and that the Scythians, his ancestors, were the only men of merit that had ever appeared in the world; that it was

* Chinese words. The first properly signifies natural light, or reason; and the last heaven, or God.

† Teutat is the same with Mercury. *Text*, in the Celtic language, signifies People, and *tat* a Father. The word Mercury, according to Pezron, comes from the Gaulish words *more* and *or*, the first importing Merchandize; the other signifying a Man; very little different from the Latin words *more* and *vir*.

true they had sometimes eat human flesh, bat that, notwithstanding that circumstance, his nation deserved to be held in great esteem; and that, in fine, if any one spoke ill of Teutat, he would teach him better manners. The quarrel was now become warm; and Setoc saw the table ready to be stained with blood. Zadig, who had been silent during the whole dispute, arose at last. He first addressed himself to the Celtic, as the most furious of all the disputants: he told him that he had reason on his side, and begged a few mistletoes. He then praised the Greek for his eloquence; and softened all their exasperated spirits. He said but little to the man of Cathay, because he had been the most reasonable of them all. At last he said; "You were going, my friends, to quarrel about nothing; for you are all of one mind." At this word they all cried out together. "Is it not true, (said he to the Celtic) that you adore not this mistletoe, but him that made both the mistletoe and the oak?" "Most undoubtedly," replied the Celtic. "And thou, Mr. Egyptian, dost not thou reverence, in a certain bull, him who gave the bulls?" "Yes," said the Egyptian. "The fish Oannes (continued he) must yield to him who made the sea and the fishes. The Indian and the Cathaian (added he) acknowledge, like you, a first principle. I did not fully comprehend the admirable things that were said by the Greek; but I am sure he will admit a superior being, on whom form and matter depend." The Greek, whom they all admired, said that Zadig had exactly taken his meaning. "You are all then (replied Zadig) of one opinion; and have no cause to quarrel."

All

The RENDEZVOUS. 181

All the company embraced him. Setoc, after having sold his commodities at a very high price, returned to his own tribe with his friend Zadig; who learned, upon his arrival, that he had been tried in his absence, and was now going to be burned by a slow fire*.



The RENDEZVOUS.

DURING his journey to Balzora, the priests of the stars had resolved to punish him. The precious stones and ornaments of the young widows whom they sent to the funeral pile belonged to them of right; and the least they could now do, was to burn Zadig, for the ill office he had done them. Accordingly they accused him of entertaining erroneous sentiments of the heavenly host. They deposed against him, and swore that they had heard him say, that the stars did not set in the sea. This horrid blasphemy made the judges tremble; they were ready to tear their garments upon hearing these impious words; and they would certainly have tore them, had Zadig had wherewithal to pay them for new ones. But, in the excess of their zeal and indignation, they contented themselves with condemning him to be burnt by a slow fire. Setoc, filled with despair at this unhappy event, employed all his interest to save his friend; but in vain: he was soon obliged to hold his peace. The young widow

* This is levelled against the inquisition.

Almona, who had now conceived a great fondness for life, for which she was obliged to Zadig, resolved to deliver him from the funeral pile, of the abuse of which he had fully convinced her. She revolved the scheme in her own mind, without imparting it to any person whatever. Zadig was to be executed the next day: if she could save him at all, she must do it that very night; and the method taken by this charitable and prudent lady was as follows:

She perfumed herself; she heightened her beauty by the richest and gayest apparel; and went to demand a private audience of the chief priest of the stars. As soon as she was introduced to the venerable old man, she addressed him in these terms: "Eldest son of the great bear; brother of the bull; and cousin of the great dog; (such were the titles of this pontiff) I come to acquaint thee with my scruples. I am much afraid that I have committed a heinous crime in not burning myself on the funeral pile of my dear husband; for, indeed, what had I worth preserving? perishable flesh, thou seest, that it is already entirely withered." So saying, she drew up her long sleeves of silk, and shewed her naked arms, which were of an elegant shape and a dazzling whiteness. "Thou seest (said she) that these are little worth." The priest found in his heart that they were worth a great deal; his eyes said so, and his mouth confirmed it: he swore that he had never in his life seen such beautiful arms. "Alas! (said the widow) my arms, perhaps, are not so bad as the rest; but thou wilt confess that my neck is not worthy of the least regard." She then discovered the most charming

charming bosom that nature had ever formed. Compared to it, a rose-bud on an apple of ivory would have appeared like madder on the box-tree, and the whiteness of new-washed lambs would have seemed of a dusky yellow. Her neck; her large black eyes, languishing with the gentle lustre of a tender fire; her cheeks animated with the finest purple, mixed with the whiteness of the purest milk; her nose, which had no resemblance to the tower of mount Lebanon; her lips, like two borders of coral, inclosing the finest pearls in the Arabian Sea; all conspired to make the old man believe that he was but twenty years of age. Almona, seeing him enflamed, entreated him to pardon Zadig. "Alas! (said he) my charming lady, should I grant thee his pardon, it would be of no service; as it must necessarily be signed by three others, my brethren." "Sign it, however," said Almona. "With all my heart, (said the priest) on condition that thy favours shall be the price of my ready compliance." "Thou doest me too much honour, (said Almona;) be pleased only to come to my chamber after sun-set, and when the bright star of Sheat shall appear in the horizon, thou wilt find me on a rose-coloured sofa; and thou mayest then use thy servant as thou art able." So saying, she departed with the signature, and left the old man full of love and distrust of his own abilities. He employed the rest of the day in bathing; he drank a liquor composed of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and of the precious spices of Tidor and Ternate; and waited with impatience till the star Sheat should make its appearance.

Mean

Mean while, Almona went to the second pontiff. He assured her that the sun, the moon, and all the luminaries of heaven were but glimmering meteors in comparison of her charms. She asked the same favour of him; and he proposed to grant it on the same terms. She suffered herself to be overcome; and appointed the second pontiff to meet her at the rising of the star Algenib. From thence she went to the third and fourth priest, always taking their signatures, and making an assignation from star to star. She then sent a message to the judges, entreating them to come to her house, on an affair of great importance. They obeyed her summons. She shewed them the four names, and told them at what price the priests had sold the pardon of Zadig. Each of them arrived at the hour appointed. Each was surprized at finding his brethren there, but still more at seeing the judges, before whom their shame was now manifest. Zadig was saved; and Setoc was so charmed with the ingenuity and address of Almona, that he made her his wife. Zadig departed, after having thrown himself at the feet of his fair deliverer. Setoc and he took leave of each other with tears in their eyes, swearing an eternal friendship, and promising, that the first of them that should acquire a large fortune should share it with the other.

Zadig directed his course along the frontiers of Assyria, still musing on the unhappy Astarte, and reflecting on the severity of fortune, which seemed determined to make him the sport of her cruelty, and the object of her persecution. "What, (said he to himself) four hundred ounces of gold for having seen a bitch! condemned

damned to lose my head for four bad verses in praise of the king! ready to be strangled, because the queen had shoes of the colour of my bonnet! reduced to slavery for having succoured a woman who was beat! and on the point of being burnt for having saved the lives of all the young widows of Arabia!"



The ROBBER.

ARRIVING on the frontiers which divide Arabia Petrea from Syria, he passed by a pretty strong castle, from which a party of armed Arabians sallied forth. They instantly surrounded him, and cried, "All thou hast belongs to us, and thy person is the property of our master." Zadig replied by drawing his sword; his servant, who was a man of courage, did the same. They killed the first Arabians that presumed to lay hands on them; and, though the number was redoubled, they were not dismayed, but resolved to perish in the conflict. Two men defended themselves against a multitude; and such a combat could not last long. The master of the castle, whose name was Arbogad, having observed from a window the prodigies of valour performed by Zadig, conceived a high esteem for this heroic stranger. He descended in haste, and went in person to call off his men, and deliver the two travellers. "All that passes over my lands (said he) belongs to me, as well as what I find upon the lands of others; but thou seemest to be a

man

man of such undaunted courage, that I will exempt thee from the common law." He then conducted him to his castle, ordering his men to treat him well; and in the evening Arbogad supped with Zadig. The lord of the castle was one of those Arabians who are commonly called robbers; but he now and then performed some good actions, amidst a multitude of bad ones. He robbed with a furious rapacity, and granted favours with great generosity; entrepid in action; affable in company; a debauchée at table, but gay in his debauchery; and particularly remarkable for his frank and open behaviour. He was highly pleased with Zadig, whose lively conversation lengthened the repast. At last Arbogad said to him; "I advise thee to enroll thy name in my catalogue; thou canst not do better; this is not a bad trade; and thou mayest one day become what I am at present." "May I take the liberty of asking thee (said Zadig) how long thou hast followed this noble profession?" "From my most tender youth, replied the lord. I was servant to a pretty good-natured Arabian; but could not endure the hardships of my situation. I was vexed to find that fate had given me no share of the earth, which equally belongs to all men. I imparted the cause of my uneasiness to an old Arabian, who said to me; 'My son, do not despair; there was once a grain of sand that lamented that it was no more than a neglected atom in the deserts; at the end of a few years it became a diamond; and it is now the brightest ornament in the crown of the king of the Indies.' This discourse made a deep impression on my mind; I was the grain of sand, and I resolved to become the diamond. I began

began by stealing two horses; I soon got a party of companions; I put myself in a condition to rob small caravans; and thus, by degrees, I destroyed the difference which had formerly subsisted between me and other men. I had my share of the good things of this world; and was even recompensed with usury for the hardships I had suffered. I was greatly respected; and became the captain of a band of robbers. I seized this castle by force. The satrape of Syria had a mind to dispossess me of it; but I was too rich to have any thing to fear. I gave the satrape a handsome present, by which means I preserved my castle, and increased my possessions. He even appointed me treasurer of the tributes which Arabia Petraea pays to the king of kings. I perform my office of receiver with great punctuality; but take the freedom to dispense with that of paymaster.

The grand desferham of Babylon sent hither a petty satrape in the name of king Moabdar, to have me strangled. This man arrived with his orders: I was apprised of all; I caused to be strangled in his presence the four persons he had brought with him to draw the noose; after which I asked him how much his commission of strangling me might be worth. He replied, that his fees would amount to about three hundred pieces of gold. I then convinced him that he might gain more by staying with me. I made him an inferior robber; and he is now one of my best and richest officers. If thou wilt take my advice, thy success may be equal to his; never was there a better season for plunder, since king Moabdar is killed, and all Babylon thrown into confusion."

“ Moabdar

“ Moabdar killed, (said Zadig;) and what is become of queen Astarte?” “ I know not, (replied Arbogad.) All I know is, that Moabdar lost his senses, and was killed; that Babylon is a scene of disorder and bloodshed; that all the empire is desolated; that there are some fine strokes to be struck yet; and that, for my own part, I have struck some that are admirable.” “ But the queen, (said Zadig;) for heaven’s sake, knowest thou nothing of the queen’s fate?” “ Yes, (replied he) I have heard something of a prince of Hircania; if she was not killed in the tumult, she is probably one of his concubines; but I am much sonder of booty than news. I have taken several women in my excursions; but I keep none of them: I sell them at a high price, when they are beautiful, without enquiring who they are. In commodities of this kind rank makes no difference, and a queen that is ugly will never find a merchant. Perhaps I may have sold queen Astarte; perhaps she is dead; but, be it as it will, it is of little consequence to me, and, I should imagine, as little to thee.” So saying, he drank a large draught, which threw all his ideas into such confusion, that Zadig could obtain no farther information.

Zadig remained for some time without speech, sense, or motion. Arbogad continued drinking; told stories; constantly repeated that he was the happiest man in the world; and exhorted Zadig to put himself in the same condition. At last the soporiferous fumes of the wine lulled him into a gentle repose. Zadig passed the night in the most violent perturbation. “ What, (said he) did the king lose his senses? and is he killed?

I can-

I cannot help lamenting his fate. The empire is rent in pieces : and this robber is happy. O fortune ! O destiny ! A robber is happy, and the most beautiful of nature's works hath, perhaps, perished in a barbarous manner, or lives in a state worse than death. O Astarte ! what is become of thee ?”

At day-break, he questioned all those he met in the castle ; but they were all busy ; and he received no answer. During the night they had made a new capture ; and they were now employed in dividing the spoil. All he could obtain in this hurry and confusion was an opportunity of departing, which he immediately embraced, plunged deeper than ever in the most gloomy and mournful reflections.

Zadig proceeded on his journey with a mind full of disquiet and perplexity, and wholly employed on the unhappy Astarte, on the king of Babylon, on his faithful friend Cador, on the happy robber Arbogad, on that capricious woman whom the Babylonians had seized on the frontiers of Egypt ; in a word, on all the misfortunes and disappointments he had hitherto suffered.

The FISHERMAN.

A T a few leagues distance from Arbogad's castle, he came to the banks of a small river, still deploring his fate, and considering himself as the most wretched of mankind. He saw a fisherman lying on the brink of the river, scarcely holding in his weak and feeble hand a net, which he seemed ready to drop, and lifting up his eyes to heaven.

"I am certainly, said the fisherman, the most unhappy man in the world. I was universally allowed to be the most famous dealer in cream-cheese in Babylon, and yet I am ruined. I had the most handsome wife that any man in my station could have; and by her I have been betrayed. I had still left a paltry house, and that I have seen pillaged and destroyed. At last I took refuge in this cottage, where I have no other resource than fishing, and yet I cannot catch a single fish. O my net! no more will I throw thee into the water; I will throw myself in thy place." So saying, he arose and advanced forward, in the attitude of a man ready to throw himself into the river, and thus finish this life.

"What, said Zadig to himself, are there men as wretched as I?" His eagerness to save the fisherman's life was as sudden as this reflection. He runs to him, stops him, and speaks to him with a tender and compassionate air. It is commonly supposed that we are less miserable when we have companions in our misery. This, according to Zoroaster, does not proceed from malice, but necessity. We feel ourselves infer-

ribly

sibly drawn to an unhappy person, as to one like ourselves. The joy of the happy would be an insult; but two men in distress are like two slender trees, which mutually supporting each other, fortify themselves against the storm. "Why, said Zadig to the fisherman, dost thou sink under thy misfortunes?" "Because, replied he, I see no means of relief. I was the most considerable man in the village of Derlback, near Babylon, and with the assistance of my wife, I made the best cream-cheese in the empire. Queen Astarte and the famous minister, Zadig, were extremely fond of them. I had sent them six hundred cheeses, and one day went to the city to receive my money; but, on my arrival at Babylon, was informed that the queen and Zadig had disappeared. I ran to the house of lord Zadig, whom I had never seen; but found there the inferior officers of the grand Desterham, who being furnished with a royal licence, were plundering it with great loyalty and order. From thence I flew to the queen's kitchen, some of the lords of which told me that the queen was dead; some said she was in prison; and others pretended that she had made her escape; but they all agreed in assuring me that I would not be paid for my cheese. I went with my wife to the house of lord Orcan, who was one of my customers, and begged his protection in my present distress. He granted it to my wife; but refused it to me. She was whiter than the cream-cheeses that begun my misfortune; and the lustre of the Tyrian purple was not more bright than the carnation which animated this whiteness. For this reason Orcan detained her, and drove me from his house. In my despair I wrote a letter to my dear wife. She

said to the bearer, "Ha, ha! I know the writer of this a little; I have heard his name mentioned; they say he makes excellent cream-cheese; desire him to send me some, and he shall be paid."

"In my distress I resolved to apply to justice. I had still six ounces of gold remaining: I was obliged to give two to the lawyer whom I consulted; two to the procurator who undertook my cause; and two to the secretary of the first judge. When all this was done, my business was not begun; and I had already expended more money than my cheese and my wife were worth. I returned to my own village, with an intention to sell my house, in order to enable me to recover my wife.

"My house was well worth sixty ounces of gold; but as my neighbours saw that I was poor, and obliged to sell it, the first to whom I applied, offered me thirty ounces, the second twenty, and the third ten. Bad as these offers were, I was so blind, that I was going to strike a bargain, when a prince of Hircania came to Babylon, and ravaged all in his way. My house was first sacked and then burnt.

"Having thus lost my money, my wife, and my house, I retired into this country, where thou now seest me. I have endeavoured to gain a subsistence by fishing; but the fish make a mock of me as well as the men. I catch none; I die with hunger; and had it not been for thee, august comforter, I should have perished in the river."

The fisherman was not allowed to give this long account without interruption; at every moment, Zadig, moved and transported, said;

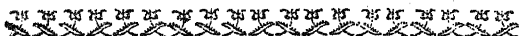
"What

"What knowest thou nothing of the queen's fate?" "No, my lord, replied the fisherman, but I know that neither the queen nor Zadig have paid me for my cream-cheeses; that I have lost my wife, and am now reduced to despair." "I flatter myself, said Zadig, that thou wilt not lose all thy money. I have heard of this Zadig; he is an honest man; and if he return to Babylon, as he expects, he will give thee more than he owes thee: but with regard to thy wife, who is not so honest, I advise thee not to seek to recover her. Believe me, go to Babylon; I shall be there before thee, because I am on horseback, and thou art on foot. Apply to the illustrious Cador; tell him thou hast met his friend; wait for me at his house: go, perhaps thou wilt not always be unhappy.

"O powerful Oromazes! continued he, thou employest me to comfort this man; whom wilt thou employ to give me consolation?" So saying, he gave the fisherman half the money he had brought from Arabia. The fisherman, struck with surprize, and ~~ravished~~ with joy, kissed the feet of the friend of Cador, and said, "Thou art surely an angel sent from heaven to save me!"

Mean while Zadig continued to make fresh enquiries, and to shed tears. "What, my lord, cried the fisherman, art thou then so unhappy, thou who bestowest favours?" "An hundred times more unhappy than thee, replied Zadig." "But how is it possible, said the good man, that the giver can be more wretched than the receiver?" "Because, replied Zadig, thy greatest misery arose from poverty; and mine is seated in the heart." "Did Orcan take thy

wife from thee?" said the fisherman. This word recalled to Zadig's mind the whole of his adventures. He repeated the catalogue of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen's bitch, and ending with his arrival at the castle of the robber Arbogad. "Ah, said he to the fisherman, Orcan deserves to be punished: but it is commonly such men as those that are the favourites of fortune. However, go thou to the house of lord Cadon, and there wait my arrival." They then parted: the fisherman walked, thanking heaven for the happiness of his condition; and Zadig rode, accusing fortune for the hardness of his lot.



THE BASILISK.

Arriving in a beautiful meadow, he there saw several women, who were searching for something with great application. He took the liberty to approach one of them, and to ask if he might have the honour to assist them in their search. "Take care that thou dost not," replied the Syrian, "what we are searching for can be touched only by women." "Strange," said Zadig, "may I presume to ask thee what it is that women only are permitted to touch?" "It is a basilisk," said she. "A basilisk, madam! and for what purpose, pray, dost thou seek for a basilisk?" "It is for our lord and master Ogul, whose castle thou seest on the bank of that river, at the end of the meadow. We are his most humble slaves. The lord Ogul is sick. His physician hath ordered him to eat a

basilisk.

basilisk, stewed in rose-water; and as it is a very rare animal, and can only be taken by women, the lord Ogul hath promised to choose for his well beloved wife the woman that shall bring him a basilisk: let me go on in my search; for thou seest what I shall lose, if I am prevented by my companions.

Zadig left her and the other Assyrians to search for their basilisk, and continued to walk in the meadow; when coming to the brink of a small rivulet, he found another lady lying on the grass, and who was not searching for any thing. Her person seemed to be majestick; but her face was covered with a veil. She was inclined towards the rivulet, and profound sighs proceeded from her mouth. In her hand she held a small rod with which she was tracing characters on the fine sand that lay between the turf and the brook. Zadig had the curiosity to examine what this woman was writing. He drew near; he saw the letter Z, then an A; he was astonished: then appeared a D; he started. But never was surprize equal to his, when he saw the two last letters of his name. He stood for some time immoveable. At last breaking silence with a faltering voice, "O generous lady! pardon a stranger, an unfortunate man, for presuming to ask thee by what surprising adventure I here find the name of Zadig traced out by thy divine hand." At this voice and these words, the lady lifted up her veil with a trembling hand, looked at Zadig, sent forth a cry of tenderness, surprize, and joy, and sinking under the various emotions which at once assaulted her soul, fell speechless into his arms. It was Astarte herself; it was

the queen of Babylon; it was she whom Zadig adored, and whom he had reproached himself for adoring; it was she whose misfortunes he had so deeply lamented, and for whose fate he had been so anxiously concerned. He was for a moment deprived of the use of his senses; when he had fixed his eyes on those of Astarte, which now began to open again with a languor mixed with confusion and tenderness: "O ye immortal powers! cried he, who preside over the fates of weak mortals, do ye indeed restore Astarte to me? at what a time, in what a place, and in what a condition do I again behold her?" He fell on his knees before Astarte, and laid his face in the dust of her feet. The queen of Babylon raised him up, and made him sit by her side on the brink of the rivulet. She frequently wiped her eyes, from which the tears continued to flow afresh: she twenty times resumed her discourse, which her sighs as often interrupted: she asked by what strange accident they were brought together; and suddenly prevented his answers, by other questions: she waved the account of her own misfortunes, and desired to be informed of those of Zadig. At last, both of them having a little composed the tumult of their souls, Zadig acquainted her in a few words by what adventure he was brought into that meadow. "But, O unhappy and respectable queen! by what means do I find thee in this lonely place, cloathed in the habit of a slave, and accompanied by other female slaves, who are searching for a basilisk, which, by order of the physician is to be stewed in rose-water?"

"While

“While they are searching for their basilisk, said the fair Astarie, I will inform thee of all I have suffered, for which heaven has sufficiently recompensed me, by restoring thee to my sight. Thou knowest that the king, my husband, was vexed to see thee the most amiable of mankind; and that for this reason, he one night resolved to strangle thee and poison me. Thou knowest how heaven permitted my little mate to inform me of the orders of his sublime majesty. Hardly had the faithful Cador obliged thee to depart, in obedience to my command, when he ventured to enter my apartment at midnight by a secret passage. He carried me off, and conducted me to the temple of Oromazes, where the magi, his brother, shut me up in that huge statue, whose base reaches to the foundation of the temple, and whose top rises to the summit of the dome. I was there buried in a manner; but was served by the magi, and supplied with all the necessities of life. At break of day his majesty’s apothecary entered my chamber with a potion composed of a mixture of henbane, opium, hemlock, black hellebore, and aconite; and another officer went to thine with a bowstring of blue silk. Neither of us were to be found. Cador, the better to deceive the king, pretended to come and accuse us both. He said that thou hadst taken the road to the Indies, and I that to Memphis; on which the king’s guards were immediately dispatched in pursuit of us both.

“The couriers who pursued me did not know me. I had hardly ever shewn my face to any but thee, and to thee only in the presence, and by the order of my husband. They conducted

themselves in the pursuit by the description that had been given them of my person. On the frontiers of Egypt they met with a woman of the same stature with me, and possessed perhaps of greater charms. She was weeping and wandering. They made no doubt but that this woman was the queen of Babylon, and accordingly brought her to Moabdar. Their mistake at first threw the king into a violent passion; but having viewed this woman more attentively, he found her extremely handsome, and was converted. She was called Mithouf. I have since been informed, that this name in the Egyptian language, signifies the capricious fair one. She was so in reality; but she had as much cunning as caprice. She pleased Moabdar, and gained such an ascendancy over him as to make him chuse her for his wife. Her character then began to appear in its true colours. She gave herself up, without scruple, to all the freaks of a wanton imagination. She would have obliged the chief of the magi, who was old and gouty, to dance before her; and on his refusal, she persecuted him with the most unrelenting cruelty. She ordered her master of the horse to make her a pye of sweetmeats. In vain did he represent that he was not a pastry-cook; he was obliged to make it, and lost his place, because it was baked a little too hard. The post of master of the horse she gave to her dwarf, and that of chancellor to her page. In this manner did she govern Babylon. Every body regretted the loss of me. The king, who till the moment of his resolving to poison me and strangle thee, had been a tolerably good kind of man, seemed now to have drowned
all

all his virtues in his immoderate fondness for this capricious fair one. He came to the temple on the great day of the feast held in honour of the sacred fire. I saw him implore the gods in behalf of Mithras, at the feet of the statue in which I was inclosed. I raised my voice, I cried out, "The gods reject the prayers of a king who is now become a tyrant, and who attempted to murder a reasonable wife, in order to marry a woman remarkable for nothing but her folly and extravagance." "At these words Moabdar was confounded, and his head became discoloured. The oracle I had pronounced, and the tyranny of Mithras, conspired to deprive him of his judgment, and in a few days his reason entirely forsook him.

"His madness, which seemed to be the judgment of heaven, was the signal to a revolt. The people rose, and ran to arms; and Babylon, which had been so long immersed in idleness and effeminacy, became the theatre of a bloody, civil war. I was taken from the heart of my statue, and placed at the head of a party. Cadore flew to Memphis, to bring thee back to Babylon. The prince of Hircania, informed of these fatal events, returned with his army, and made a third party in Chaldaea. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his capricious Egyptian. Moabdar died pierced with wounds. Mithras fell into the hands of the conqueror. I myself had the misfortune to be taken by a party of Hircanians, who conducted me to their prince's tent, at the very moment that Mithras was brought before him. Thou wilt doubtless be pleased to hear that the prince thought me more beautiful than the Egyptian;

but then wilt be sorry to be informed that he designed me for his scraglio. He told me, with a blunt and resolute air, that as soon as he had finished a military expedition, which he was just going to undertake, he would come to me. Judge how great must have been my grief. My ties with Moabdar were already dissolved; I might have been the wife of Zadig; and I was fallen into the hands of a barbarian. I answered him with all the pride which my high rank and noble sentiments could inspire. I had always heard it affirmed, that heaven stamped on persons of my condition, a mark of grandeur, which, with a single word or glance, could reduce to the lowliness of the most profound respect, those rash and forward persons, who presume to deviate from the rules of politeness. I spoke like a queen; but was treated like a maid-servant. The Hircanian, without even deigning to speak to me, told his black eunuch that I was impertinent, but that he thought me handsome. He ordered him to take care of me, and to put me under the regimen of favourites, that so my complexion being improved, I might be the more worthy of his favours, when he should be at leisure to honour me with them. I told him, that, rather than submit to his desires, I would put an end to my life. He replied with a smile, that women, he believed, were not so blood-thirsty; and that he was accustomed to such violent expressions; and then left me with the air of a man who had just put another parrot into his aviary. What a fate for the first queen of the universe, and, what is more, for a heart devoted to Zadig!"

At

At these words Zadig threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with his tears. Astarte raised him with great tenderness, and thus continued her story. "I now saw myself in the power of a barbarian, and rival to the foolish woman with whom I was confined. She gave me an account of her adventures in Egypt. From the description she gave of your person, from the time, from the dromedary on which you was mounted, and from every other circumstance, I inferred that Zadig was the man who had sought for her. I doubted not but that you was at Memphis, and therefore resolved to repair thither. Beautiful Mislouf, said I, thou art more handsome than I, and will please the prince of Hircania much better. Assist me in contriving the means of my escape; thou wilt then reign alone; thou wilt at once make me happy, and rid thyself of a rival. Mislouf concerted with me the means of my flight; and I departed secretly with a female Egyptian slave.

"As I approached the frontiers of Arabia, a famous robber, named Arbogad, seized me, and sold me to some merchants, who brought me to this castle, where lord Ogul resides. He bought me without knowing who I was. He is a voluptuary, ambitious of nothing but good living, and thinks that God sent him into the world for no other purpose than to sit at table. He is so extremely corpulent, that he is always in danger of suffocation. His physician, who has but little credit with him when he has a good digestion, governs him with a despotic sway when he has eat too much. He has persuaded him, that a baillisk stewed in rose-water will effect a complete cure. The lord Ogul

hath promised his hand to the female slave that brings him a basilisk. Thou seest that I leave them to vie with each other in meriting this honour, and never was I less desirous of finding the basilisk than since heaven hath restored thee to my sight."

This account was succeeded by a long conversation between Astarte and Zadig, consisting of every thing that their long suppressed sentiments, their great sufferings, and their mutual love could inspire into hearts the most noble and tender; and the genii who preside over love, carried their words to the sphere of Venus.

The women returned to Ogul, without having found the basilisk. Zadig was introduced to this mighty lord, and spoke to him in the following terms: "May immortal health descend from heaven to bless all thy days! I am a physician: at the first report of thy indisposition I flew to thy castle, and have now brought thee a basilisk stewed in rose-water. Not that I pretend to marry thee. All I ask is the liberty of a Babylonian slave, who hath been in thy possession for a few days; and, if I should not be so happy as to cure thee, magnificent lord Ogul, I consent to remain a slave in her place."

The proposal was accepted. Astarte set out for Babylon with Zadig's servant, promising, immediately upon her arrival, to send a courier to inform him of all that had happened. Their parting was as tender as their meeting. The moment of meeting, and that of parting, are the two greatest epochs of life, as sayeth the great book of Zend. Zadig loved the queen with as much ardour as he professed; and the queen

queen loved Zadig more than she thought proper to acknowledge.

Mean while Zadig spoke thus to Ogul: "My lord, my basilisk is not to be eaten; all its virtue must enter through thy pores. I have inclosed it in a little ball, blown up and covered with a fine skin. Thou must strike this ball with all thy might, and I must strike it back for a considerable time; and by observing this regimen for a few days, thou wilt see the effects of my art." The first day, Ogul was out of breath, and thought he should have died with fatigue. The second he was less fatigued, and slept better. In eight days he recovered all the strength, all the health, all the agility and cheerfulness of his most agreeable years. "Thou hast played at ball, and hast been temperate," said Zadig, "know that there is no such thing in nature as a basilisk; that temperance and exercise are the two great preservatives of health; and that the art of reconciling intemperance and health is as chimerical as the philosopher's stone, judicial astrology, or the theology of the magi."

Ogul's first physician observing how dangerous this man might prove to the medical art, formed a design, in conjunction with the apothecary, to send Zadig to search for a basilisk in the other world. Thus, after having suffered such a long train of calamities on account of his good actions, he was now upon the point of losing his life for curing a gluttonous lord. He was invited to an excellent dinner; and was to have been poisoned in the second course; but, during the first, he happily received a courier from the

fair Astarte. "When one is beloved by a beautiful woman, says the great Zoroaster, he hath always the good fortune to extricate himself out of every kind of difficulty and danger."



The COMBATS.

THE queen was received at Babylon with all those transports of joy, which are ever felt on the return of a beautiful princess who hath been involved in calamities. Babylon was now in greater tranquillity. The prince of Hircania had been killed in battle. The victorious Babylonians declared, that the queen should marry the man whom they should chuse for their sovereign. They were resolved that the first place in the world, that of being husband to Astarte and king of Babylon, should not depend on cabals and intrigues. They swore to acknowledge for king the man who, upon trial, should be found to be possessed of the greatest valour and the greatest wisdom. Accordingly, at the distance of a few leagues from the city, a spacious place was marked out for the lists, surrounded with magnificent amphitheatres. Thither the combatants were to repair in complete armour. Each of them had a separate apartment behind the amphitheatres, where they were neither to be seen nor known by any one. Each was to encounter four knights; and those that were so happy as to conquer

conquer four, were then to engage with one another; so that he who remained the last master of the field, should be proclaimed conqueror at the games. Four days after, he was to return with the same arms, and to explain the ænigmas proposed by the magi. If he did not explain the ænigmas, he was not king; and the running at the lances was to begin afresh, till a man should be found who was conqueror in both these combats; for they were absolutely determined to have a king possessed of the greatest wisdom and the most invincible courage. The queen was all the while to be strictly guarded: she was only allowed to be present at the games, and even there she was to be covered with a veil; but was not permitted to speak to any of the competitors, that so they might neither receive favour, nor suffer injustice.

These particulars Astarte communicated to her lover, hoping that, in order to obtain her, he would shew himself possessed of greater courage and wisdom than any other person. Zadig set out on his journey, beseeching Venus to fortify his courage and enlighten his understanding. He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates on the eve of this great day. He caused his device to be inscribed among those of the combatants, concealing his face and his name, as the law ordained; and then went to repose himself in the apartment that fell to him by lot. His friend Cador, who, after the fruitless search he had made for him in Egypt, was now returned to Babylon, sent to his tent a complete suit of armour, which was a present from the
queen,

queen, as also from himself, one of the finest horses in Persia. Zadig presently perceived that these presents were sent by Astarte; and from thence his courage derived fresh strength, and his love the most animating hopes.

Next day, the queen being seated under a canopy of jewels, and the amphitheatres filled with all the gentlemen and ladies of rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magi. They drew their devices by lot; and that of Zadig was the last. The first who advanced was a certain lord, named Itobad, very rich and very vain, but possessed of little courage, of less address, and hardly of any judgment at all. His servants had persuaded him that such a man as he ought to be king; he had said in reply, "Such a man as I ought to reign;" and thus they had armed him cap-a-pee. He wore an armour of gold enamelled with green, a plume of green feathers, and a lance adorned with green ribbands. It was instantly perceived by the manner in which Itobad managed his horse, that it was not for such a man as him that heaven reserved the scepter of Babylon. The first knight that ran against him threw him out of his saddle; the second laid him flat on his horse's buttocks, with his legs in the air, and his arms extended. Itobad recovered himself, but with so bad a grace, that the whole amphitheatre burst out a-laughing. The third knight disdained to make use of his lance; but, making a pass at him, took him by the right leg, and wheeling him half-round, laid him prostrate on the sand. The squires of the games ran to him laughing, and

and replaced him in his saddle. The fourth combatant took him by the left leg, and tumbled him down on the other side. He was conducted back with scornful shouts to his tent, where, according to the law, he was to pass the night; and as he limped along, with great difficulty, he said; "What an adventure for such a man as I!"

The other knights acquitted themselves with greater ability and success. Some of them conquered two combatants; a few of them vanquished three; but none but prince Otamus conquered four. At last Zadig fought in his turn. He successively threw four knights out of their saddles, with all the grace imaginable. It then remained to be seen who should be conqueror, Otamus or Zadig. The arms of the first were gold and blue, with a plume of the same colour; those of the last were white. The wishes of all the spectators were divided between the knight in blue and the knight in white. The queen, whose heart was in a violent palpitation, offered prayers to heaven for the success of the white colour.

The two champions made their passes and vaults with so much agility; they mutually gave and received such dexterous blows with their lances; and sat so firmly in their saddles, that every body but the queen wished there might be two kings in Babylon. At length, their horses being tired, and their lances broken, Zadig had recourse to this stratagem. He passes behind the blue prince; springs upon the buttocks of his horse; seizes him by the middle; throws him on the earth; places himself in the saddle; and wheels around Otamus as he lay
extended

extended on the ground. All the amphitheatre cried out, "Victory to the white knight!" Otamus rises in a violent passion, and draws his sword; Zadig leaps from his horse with his sabre in his hand. Both of them are now on the ground, engaged in a new combat, where strength and agility triumph by turns. The plumes of their helmets, the studs of their brassets, and the rings of their armour, are driven to a great distance by the violence of a thousand furious blows. They strike with the point and the edge; to the right, to the left; on the head, on the breast; they retreat; they advance; they measure swords; they close; they seize each other; they bend like serpents; they attack like lions; and the fire every moment flashes from their blows. At last Zadig, having recovered his spirits, stops; makes a feint; leaps upon Otamus; throws him on the ground and disarms him; and Otamus cries out; "It is thou alone, O white knight, that oughtest to reign over Babylon!" The queen was now at the height of her joy. The knight in blue armour, and the knight in white, were conducted each to his own apartment, as well as all the others, according to the intention of the law. Mutes came to wait upon them, and to serve them at table. It may be easily supposed that the queen's little mute waited upon Zadig. They were then left to themselves, to enjoy the sweets of repose till next morning, at which time the conqueror was to bring his device to the grand magi, to compare it with that which he had left, and make himself known.

Zadig, though deeply in love, was so much fatigued that he could not help sleeping. Itobad,

bad, who lay near him, never closed his eyes. He arose in the night; entered his apartment; took the white arms and the device of Zadig; and put his green armour in their place. At break of day, he went boldly to the grand magi, to declare that so great a man as he was conqueror. This was like what he expected; however, he was proclaimed, while Zadig was still asleep. Astarte, surprised and filled with despair, returned to Babylon. The amphitheatre was almost empty, when Zadig awoke: he sought for his star; but could find none but the green armour. With this he was obliged to cover himself, having nothing else near him. Astonished and enraged, he put it on in a furious passion, and advanced in this equipage.

The people that still remained in the amphitheatre of the circus, received him with hoots and hiss. They surrounded him, and insulted him on his face. Never did man suffer such cruel mortifications. He lost his patience; with his sabre he disposed such of the populace as dared to affront; but he knew not what course to take. He could not see the queen; he could not reclaim the white armour she had sent him, without exposing her; and thus, while she was plunged in grief, he was filled with fury and distraction. He walked on the banks of the Euphrates, fully persuaded that his star had destined him to inevitable misery, and revolving in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the woman who hated one-eyed men, to that of his armour. "This (said he) is the consequence of my having slept too long. Had I slept less, I should now have been king of Babylon,

bylon, and in possession of Astarte. Knowledge, virtue, and courage, have hitherto served only to make me miserable." He then let fall some secret murmurings against providence, and was tempted to believe that the world was governed by a cruel destiny, which oppressed the good, and prospered knights in green armour. One of his greatest mortifications was his being obliged to wear that green armour which had exposed him to such contumelious treatment. A merchant happening to pass by, he sold it to him for a trifle, and bought a gown and a long bonnet. In this garb, he proceeded along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with despair, and secretly accusing providence, which thus continued to persecute him with unremitting severity.



The HERMIT.

WHILE he was thus sauntering, he met a hermit, whose white and venerable beard hung down to his girdle. He held a book in his hand, which he read with great attention. Zadig stooped, and made him a profound obeisance. The hermit returned the compliment with such a noble and engaging air, that Zadig had the curiosity to enter into conversation with him. He asked him what book it was that he had been reading? "It is the book of destinies, (said the hermit;) wouldst thou choose to look into it?" He put the book into the hands

hands of Zadig, who, thoroughly versed as he was in several languages, could not decypher a single character of it. This only redoubled his curiosity. "Thou seemest (said this good father) to be in great distress." "Alas! (replied Zadig) I have but too much reason." "If thou wilt permit me to accompany thee, (resumed the old man) perhaps I may be of some service to thee. I have often poured the balm of consolation into the bleeding heart of the unhappy." Zadig felt himself inspired with respect for the air, the beard, and the look of the hermit. He found, in the course of the conversation, that he was possessed of superior degrees of knowledge. The hermit talked of fate, of justice, of morals, of the chief good, of human weakness, and of virtue and vice, with such a spirited and moving eloquence, that Zadig felt himself drawn toward him by an irresistible charm. He earnestly entreated the favour of his company till their return to Babylon. "I ask the same favour of thee, (said the old man;) swear to me by Oromazes, that whatever I do thou wilt not leave me for some days." Zadig swore, and they set out together.

In the evening, the two travellers arrived at a superb castle. The hermit entreated a hospitable reception for himself and the young man who accompanied him. The porter, whom one might have easily mistaken for a great lord, introduced them with a kind of disdainful civility. He presented them to a principal domestic, who showed them his master's magnificent apartments. They were admitted to the lower

end

end of the table, without being honoured with the least mark of regard by the lord of the castle; but they were served like the rest, with delicacy and profusion. They were then presented with water to wash their hands, in a golden basin adorned with emeralds and rubies. At last they were conducted to bed in a beautiful apartment; and, in the morning, a domestic brought each of them a piece of gold, after which they took their leave and departed.

“The master of the house (said Zelig, as they were proceeding on the journey) appears to be a generous man, though somewhat too proud: he nobly performs the duties of hospitality.” At that instant he observed, that a kind of large pocket which the hermit had, was filled and distended; and upon looking more narrowly, he found that it contained the golden basin adorned with precious stones, which the hermit had stolen. He durst not then take any notice of it; but he was filled with a strange surprise.

About noon, the hermit came to the door of a pauntry house, inhabited by a rich miser; and begged the favour of an hospitable reception for a few hours. An old servant, in a tattered garb, received them with a blunt and rude air, and led them into the stable, where he gave them some rotten olives, mouldy bread, and four beer. The hermit eat and drank with as much seeming satisfaction as he had done the evening before: and then addressing himself to the old servant, who watched them both, to prevent their stealing any thing, and rudely pressed them to depart, he gave him the two
pièces

pieces of gold he had received in the morning, and thanked him for his great civility. "Pray, (added he) allow me to speak to thy master." The servant, filled with astonishment, introduced the two travellers. "Magnificent lord! (said the hermit) I cannot but return thee my most humble thanks for the noble manner in which thou hast entertained us. Be pleased to accept of this golden bason, as a small mark of my gratitude." The miser started, and was ready to fall backwards; but the hermit, without giving him time to recover from his surprise, instantly departed with his young fellow-traveller. "Father, (said Zadig) what is the meaning of all this? thou seemest to me to be entirely different from other men; thou stealest a golden bason adorned with precious stones, from a lord who received thee magnificently, and givest it to a miser who treats thee with indignity." "Son, (replied the old man) this magnificent lord, who receives strangers only from vanity and ostentation, will hereby be rendered more wise; and the miser will learn to practise the duties of hospitality. Be surprised at nothing; but follow me." Zadig knew not as yet, whether he was in company with the most foolish or the most prudent of mankind; but the hermit spoke with such an ascendancy, that Zadig, who was moreover bound by his oath, could not refuse to follow him.

In the evening, they arrived at a house built with equal elegance and simplicity, where nothing favoured either of prodigality or avarice. The master of it was a philosopher, who had retired from the world; and who cultivated in

peace

peace the study of virtue and wisdom, without any of that rigid and morose severity, so commonly to be found in men of his character. He had chosen to build this country-house, in which he received strangers with a generosity free from ostentation. He went himself to meet the two travellers, whom he led into a commodious apartment, where he desired them to repose themselves a little. Soon after he came and invited them to a decent and well ordered repast, during which he spoke with great judgment of the last revolutions in Babylon. He seemed to be strongly attached to the queen; and wished that Zadig had appeared in the lists to dispute the crown: "But the people (added he) do not deserve to have such a king as Zadig." Zadig blushed, and felt his griefs redoubled. They agreed, in the course of the conversation, that the things of this world did not always answer the wishes of the wise. The hermit still maintained that the ways of providence were inscrutable; and that men were in the wrong to judge of a whole, of which they understood but the smallest part.

They talked of the passions: "Ah! (said Zadig) how fatal are their effects!" "They are the winds (replied the hermit) that swell the sails of the ship; it is true they sometimes sink her; but without them she could not sail at all. The bile makes us sick and cholerick; but without the bile we could not live. Every thing in this world is dangerous; and yet every thing is necessary."

The conversation turned on pleasure; and the hermit proved that it was a present bestowed by
the

the deity: "For (said he) man cannot give himself either sensations or ideas: he receives all; and pain and pleasure proceed from a foreign cause, as well as his being."

Zadig was surprised to see a man, who had been guilty of such extravagant actions, capable of reasoning with so much judgment and propriety. At last, after a conversation equally entertaining and instructive, the host led back his two guests to their apartment, blessing heaven for having sent him two men possessed of so much wisdom and virtue. He offered them money, with such an easy and noble air as could not possibly give any offence. The hermit refused it, and said that he must now take his leave of him, as he proposed to set out for Babylon before it was light. Their parting was tender; Zadig, especially, felt himself filled with esteem and affection for a man of such an amiable character.

When he and the hermit were alone in their apartment, they spent a long time in praising their host. At break of day, the old man awoken'd his companion. "We must now depart, (said he;) but, while all the family are still asleep, I will leave this man a mark of my esteem and affection." So saying, he took a candle and set fire to the house. Zadig, struck with horror, cried aloud, and endeavoured to hinder him from committing such a barbarous action; but the hermit drew him away by a superior force; and the house was soon in flames. The hermit, who, with his companion, was already at a considerable distance, looked back to the conflagration with great tranquillity. "Thanks be to God, (said he) the house of my dear host

is entirely destroyed ! Happy man !” At these words Zadig was at once tempted to burst out a-laughing, to reproach the reverend father, to beat him, and to run away. But he did none of all these ; for, still subdued by the powerful ascendancy of the hermit, he followed him, in spite of himself, to the next stage.

This was at the house of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, a handsome and promising youth, and her only hope. She performed the honours of her house as well as she could. Next day, she ordered her nephew to accompany the strangers to a bridge, which being lately broken down, was become extremely dangerous in passing. The young man walked before them with great alacrity. As they were crossing the bridge, “ Come, (said the hermit to the youth) I must shew my gratitude to thy aunt.” He then took him by the hair, and plunged him into the river. The boy sunk, appeared again on the surface of the water, and was swallowed up by the current. “ O monster ! O thou most wicked of mankind !” cried Zadig. “ Thou promisedst to behave with greater patience, (said the hermit, interrupting him.) Know, that under the ruins of that house which providence hath set on fire, the master hath found an immense treasure : know, that this young man, whose life providence hath shortened, would have assassinated his aunt in the space of a year, and thee in that of two.” “ Who told thee so, barbarian ? (cried Zadig ;) and though thou hadst read this event in thy book of destinies, art thou permitted to drown a youth who never did thee any harm ?”

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While the Babylonian was thus exclaiming, he observed that the old man had no longer a beard; and that his countenance assumed the features and complexion of youth. The hermit's habit disappeared; and four beautiful wings covered a majestic body resplendent with light. "O sent of heaven! O divine angel! (cried Zadig, humbly prostrating himself on the ground) hast thou then descended from the Empyrean, to teach a weak mortal to submit to the eternal decrees of providence?" "Men, (said the angel Jesrad) judge of all, without knowing any thing; and, of all men, thou best deserveest to be enlightened." Zadig begged to be permitted to speak: "I distrust myself, (said he) but may I presume to ask the favour of thee to clear up one doubt that still remains in my mind; would it not have been better to have corrected this youth, and made him virtuous, than to have drowned him?" "Had he been virtuous, (replied Jesrad) and enjoyed a longer life, it would have been his fate to be assassinated himself, together with the wife he would have married, and the child he would have had by her." "But why (said Zadig) is it necessary that there should be crimes and misfortunes, and that these misfortunes should fall on the good?" "The wicked (replied Jesrad) are always unhappy: they serve to prove and try the small number of the just that are scattered through the earth; and there is no evil that is not productive of some good." "But, (said Zadig) suppose there were nothing but good, and no evil at all." "Then (replied Jesrad) this earth would be another earth: the chain of events would be ranged in another
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order, and directed by wisdom ; but this other order, which would be perfect, can exist only in the eternal abode of the Supreme Being, to which no evil can approach. The Deity hath created millions of worlds, among which there is not one that resembles another. This immense variety is the effect of his immense power. There are not two leaves among the trees of the earth, nor two globes in the unlimited expanse of heaven, that are exactly similar ; and all that thou seest on the little atom in which thou art born, ought to be in its proper time and place, according to the immutable decrees of him who comprehends all. Men think that this child who hath just perished, is fallen into the water by chance ; and that it is by the same chance that this house is burnt : but there is no such thing as chance ; all is either a trial, or a punishment, or a reward, or a foresight. Remember the fisherman, who thought himself the most wretched of mankind. Oromazes sent thee to change his fate. Cease then, frail mortal, to dispute against what thou oughtest to adore." " But," (said Zadig) ——— As he pronounced the word " But," the angel took his flight towards the tenth sphere. Zadig on his knees adored providence, and submitted. The angel cried to him from on high, " Direct thy course towards Babylon."

The ÆNIGMAS.

ZADIG, entranced as it were, and like a man about whose head the thunder had burst, walked at random. He entered Babylon on the very day when those who had fought at the tournaments were assembled in the grand vestibule of the palace, to explain the ænigmas, and to answer the questions of the grand magi. All the knights were already arrived, except the knight in green armour. As soon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people crowded around him. Every eye was fixed on him; every mouth blessed him; and every heart wished him the empire. The envious man saw him pass; he frowned and turned aside. The people conducted him to the place where the assembly was held. The queen, who was informed of his arrival, became a prey to the most violent agitations of hope and fear. She was filled with anxiety and apprehension. She could not comprehend why Zadig was without arms, nor why Itobad wore the white armour. A confused murmur arose at the sight of Zadig. They were equally surprised and charmed to see him; but none but the knights who had fought were permitted to appear in the assembly.

“ I have fought as well as the other knights, (said Zadig,) but another here wears my arms; and while I wait for the honour of proving the truth of my assertion, I demand the liberty of presenting myself to explain the ænigmas.” The question was put to the vote; and his reputation for probity was still so deeply impressed

in their minds, that they admitted him without scruple.

The first question proposed by the grand magi was, "What, of all things in the world, is the longest and the shortest; the swiftest and the slowest; the most divisible, and the most extended; the most neglected, and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours all that is little, and enlivens all that is great?"

Itobad was to speak. He replied, that so great a man as he did not understand ænigmas; and that it was sufficient for him to have conquered by his strength and valour. Some said that the meaning of the ænigma was fortune; some, the earth; and others, the light. Zadig said that it was time: "Nothing (added he) is longer, since it is the measure of eternity; nothing is shorter, since it is insufficient for the accomplishment of our projects; nothing more slow to him that expects; nothing more rapid to him that enjoys; in greatness it extends to infinity; in smallness it is infinitely divisible; all men neglect it; all regret the loss of it; nothing can be done without it; it consigns to oblivion whatever is unworthy of being transmitted to posterity; and it immortalizes such actions as are truly great." The assembly acknowledged that Zadig was in the right.

The next question was: "What is the thing which we receive without thanks, which we enjoy without knowing how, which we give to others when we know not where we are, and which we lose without perceiving it?"

Every one gave his own explanation. Zadig alone guessed that it was life; and explained all
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the other ænigmas with the same facility. Itobad always said that nothing was more easy, and that he could have answered them with the same readiness, had he chosen to have given himself the trouble. Questions were then proposed on justice, on the sovereign good, and on the art of government. Zadig's answers were judged to be the most solid. "What a pity is it, (said they) that such a great genius should be so bad a knight!"

"Illustrious lords, (said Zadig) I have had the honour of conquering in the tournaments. It is to me that the white armour belongs. Lord Itobad took possession of it during my sleep. He probably thought that it would fit him better than the green. I am now ready to prove in your presence, with my gown and sword, against all that beautiful white armour which he took from me, that it is I who have had the honour of conquering the brave Otamus."

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greatest confidence. He never doubted, but that, armed as he was, with a helmet, a cuirass, and brassards, he would obtain an easy victory over a champion in a cap and night-gown. Zadig drew his sword, saluting the queen, who looked at him with a mixture of fear and joy. Itobad drew his, without saluting any one. He rushed upon Zadig, like a man who had nothing to fear. He was ready to cleave him in two. Zadig knew how to ward off his blows, by opposing the strongest part of his sword to the weakest of that of his adversary, in such a manner that Itobad's sword was broken. Upon which Zadig, seizing his enemy by the waist,

threw him on the ground ; and fixing the point of his sword at the extremity of his breast-plate ; “ Suffer thyself to be disarmed, (said he) or thou art a dead man.” Itobad, always surprised at the disgraces that happened to such a man as he, was obliged to yield to Zadig, who took from him with great composure his magnificent helmet, his superb cuirass, his fine brassards, his shining cuisses ; cloathed himself with them ; and in this dress ran to throw himself at the feet of Astarte. Cador easily proved that the armour belonged to Zadig. He was acknowledged king by the unanimous consent of the whole nation, and especially by that of Astarte, who, after so many calamities, now tasted the exquisite pleasure of seeing her lover worthy, in the eyes of all the world, to be her husband. Itobad went home to be called Lord in his own house. Zadig was king, and was happy. He recollected what the angel Jesrad had said to him. He even remembered the grain of sand that became a diamend. The queen and Zadig adored providence. He left the capricious beauty, Missouf, to run through the world. He sent in search of the robber, Arbogad, to whom he gave an honourable post in his army, promising to advance him to the first dignities, if he behaved like a true warrior ; and threatening to hang him, if he followed the profession of a robber.

Setoc, with the fair Almona, was called from the heart of Arabia, and placed at the head of the commerce of Babylon. Cador was preferred, and distinguished according to his great services. He was the friend of the king ; and the

the king was then the only monarch on earth that had a friend. The little mute was not forgotten. A fine house was given to the fisherman; and Orcan was condemned to pay him a large sum of money, and to restore him his wife; but the fisherman, who was now become wise, took only the money.

But, neither could the beautiful Semira be comforted, for having believed that Zadig would be blind of an eye; nor did Azora cease to lament her having attempted to cut off his nose: their grief, however, he softened by his presents. The covinous man died of rage and shame. The empire enjoyed peace, glory, and plenty. This was the happiest age of the earth. It was governed by love and justice. The people blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed heaven.



The WORLD as it GOES,

The VISION of BABOUĆ*.

Written by himself.

AMONG the genii, who preside over the empires of the earth, Ithuriel held one of the first ranks, and had the department of Upper Asia. He one morning descended into the abode of Babouc, the Scythian, who dwelt on the banks of the Oxus, and said to him ; “ Babouc, the follies and vices of the Persians have drawn upon them our indignation ; yesterday was held an assembly of the genii of Upper Asia, to consider whether we should chastise Persepolis, or destroy it entirely. Go to that city ; examine every thing ; return and give me a faithful account ; and, according to thy report, I will then determine whether to correct or extirpate the inhabitants.” “ But, lord, (said Babouc with great humility) I have never been in Persia, nor do I

* This appears to be a satire on the city of Paris.

know a single person in that country." "So much the better, (said the angel) thou wilt be the more impartial; thou hast received from heaven the spirit of discernment, to which I now add the power of inspiring confidence. Go, see, hear, observe, and fear nothing; thou shalt every where meet with a favourable reception."

Babouc mounted his camel, and set out with his servants. After having travelled some days, he met, near the plains of Senaar, the Persian army, which was going to attack the forces of India. He first addressed himself to a soldier, whom he found at a distance from the main army; and asked him what was the occasion of the war. "By all the gods, (said the soldier) I know nothing of the matter. It is none of my business; my trade is to kill and be killed, to get a livelihood. It is of no consequence to me whom I serve. To-morrow, perhaps, I may go over to the Indian camp; for it is said they give their soldiers nearly half a copper drachma a day more than we have in this cursed service of Persia: if thou desirest to know why we fight, speak to my captain."

Babouc, having given the soldier a small present, entered the camp. He soon became acquainted with the captain, and asked him the subject of the war. "How canst thou imagine that I should know it? (said the captain) or of what importance is it to me? I live about two hundred leagues from Persopolis; I hear that war is declared; I instantly leave my family, and, having nothing else to do, go, according to our custom, to raise my fortune, or to fall by a glorious death." "But are not thy compa-

nions (said Babouc) a little better informed than thee?" "No, (said the officer) there are none but our principal satrapes, that know the true cause of our cutting one another's throats."

Babouc, struck with astonishment, introduced himself to the generals, and soon became familiarly acquainted with them. At last one of them said; "The cause of this war, which for twenty years past hath desolated Asia, sprang originally from a quarrel between a eunuch belonging to one of the concubines of the great king of Persia, and the clerk of a factory belonging to the great king of India. The dispute was about a claim, which amounted nearly to the thirtieth part of a daric. Our first minister and that of India maintained the rights of their masters with becoming dignity: the dispute grew warm: both parties sent into the field an army of a million of soldiers. This army must be every year recruited with upwards of four hundred thousand men. Massacres, burning of houses, ruin and devastation, are daily multiplied; the universe suffers; and their mutual animosity still continues. The first ministers of the two nations frequently protest, that they have nothing in view but the happiness of mankind; and every protestation is attended with the destruction of a town, or the desolation of a province*.

Next day, on a report being spread that peace was going to be concluded, the Persian and Indian generals made haste to come to an engagement. The battle was long and bloody.

* Such indeed are the trifling causes, which often produce horror, misery, and devastation.

Babouc beheld every crime, and every abomination: he was witness to the arts and stratagems of the principal satrapes, who did all that lay in their power to expose their general to the disgrace of a defeat. He saw officers killed by their own troops, and soldiers stabbing their already expiring comrades, in order to strip them of a few bloody garments, torn and covered with dirt. He entered the hospitals, to which they were conveying the wounded, most of whom died through the inhuman negligence of those who were well paid by the king of Persia to assist these unhappy men. "Are these men, (cried Babouc) or are they wild beasts? Ah! I plainly see that Persepolis will be destroyed."

Full of this thought, he went over to the camp of the Indians, where, according to the prediction of the genii, he was as well received as in that of the Persians; but he saw there the very same crimes which had already filled him with horror. "Oh! (said he to himself) if the angel Ithuriel should exterminate the Persians, the angel of India must certainly destroy the Indians." But being afterwards more particularly informed of all that passed in both armies, he heard of such acts of generosity, humanity, and greatness of soul, as at once surprised and charmed him: "Unaccountable mortals! as ye are, (cried he) how can you thus unite so much baseness and so much grandeur, so many virtues and so many vices?"

Mean while the peace was proclaimed; and the generals of the two armies, neither of whom had gained a complete victory, but who, for their own private interest, had shed the blood

blood of so many of their fellow-creatures went to solicit their courts for rewards. The peace was celebrated in publick writings, which announced the return of virtue and happiness to the earth. "God be praised, (said Babouc) Persopolis will now be the abode of spotless innocence, and will not be destroyed, as the cruel genii intended. Let us haste, without delay, to this capital of Asia."

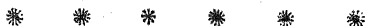


He entered that immense city by the ancient gate, which was entirely barbarous, and offended the eye by its disagreeable rusticity. All that part of the town favoured of the time when it was built; for, notwithstanding the obstinacy of men, in praising ancient at the expence of modern times, it must be owned, that the first essays in every art are rude and unfinished.

Babouc mingled in a croud of people, composed of the most nasty and deformed of both sexes, who were thronging with a stupid air into a large and gloomy inclosure. By the constant hum; by the gestures of the people; by the money which some persons gave to others for the liberty of sitting down, he imagined that he was in a market, where chairs were sold; but observing several women fall down on their knees, with an appearance of looking directly before them, while in reality they were leering at the men by their sides, he was soon convinced that he was in a temple. Shrill, hoarse, savage, and discordant voices, made the vault re-echo with ill-articulated sounds, that produced the same effect as the braying of wild

asses, when, in the plains of Pictavia, they answer the cornet that calls them together. He stopped his ears; but he was ready to shut his eyes and hold his nose, when he saw several labourers enter the temple with crows and spades, who removed a large stone, and threw up the earth on both sides, from whence exhaled a pestilential vapour: at last some others approached, deposited a dead body in the opening, and replaced the stone upon it. "What! (cried Babouc) do these people bury their dead in the place where they adore the Deity? What! are their temples paved with carcases? I am no longer surprised at those pestilential diseases* that frequently depopulate Persepolis. The putrefaction of the dead, and the infected breaths of such numbers of the living, assembled and crowded together in the same place, are sufficient to poison the whole terrestrial globe. Oh! what an abominable city is Persepolis! The angels probably intend to destroy it, in order to build a more beautiful one in its place, and to people it with inhabitants who are more virtuous, and better singers. Providence may have its reasons for so doing; to its disposal let us leave all future events."

* Indeed one would imagine that the European churches, especially in this kingdom, had been contrived in order to disgust the people, and deter them from public worship. The chilling dampness which reigns in every church, especially in the winter, is not more pernicious to the health, than the earthy, cadaverous smell is to the sense; and the eye is entertained with a variety of funereal epitaphs and ornaments, which cannot fail to excite superstitious horror, in minds naturally susceptible of gloomy impressions.



Mean while the sun approached his meridian height. Babouc was to dine at the other end of the city with a lady, for whom her husband, an officer in the army, had given him some letters: but he first took several turns in Persepolis; where he saw other temples, better built and more richly adorned, filled with a polite audience, and resounding with harmonious music; he beheld publick fountains, which, tho' ill-placed, struck the eye by their beauty; squares where the best kings that had governed Persia seemed to breathe in bronze, and others where he heard the people crying out; "When shall we see our beloved master?" He admired the magnificent bridges built over the river; the superb and commodious quays; the palaces raised on both sides; and an immense house, where thousands of old soldiers, covered with scars and crowned with victory, offered their daily praises to the god of armies*. At last he entered the house of the lady, who, with a set of fashionable people, waited his company to dinner. The house was neat and elegant; the repast delicious; the lady young, beautiful, witty, and engaging; and the company worthy of her; and Babouc every moment said to himself, "The angel Ithuriel has little regard for the world, or he would never think of destroying such a charming city."

* We perceive our author has an eye to the celebrated fountain on the *Pont Neuf*, the Place des Victoires, the two great bridges over the Seine, with the stone quays on each side, the palace of the Louvre, and the hospital for invalids.



In the mean time he observed that the lady, who had begun by tenderly asking news about her husband, spoke still more tenderly to a young magi, towards the conclusion of the repast. He saw a magistrate, who, in presence of his wife, paid his court with great vivacity to a widow, while that indulgent widow had one arm around the magistrate's neck, and held out her other hand to a young citizen, remarkable for his modesty and graceful appearance. The magistrate's wife rose first from table, to go to converse in an adjoining closet with her director, who came too late, and for whom they had waited dinner; and the director, a man of great eloquence, spoke to her with such vehemence and holy zeal, that when she returned, her eyes were humid, her cheeks inflamed, her gait irregular, and her voice trembling.

Babouc then began to fear that the genii Ithuriel had but too much reason. The talent he possessed of gaining confidence let him that same day into all the secrets of the lady. She confessed to him her affection for the young magi, and assured him that in all the houses in Persepolis, he would meet with much the same behaviour as he had found in hers. Babouc concluded that such a society could not possibly subsist; that jealousy, discord, and vengeance, must desolate every house; that tears and blood must be daily shed; that the husbands must certainly kill the gallants of their wives, or be killed by them; and, in fine, that Ithuriel would

do well to destroy immediately a city abandoned to continual disasters.



Such were the gloomy ideas that possessed his mind, when a grave man in a black gown appeared at the gate, and humbly begged to speak to the young magistrate. This stripling, without rising or taking the least notice of the old gentleman, gave him some papers, with a haughty and careless air, and then dismissed him. Babouc asked who this man was. The mistress of the house said to him in a low voice, "He is one of the best advocates in the city, and hath studied the laws these fifty years. The other, who is but twenty-five years of age, and has only been a satrape of the law for two days, hath ordered him to make an extract of a process he is going to determine, though he has not as yet examined it." "This giddy youth acts wisely, said Babouc, in asking counsel of an old man. But why is not the old man himself the judge?" "Thou art surely in jest, said they; those who have grown old in laborious and inferior posts, are never raised to places of dignity. This young man has a great post, because his father is rich; and the right of dispensing justice is purchased here like a farm." "O manners! O unhappy city! cried Babouc, this is the height of anarchy and confusion. Those who have thus purchased the right of judging will doubtless sell their judgments; nothing do I see here but an abyss of iniquity."

While he was thus expressing his grief and surprize, a young warrior, who that very day

had returned from the army, said to him, why wouldst thou not have seats in the courts of justice to be purchased? I myself purchased the right of braving death at the head of two thousand men, who are under my command: it has this year cost me forty thousand darics of gold to lye on the earth thirty nights successively in a red dress, and at last to receive two wounds with an arrow, of which I still feel the smart. If I ruin myself to serve the emperor of Persia, whom I never saw, the satrape of the law may well pay something for enjoying the pleasure of giving audience to pleaders." Babouc was filled with indignation, and could not help condemning a country, where the highest posts in the army and the law were exposed to sale. He at once concluded, that the inhabitants must be entirely ignorant of the art of war, and the laws of equity; and that, though Ithuriel should not destroy them, they must soon be ruined by their detestable administration.

He was still further confirmed in his bad opinion by the arrival of a fat man, who, after saluting all the company with great familiarity, went up to the young officer, and said, "I can only lend thee fifty thousand darics of gold; for indeed the taxes of the empire have this year brought me in but three hundred thousand." Babouc enquired into the character of this man, who complained of having gained so little, and was informed, that in Persopolis there were forty plebeian kings, who held the empire of Persia by lease, and paid a small tribute to the monarch*.

* These are the farmers-general of France, who are suffered to amass vast fortunes by fleecing the people, in consideration of supplying the government.



After dinner he went into one of the most superb temples in the city, and seated himself amidst a crowd of men and women, who were come thither to pass away the time. A magi appeared in a machine elevated above the heads of the people, and talked a long time of vice and virtue. He divided into several parts what needed no division at all: he proved methodically what was sufficiently clear; and he taught what every body knew; he threw himself into a passion with great composure, and went away sweating, and out of breath. The assembly then awoke, and imagined they had been present at a very instructive discourse. Babouc said, "This man has done his best to tire two or three hundred of his fellow-citizens; but his intention was good; and there is nothing in this that should occasion the destruction of Persepolis."

Upon leaving the assembly, he was conducted to a public entertainment, which was exhibited every day in the year. It was in a kind of great hall, at the end of which appeared a palace. The most beautiful women in Persepolis, and the most considerable satrapes were ranged in order, and formed so fine a spectacle, that Babouc at first believed that this was all the entertainment. Two or three persons, who seemed to be kings and queens, soon appeared in the vestibule of the palace. Their language was very different from that of the people; it was measured, harmonious, and sublime. No body slept. The audience kept a profound silence, which

which was only interrupted by expressions of sensibility and admiration. The duty of kings, the love of virtue, and the dangers arising from unbridled passions were all described by such lively and affecting strokes, that Babouc shed tears. He doubted not but that these heroes and heroines, these kings and queens whom he had just heard, were the preachers of the empire: he even purposed to engage Ithuriel to come and hear them; confident that such a spectacle would for ever reconcile him to the city*.

As soon as the entertainment was finished, he resolved to visit the principal queen, who had recommended such pure and noble morals in the palace. He desired to be introduced to her majesty, and was led up a narrow staircase to an ill-furnished apartment in the second story, where he found a woman in a mean dress, who said to him with a noble and pathetic air, "This employment does not afford me a sufficient maintenance; one of the princes whom thou sawest has got me with child; I shall soon be brought to bed, I want money, and without money there is no lying in." Babouc gave her an hundred darics of gold, saying, "Had there been no other evil in the city but this, Ithuriel would have been to blame for being so much offended."

From thence he went to spend the evening at the house of a tradesman who dealt in magnificent trifles. He was conducted thither by a man of sense, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance. He bought whatever pleased his fancy; and the toyman with great politeness

* Here he alludes to theatrical entertainments.

fold him every thing for more than it was worth. On his return home his friend shewed him how much he had been cheated. Babouc set down the name of the tradesman in his pocket-book, in order to point him out to Ithuriel as the object of peculiar vengeance on the day when the city should be punished. As he was writing, he heard somebody knock at the door: this was the toyman himself, who came to restore him his purse which he had left by mistake on the counter. "How canst thou, cried Babouc, be so generous and faithful, when thou hast had the assurance to sell me these trifles for four times their value?" "There is not a tradesman," replied the merchant, of ever so little note in the city, that would not have returned thee thy purse: but whoever said that I sold thee these trifles for four times their value, is greatly mistaken; I sold them for ten times their value; and this is so true, that wert thou to sell them again in a month hence, thou wouldst not get even this tenth part. But nothing is more just; it is the variable fancies of men that set a value on these baubles: it is this fancy that maintains an hundred workmen whom I employ: it is this that gives me a fine house and a handsome chariot and horses: it is this, in fine, that excites industry, encourages taste, promotes circulation, and produces abundance.

"I sell the same trifles to the neighbouring nations at a much higher rate than I have sold them to thee, and by these means I am useful to the empire." Babouc, after having reflected a moment, erased the tradesman's name from his tablets.



Babouc, not knowing as-yet what to think of Persepolis, resolved to visit the magi and the men of letters; for, as the one studied wisdom, and the other religion, he hoped that they in conjunction would obtain mercy for the rest of the people. Accordingly, he went next morning into a college of magi. The archimandrite confessed to him, that he had an hundred thousand crowns a-year for having taken the vow of poverty, and that he enjoyed a very extensive empire in virtue of his vow of humility; after which he left him with an inferior brother, who did him the honours of the place.

While the brother was shewing him the magnificence of this house of penitence, a report was spread abroad, that Babouc was come to reform all these houses. He immediately received petitions from each of them, the substance of which was, "Preserve us and destroy all the rest." On hearing their apologies all these societies were absolutely necessary: on hearing their mutual accusations, they all deserved to be abolished. He was surprised to find that all the members of these societies were so extremely desirous of edifying the world, that they wished to have it entirely under their dominion.

Soon after appeared a little man, who was a demi-magi, and who said to him, "I plainly see that the work is going to be accomplished; for Zerdust is returned to earth; and the little girls prophecy, pinching themselves before, and whipping themselves behind. We there-
fore

fore implore thy protection against the great lama." "What! said Babouc, against the royal pontiff, who resides at Tibet?" "Yes, against him himself." "What! you are then making war upon him, and raising tumult?" "No, but he says that man is a free agent, and we deny it. We have wrote several pamphlets against him, which he never read; hardly has he heard our name mentioned; he hath only condemned us in the same manner as a man orders the trees in his garden to be cleared from caterpillars." Babouc was incensed at the folly of these men who made profession of wisdom; at the intrigues of those who had renounced the world; and at the ambition, pride, and avarice of such as taught humility and a disinterested spirit; from all which he concluded that Ishuriel had good reason to destroy the whole race.



On his return home, he sent for some new books to alleviate his grief, and, in order to exhilarate his spirits, invited some men of letters to dine with him; when, like wasps attracted by a pot of honey, there came twice as many as he had desired. These parasites were equally eager to eat and to speak; they praised two sorts of persons, the dead and themselves; but none of their contemporaries, except the master of the house. If any of them happened to drop a smart and witty expression, the rest cast down their eyes, and bit their lips, out of mere vexation that it had not been said by themselves. They had less dissimulation than the magi, because

cause they had not such grand objects of ambition. Each of them behaved at once with all the meanness of a valet, and all the dignity of a great man. They said to each other's face the most insulting things, which they took for strokes of wit*. They had some knowledge of the design of Babouc's commission. One of them entreated him in a low voice to extirpate an author who had not praised him sufficiently, about five years before; another requested the ruin of a citizen who had never laughed at his comedies; and a third demanded the destruction of the academy, because he had not been able to get admitted into it. The repast being ended, each of them departed by himself; for in the whole crowd there were not two men that could endure the company or conversation of each other, except at the houses of the rich, who invited them to their tables. Babouc thought that it would be no great loss to the public if all these vermin were destroyed in the general catastrophe.



Having now got rid of these men of letters, he began to read some new books, where he discovered the true spirit by which his guests had been actuated. He observed with particular indignation, those slanderous gazettes, those archives of bad taste, dictated by envy, baseness, and hunger; those ungenerous satires, where

* This is a good memorandum for those authors who are continually reviling each other in the most scandalous terms for the entertainment of the public.

the vulture is treated with lenity, and the dove torn in pieces; and those dry and insipid romances, filled with characters of women to whom the author was an utter stranger.

All these detestable writings he committed to the flames, and went to pass the evening in walking. In this excursion he was introduced to an old man possessed of great learning, who had not come to increase the number of his parasites. This man of letters always fled from crowds; he understood human nature; availed himself of his knowledge; and imparted it to others with great discretion. Babouc told him how much he was grieved at what he had seen and read.

"Thou hast read very despicable performances, said the man of letters; but in all times, in all countries, and in all kinds of literature, the bad swarm, and the good are rare. Thou hast received into thy house the very dregs of pedantry; for in all professions those who are least worthy of appearing, are always sure to present themselves with the greatest impudence. The truly wise live among themselves in retirement and tranquillity; and we have still some men and some books worthy of thy attention." While he was thus speaking, they were joined by another man of letters; and the conversation became so entertaining and instructive, so elevated above vulgar prejudices, and so conformable to virtue, that Babouc acknowledged he had never heard the like. "These are men, said he to himself, whom the angel Ithuriel will not presume to touch, or he must be a merciless being indeed*."

* Is not this a compliment which the author pays to Mr. de Voltaire. •

Though reconciled to men of letters, he was still enraged against the rest of the nation. "Thou art a stranger, said the judicious person, who was talking to him; abuses present themselves to thy eyes in crowds, while the good, which lies concealed, and which is even sometimes the result of these very abuses, escapes thy observation." He then learned that among men of letters there were some who were free from envy; and that even among the magi themselves there were some men of virtue. In fine, he concluded that these great bodies, which, by their mutual checks, seemed to threaten their common ruin, were, at bottom, very salutary institutions; that each society of magi was a check upon its rivals; and that though these rivals might differ in some speculative points, they all taught the same morals, instructed the people, and lived in subjection to the laws, not unlike to those preceptors who watch over the heir of a family, while the master of the house watches over them. He conversed with several of these magi, and found them possessed of exalted souls. He likewise learned that even among the fools who pretended to make war on the great lama, there had been some men of distinguished merit; and, from all these particulars, he conjectured that it might be with the manners of Persopolis as it was with the buildings; some of which moved his pity, while others filled him with admiration.



He said to the man of letters, "I plainly see that these magi, whom I at first imagined to be so dangerous, are, in reality, extremely useful; especially when a wise government hinders them from rendering themselves too necessary; but thou wilt at least acknowledge, that your young magistrates, who purchase the office of a judge as soon as they can mount a horse, must display in their tribunals the most ridiculous impertinence, and the most iniquitous perverseness. It would doubtless be better to give these places gratuitously to those old civilians who have spent their lives in the study of the law."

The man of letters replied; "Thou hast seen our army before thy arrival at Persopolis; thou knowest that our young officers fight with great bravery, though they buy their posts; perhaps thou wilt find that our young magistrates do not give wrong decisions, though they purchase the right of dispensing justice."

He led him next day to the grand tribunal, where an affair of great importance was to be decided. The cause was known to all the world. All the old advocates that spoke on the subject were wavering and unsettled in their opinions; they quoted an hundred laws, none of which were applicable to the question. They considered the matter in a hundred different lights, but never in its true point of view. The judges were more quick in their decision than the advocates in raising doubts. They were unanimous in their sentiments. They decided justly, because they followed the light of reason;

the others reasoned falsely, because they only consulted their books.

Babouc concluded that the best things frequently arose from abuses. He saw the same day, that the riches of the receivers of the public revenue, at which he had been so much offended, were capable of producing an excellent effect; for the emperor having occasion for money, he found in an hour by their means what he could not have procured in six months by the ordinary methods. He saw that those great clouds, swelled with the dews of the earth, restored in plentiful showers what they had thence derived. Besides, the children of these new gentlemen, who were frequently better educated than those of the most ancient families, were sometimes more useful members of society; for he whose father hath been a good accomptant may easily become a good judge, a brave warrior, and an able statesman *.

* * * * *

* This is in the whole a very weak apology. Certain it is, nothing tends so much to the prejudice and disgrace of religion as the disputes and want of charity among the clergy; and nothing promotes corruption in a judge so much as the practice of rising the bench, by means of bribery. Nothing weakens military discipline, and discourages merit, equal to the scandalous sale of commissions, by which a worthless upstart with money in his pocket raises himself over the head of the brave veteran; and as for the method of farming revenues, it can never be of any service except to a tyrant, who founds his power on the misery of his people.

Babouc was insensibly brought to excuse the avarice of the farmer of the revenues, who, in reality, was not more avaricious than other men, and besides was extremely necessary. He overlooked the folly of those who ruined themselves, in order to obtain a post in the law or army; a folly that produces great magistrates and heroes. He forgave the envy of men of letters, among whom there were some that enlightened the world; and he was reconciled to the ambitious and intriguing magi, who were possessed of more great virtues than little vices. But he had still many causes of complaint. The gallantries of the ladies especially, and the fatal effects which these must necessarily produce, filled him with fear and terror.

As he was desirous of prying into the characters of men of every condition, he went to wait on a minister of state; but trembled all the way, lest some wife should be assassinated by her husband in his presence. Having arrived at the statesman's, he was obliged to remain two hours in the anti-chamber before his name was sent in, and two hours more after that was done. In this interval, he resolved to recommend to the angel Ithuriel both the minister and his insolent porters. The anti-chamber was filled with ladies of every rank, magi of all colours, judges, merchants, officers, and pedants; and all of them complained of the minister. The miser and the usurer said, "Doubtless this man plunders the provinces." The capricious reproached him with fickleness; the voluptuary said, "He thinks of nothing but his pleasures." The factious hoped to see him soon ruined by a cabal; and the women flattered

tered themselves that they should soon have a younger minister.

Babouc heard their conversation, and could not help saying, "This is surely a happy man; he hath all his enemies in his anti-chamber; he crushes with his power those that envy his grandeur; he beholds those that detest him grovelling at his feet." At length he was admitted into the presence-chamber, where he saw a little old man bending under the weight of years and business; but still lively and full of spirits.

The minister was pleased with Babouc, and to Babouc he appeared to be a man of great merit. The conversation became interesting. The minister confessed that he was very unhappy; that he passed for rich, while in reality he was poor; that he was believed to be all-powerful, and yet was constantly contradicted; that he had obliged none but a parcel of ungrateful wretches; and that, in the course of forty years labour, he had hardly enjoyed a moment's rest. Babouc was moved with his misfortunes; and thought that if this man had been guilty of some faults, and Ithuriel had a mind to punish him, he ought not to cut him off, but to leave him in possession of his place.



While Babouc was talking to the minister, the beautiful lady with whom he had dined, entered hastily, her eyes and her forehead discovering the symptoms of grief and indignation. She burst into reproaches against the statesman; she shed tears; she complained bitterly that her husband

husband had been refused a place to which his birth allowed him to aspire, and which he had fully merited by his wounds and his service; she expressed herself with such force; she entered her complaints with such a graceful air; she overthrew objections with so much address, and enforced her arguments with so much eloquence, that she did not leave the chamber till she had made her husband's fortune.

Babouc gave her his hand, and said, "Is it possible, madam, that thou canst take so much pains to serve a man whom thou dost not love, and from whom thou hast every thing to fear?"

"A man whom I do not love! cried she; know, Sir, that my husband is the best friend I have in the world; that there is nothing I would not sacrifice for him, except my lover; and that he would do any thing for me, except that of leaving his mistress. I must introduce you to her acquaintance: she is a charming woman, sprightly, and sweet-tempered; we sup together this very night, with my husband and my little magi; come and share our joy."

The lady conducted Babouc to her own house. The husband, who was at last arrived, overwhelmed with grief, received his wife with transports of joy and gratitude. He embraced by turns his wife, his mistress, the little magi, and Babouc. Wit, harmony, cheerfulness, and all the graces, embellished the repast. "Know, said the lady with whom he supped, that those who are sometimes called dishonest women have almost always the merit of very honest men; and to convince thee of this, I invite thee to dine with me to-morrow at the beautiful Theona's. There are some old ves-

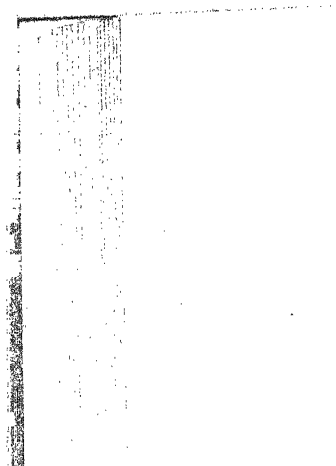
tals that tear her character in pieces ; but she does more good than all of them together. She would not commit the least act of injustice to gain the greatest advantage : she gives the most generous advice to her lover ; she consults only his glory ; and he would blush before her, should he let slip any opportunity of doing good ; for nothing can more effectually excite a man to the performance of virtuous actions, than to have for the witness and judge of his conduct a mistress whose esteem he wishes to deserve."

Babouc did not fail to keep the appointment. He saw a house where all the pleasures seemed to reign, with Theona at the head of them, who well knew how to preserve the most perfect order. Her easy wit made all around her happy ; she pleased almost without intending to do so ; she was as amiable as beneficent ; and, what enhanced the merit of all her good qualities, she was a beauty.

Babouc, though a Scythian, and sent by a genii, found, that should he continue much longer in Persepolis, he would forget Ithuriel for Theona. He began to grow fond of a city, the inhabitants of which were polite, affable, and beneficent, though fickle, slanderous, and vain. He was much afraid that Persepolis would be condemned. He was even afraid to give in his account.

This, however, he did in the following manner : he caused a little statue, composed of all kinds of metals, of earth, and stones the most precious and the most vile, to be cast by one of the best founders in the city, and carried it to Ithuriel. " Wilt thou break, said he, this pretty

pretty statue, because it is not wholly composed of gold and diamonds?" Ithuriel immediately understood his meaning, and resolved to think no more of punishing Persepolis, but to leave "The world as it goes." For, said he, it all is not well, all is passable." Thus Persepolis was suffered to remain; nor did Babouc complain like Jonas, who was so highly incensed at the preservation of Nineveh. But when a man has been three days in a whale's belly, he cannot be supposed to be in so good a humour, as when he has been at an opera, or a comedy, and hath supped with good company.



MICROME GAS:

A

COMIC ROMANCE.

BEING

A SEVERE SATIRE

UPON THE

PHILOSOPHY, IGNORANCE, and SELF-
CONCEIT OF MANKIND.



MICROME GAS*.

CHAP. I.

A Voyage to the Planet SATURN, by an Inhabitant of the Star SIRIUS.

IN one of the planets that revolve round the star known by the name of Sirius, was a certain young gentleman of promising parts, whom I had the honour to be acquainted with, in his last voyage to this our little ant-hill. His name was Micromegas, an appellation admirably suited to all great men, and his stature amounted to eight leagues in height, that is, four and twenty thousand geometrical paces, five feet in each.

Some of your mathematicians, a set of people always useful to the public, will, perhaps, instantly seize the pen, and calculate, that Mr. Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius,

* A name compounded of two Greek words, signifying *little* and *great*. The intelligent reader will easily perceive that this piece is intended as a satire upon the pride and insignificance of philosophers; and that the author had Gulliver's Travels in his eye.

being, from head to foot, four and twenty thousand paces in length, making one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet; that we denizens of this earth, being, at a medium, little more than five feet high, and our globe nine thousand leagues in circumference; these things being premised, I say, they will conclude, that the periphery of the globe which produced him, must be exactly one and twenty millions six hundred thousand times greater than that of this our tiny-ball. Nothing in nature is more simple and common. The dominions of some sovereigns of Germany or Italy, which may be compassed in half an hour, when compared with the empires of Ottoman, Muscovy, or China, are no other than faint instances of the prodigious difference which nature hath made in the scale of beings. The stature of his excellency being of these extraordinary dimensions, all our painters and statuaries will easily agree, that the round of his belly might amount to fifty thousand royal feet: a very agreeable and just proportion.

His nose being equal in length to one third of his face, and his jolly countenance engrossing one seventh part of his height, it must be owned, that the nose of this same Sirian, was six thousand three hundred and thirty-three royal feet to a hair, which was to be demonstrated.—With regard to his understanding, it is one of the best cultivated I have known; he is perfectly well acquainted with abundance of things, some of which are of his own invention: for, when his age did not exceed two hundred and fifty years, he, according to the custom of his country, studied at the most celebrated university of the

the whole planet, and by the force of his genius, found out upwards of fifty propositions of Euclid; having the advantage by more than eighteen, of Blaise Paschal, who (as we are told by his own sister) demonstrated two and thirty for his amusement, and then left off, choosing rather to be an indifferent philosopher, than a great mathematician*.—About the four hundred and fiftieth year of his age, or latter end of his childhood, he dissected a great number of small insects not more than one hundred feet in diameter, which are not perceivable by ordinary microscopes, of which he composed a very curious treatise, which involved him in some trouble: the musti of the nation, though very old and very ignorant, made shift to discover in his book, certain lemmas that were suspicious, unseemly, rash, heretick and unsound; and pro-

* Our author is here too severe on the famous Paschal, whose Provincial Letters have been universally admired, and translated into many different languages. His genius for mathematics was altogether surprising. Though his father carefully interdicted him from reading books of this science, he, at the age of twelve, had, by the force of his natural talents, discovered and demonstrated thirty-one propositions in the first book of Euclid. At the age of sixteen, he composed a treatise on conic sections. At nineteen, he invented a curious machine for the purposes of arithmetical calculation. At twenty-three, he made some improvements in mechanics, and was the first, who, by repeated experiments, clearly demonstrated that the effects hitherto ascribed to nature's horror of a vacuum, were produced from the pressure of the circumambient air. It is not to be doubted, but that he would have made much more considerable progress in mathematics and natural philosophy, had he not been persuaded about this time of life by his sister, who was a nun, to retire from the world, and dedicate his studies to the interests of religion.

secuted.

fecuted him with great animosity; for, the subject of the author's inquiry, was, whether in the world of Sirius, there was any difference between the substantial forms of a flea and a snail.

Micromegas defended his philosophy with such spirit as made all the female sex his proselytes; and the process lasted two hundred and twenty years, at the end of which, in consequence of the musti's interest, the book was condemned by judges who had never read it, and the author expelled from court, for the term of eight hundred years.

Not much afflicted at his banishment from a court that teemed with nothing but turmoils and trifles, he made a very humorous song upon the musti, who gave himself no trouble about the matter, and set out on his travels from planet to planet, in order (as the saying is) to improve his mind and finish his education. Those who never travel but in a post-chaise or berlin, will, doubtless, be astonished at the equipages used above: for we that strut upon this little mole-hill, are at a loss to conceive any thing that surpasses our own customs. But our traveller was a wonderful adept in the laws of gravitation, together with the whole force of attraction and repulsion; and made such seasonable use of his knowledge, that sometimes, by the help of a sun-beam*, and sometimes by the convenience

* Surely our author might have found a more adequate conveyance. There is a sort of vraisemblance or probability to be observed even in the most extravagant fiction, and this is monstrously violated by representing such an enormous mass of matter with a necklace of diamonds, the least of which was 160 feet in diameter, riding on a sun-beam.

of a comet, he and his retinue glided from sphere to sphere, as a bird hops from one bough to another. He in a very little time, posted through the milky way; and I am obliged to own, he saw not a twinkle of those stars supposed to adorn that fair empyrean, which the illustrious doctor Derham brags to have observed through his telescope. Not that I pretend to say the doctor was mistaken. God forbid! but Micromegas was upon the spot, an exceeding good observer, and I have no mind to contradict any man. Be that as it will, after many windings and turnings, he arrived at the planet Saturn; and accustomed as he was to the sight of novelties, he could not for his life repress that supercilious and conceited smile which often escapes the wisest philosopher, when he perceived the smallness of that globe, and the diminutive size of its inhabitants: for really Saturn is but about nine hundred times larger than this our earth, and the people of that country meer dwarfs, about a thousand fathoms high. In short, he at first derided those poor pigmies, just as an Italian fidler laughs at the music of Lully, at his first arrival in Paris: but, as this Sirian was a person of good sense, he soon perceived that a thinking being may not be altogether ridiculous, even though he is not quite six thousand feet high; and therefore he became familiar with them, after they had ceased to wonder at his extraordinary appearance. In particular, he contracted an intimate friendship with the secretary of the academy of Saturn, a man of good understanding, who, though in truth he had invented nothing of his own, gave a very good account of the inventions of others, and enjoyed in peace the reputation

putation of a little poet and great calculator*. And here, for the edification of the reader, I will repeat a very singular conversation that one day passed between Mr. secretary and Micromegas.



CHAP. II.

The Conversation betwixt MICROME GAS and the Inhabitant of SATURN.

HIS excellency having laid himself down, and the secretary approached his nose, "It must be confessed," said Micromegas, "that nature is full of variety,"— "Yes," replied the Saturnian, "nature is like a parterre whose flowers—" "Pshaw!" cried the other, "a truce with your parterres."— "It is," resumed the secretary, "like an assembly of fair and brown women whose dresse—" "What a plague have I to do with your brunettes?" said our traveller. "Then it is like a gallery of pictures, the strokes of which—" "Not at all," answered Micromegas, "I tell you once for all, nature is like nature, and comparisons are odious." "Well, to please you," said the secretary— "I won't be pleased," replied the Sirian, "I want to be instructed: begin therefore, without further preamble, and tell me how many senses the people of this world enjoy."—

* Here our author is supposed to glance at the learned Maupertius, whom the king of Prussia placed at the head of his academy in Berlin.

"We have seventy and two," said the academician, "but, we are daily complaining of the small number; as our imagination transcends our wants; for, with these seventy-two senses, our five moons and ring, we find ourselves very much restricted; and notwithstanding our curiosity, and the no small number of those passions that result from these few senses, we have still time enough to be tired of idleness." "I sincerely believe what you say," cried Micromegas, "for, though we Sirians have near a thousand different senses, there still remains a certain vague desire, an unaccountable inquietude incessantly advertising us of our own unimportance, and giving us to understand, that there are other beings who are much our superiors in point of perfection. I have travelled a little, and seen mortals both above and below myself in the scale of being: but, I have met with none who had not more desire than necessity, and more want than gratification; perhaps, I shall one day arrive in some country, where nought is wanting; but, hitherto I have had no certain information of such an happy land." The Saturnian and his guest exhausted themselves in conjectures upon this subject, and after abundance of argumentation equally ingenious and uncertain, being fain to return to matter of fact, "To what age do you commonly live?" said the Sirian. "Lack-a-day! a meer trifle," replied the little gentleman. "It is the very same case with us," resumed the other, "the shortness of life is our daily complaint; so that this must be an universal law in nature." "Alas!" cried the Saturnian, "few, very few on this globe, outlive five hundred great revolutions of the sun: (these, according to our way of reck-

oning, amount to about fifteen thousand years.) So, you see we in a manner begin to die the very moment we are born: our existence is no more than a point, our duration an instant, and our globe an atom. Scarce do we begin to learn a little, when death intervenes, before we can profit by experience: for my own part, I am deterred from laying schemes, when I consider myself as a single drop in the midst of an immense ocean: I am particularly ashamed in your presence, of the ridiculous figure I make among my fellow-creatures."

To this declaration, Micromegas replied, "If you were not a philosopher, I should be afraid of mortifying your pride, by telling you, that the term of our lives, is seven hundred times longer than the date of your existence: but, you are very sensible, that when the texture of the body is resolved, in order to reanimate nature in another form, which is the consequence of what we call death; when that moment of change arrives, there is not the least difference betwixt having lived a whole eternity, or a single day. I have been in some countries where the people live a thousand times longer than with us, and yet they murmured at the shortness of their time: but, one will find every where, some few persons of good sense, who know how to make the best of their portion, and thank the author of nature for his bounty. There is a profusion of variety scattered through the universe, and yet there is an admirable vein of uniformity that runs thro' the whole: for example, all thinking beings are different among themselves, though at bottom they resemble one another, in the powers and passions of the soul: matter, though inter-

minable, hath different properties in every sphere. How many principal attributes do you reckon in the matter of this world?" "If you mean those properties," said the Saturnian, "without which we believe this our globe could not subsist, we reckon in all three hundred, such as extent, impenetrability, motion, gravitation, divisibility, et cætera."—"That small number," replied the traveller, "probably answers the views of the creator, on this your narrow sphere. I adore his wisdom in all his works. I see infinite variety, but every where proportion. Your globe is small; so are the inhabitants: you have few sensations; because your matter is endued with few properties: these are the works of unerring providence. Of what colour does your sun appear when accurately examined?" "Of a yellowish white," answered the Saturnian; "and in separating one of his rays, we find it contains seven colours." "Our sun," said the Sirian, "is of a reddish hue, and we have no less than thirty-nine original colours. Among all the suns I have seen, there is no sort of resemblance; and in this sphere of yours, there is not one face like another."

After divers questions of this nature, he asked how many substances essentially different, they counted in the world of Saturn? and understood that they numbered but thirty; such as God, space, matter, beings endued with sense and extension, beings that have extension, sense, and reflection, thinking beings who have no extension, those that are penetrable, those that are impenetrable, and the rest. But this Satur-

nian philosopher was prodigiously astonished, when the Sirian told him, they had no less than three hundred, and that he himself had discovered three thousand more in the course of his travels. In short, after having communicated to each other what they knew, and even what they did not know, and argued during a complete revolution of the sun, they resolved to set out together, on a small philosophical tour.



CHAP. III.

The Voyage of those Two INHABITANTS of the other World.

OUR two philosophers were just ready to embark for the atmosphere of Saturn, with a jolly provision of mathematical instruments, when the Saturnian's mistress, having got an inkling of their design, came all in tears, to make her remonstrances. She was a little handsome brunette, not above six hundred and three-score fathom high; but her agreeable attractions made amends for the smallness of her stature. "Ah! cruel man," cried she, "after a resistance of fifteen hundred years, when at length I surrendered, and scarce have passed two hundred more in thy embrace, to leave me thus, before the honey moon is over, and go a rambling with a giant of another world! go, go, thou art a meer virtuoso devoid of tenderness and love! if thou wert a true Saturnian, thou wouldst be faithful and invariable. Ah! whither art thou going?"

going? what is thy design? our five moons are not so inconstant, nor our ring so changeable as thee! but take this along with you, henceforth I ne'er shall love another man." The little gentleman embraced and wept over her, notwithstanding his philosophy; and the lady, after having swooned with great decency, went to console herself with the conversation of a certain beau.

Mean while, our two virtuosi set out, and at one jump leaped upon the ring, which they found pretty flat, according to the ingenious guess of an illustrious inhabitant of this our little earth: from thence they easily slipped from moon to moon; and a comet chancing to pass, they sprung upon it with all their servants and apparatus. Thus carried about one hundred and fifty millions of leagues, they met with the satellites of Jupiter, and arrived upon the body of the planet itself, where they continued a whole year; during which, they learned some very curious secrets, which would actually be sent to the press, were it not for fear of the gentlemen inquisitors, who have found among them some corollaries very hard of digestion. Nevertheless, I have read the manuscript in the library of the illustrious archbishop of who has granted me permission to peruse his books, with that generosity and goodness, which can never be enough commended: wherefore, I promise he shall have a long article in the next edition of Moreri, where I shall not forget the young gentlemen his sons, who give us such pleasing hopes of seeing perpetuated the race of their illustrious father. But to return to our travellers. When they took leave of Jupiter,

pter, they traversed a space of about one hundred millions of leagues, and coasting along the planet Mars, which is well known to be five times smaller than our little earth, they described two moons subservient to that orb, which have escaped the observation of all our astronomers. I know father Castel will write, and that pleasantly enough, against the existence of these two moons; but I entirely refer myself to those who reason by analogy: those worthy philosophers are very sensible, that Mars, which is at such a distance from the sun, must be in a very uncomfortable situation, without the benefit of a couple of moons: be that as it may, our gentlemen found the planet so small, that they were afraid they should not find room to take a little repose; so that they pursued their journey like two travellers who despise the paultry accommodation of a village, and push forward to the next market town. But the Sirian and his companion soon repented of their delicacy; for, they journeyed a long time, without finding a resting place; till at length, they discerned a small speck, which was Earth. Coming from Jupiter, they could not but be moved with compassion at sight of this miserable spot, upon which, however, they resolved to land, lest they should be a second time disappointed. They accordingly moved towards the tail of the comet, where finding an Aurora Borealis ready to set sail, they embarked, and arrived on the northern coast of the Baltic, on the fifth day of July, new style, in the year 1737.

CHAP. IV.

What befel them upon this our **GLOBE**.

HAVING taken some repose, and being desirous of reconnoitring the narrow field in which they were, they traversed it at once from north to south; every step of the Sirian and his attendants, measuring about thirty thousand royal feet: whereas, the dwarf of Saturn, whose stature did not exceed a thousand fathoms, followed at a distance quite out of breath; because, for every single stride of his companion, he was obliged to make twelve good steps at least. The reader may figure to himself (if we are allowed to make such comparisons) a very little rough spaniel dodging after a captain of the Prussian grenadiers.

As those strangers walked at a good pace, they compassed the globe in six and thirty hours; the sun it is true, ~~or~~ rather the earth, describes the same space in the course of one day; but, it must be observed, that it is much more easy to turn upon an axis, than to walk a-foot. Behold them then returned to the spot from whence they had set out, after having discovered that almost imperceptible sea, which is called the Mediterranean; and the other narrow pond that surrounds this mole-hill, under the denomination of the great ocean; in wading through which, the dwarf had never wet his mid-leg, while the other scarce moistened his heel. In going and coming through both hemispheres, they did all that lay in their power to discover whether or not the globe was inhabited. They

N

stooped,

stooped, they lay down, they groped in every corner; but their eyes and hands were not at all proportioned to the small beings that crawl upon this earth; and, therefore, they could not find the smallest reason to suspect that we and our fellow citizens of this globe had the honour to exist.

The dwarf, who sometimes judged too hastily, concluded at once, that there was no living creature upon earth; and his chief reason was, that he had seen nobody. But, Micromegas, in a polite manner, made him sensible of the unjust conclusion; "For," said he, "with your diminutive eyes, you cannot see certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I distinctly perceive; and do you take it for granted that no such stars exist?" "But, I have groped with great care," replied the dwarf. "Then your sense of feeling must be bad," resumed the other. "But, this globe," said the dwarf, "is ill contrived; and so irregular in its form, as to be quite ridiculous. The whole together looks like a chaos. Do but observe these little rivulets; not one of them runs in a strait line: and these ponds, which are neither round, square nor oval, nor indeed of any regular figure; together with those little sharp pebbles (meaning the mountains) that roughen the whole surface of the globe, and have tore all the skin from my feet. Besides, pray take notice of the shape of the whole, how it flattens at the poles, and turns round the sun in an awkward oblique manner, so as that the polar circles cannot possibly be cultivated. Truly, what makes me believe there is no inhabitant on this sphere, is a full persuasion,
that

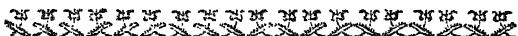
that no sensible being would live in such a disagreeable place." "What then?" said Micromegas, "perhaps the beings that inhabit it come not under that denomination; but, in all appearance, it was not made for nothing. Every thing here seems to you irregular; because, you fetch all your comparisons from Jupiter or Saturn. Perhaps this is the very reason for the seeming confusion which you condemn; have not I told you that in the course of my travels, I have always met with variety?" The Saturnian replied to all these arguments, and perhaps the dispute would have known no end, if Micromegas in the heat of the contest had not luckily broke the string of his diamond necklace; so that the jewels fell to the ground, consisting of pretty small unequal karats, the largest of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the smallest, fifty*. The dwarf, in helping to pick them up, perceived as they approached his eye, that every single diamond was cut in such a manner as to answer the purpose of an excellent microscope. He therefore took up a small one, about one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and applied it to his eye; while Micromegas chose another of two thousand five hundred. Though they were of excellent powers, the observers could perceive nothing by their assistance, so that they were altered and adjusted: at length, the inhabitant of Saturn discerned something almost imperceptible, mov-

* If the largest weighed 400 pounds, and one of the smallest amounted to 160 feet in diameter, what must have been the density of the matter which composed these diamonds?

ing between two waves in the Baltic: this was no other than a whale, which, in a dextrous manner, he caught with his little finger, and placing it on the nail of his thumb, shewed it to the Syrian, who laughed heartily at the excessive smallness peculiar to the inhabitants of this our globe. The Saturnian, by this time convinced that our world was inhabited, began to imagine we had no other animals than whales; and being a mighty arguer, he forthwith set about investigating the origin and motion of this small atom, curious to know whether or not it was furnished with ideas, judgment, and free will. Micromegas was very much perplexed upon this subject; he examined the animal with the most patient attention, and the result of his inquiry was, that he could see no reason to believe a soul was lodged in such a body. The two travellers were actually inclined to think there was no such thing as mind, in this our habitation, when by the help of their microscope, they perceived something as large as a whale, floating upon the surface of the sea. It is well known, that at this period, a flight of philosophers were upon their return from the polar circle, where they had been making observations, for which nobody has hitherto been the wiser*. The gazettes record, that their vessel

* Cassini, who had measured a degree of the meridian in France, and published in 1718 his book upon the size and figure of the earth, in which he concludes it is lengthened at the poles, in contradiction to the theory of Newton and Huygens; the French king ordered a company of academicians to measure a degree of the equator, and another to take the dimensions of a degree at the polar circle, in order to determine this dispute. Messrs. Goden, Bouguer,

vessel ran ashore on the coast of Bosnia, and that they with great difficulty, saved their lives; but, in this world one can never dive to the bottom of things: for my own part, I will ingenuously recount the transaction just as it happened, without any addition of my own; and this is no small effort in a modern historian.



CHAP. V.

Micromegas stretched out his hand gently towards the place where the object appeared, and advanced two fingers, which he instantly pulled back, for fear of being disappointed, then opening softly and shutting them all at once, he very dextrously seized the ship that contained those gentlemen, and placed it on his nail, avoiding too much pressure, which might have crushed the whole in pieces. "This," said the Saturnian dwarf, "is a creature very different from the former:" upon which, the Sirian placing the supposed animal in the hollow of his hand, the passengers and

Bouguer, and de la Condamine, were sent to Peru; while Maupertuis, Clairaut, Camus, Monnier, and Onthier, set out for Lapland. The observations of both companies, reinforced by those of Don Jorge Juan, and Antonio d'Ulloa, two Spanish philosophers employed by his catholic majesty, confirmed the theory of Sir Isaac Newton, that the earth was an oblate spheroid, flattened at the poles. A curious account of the voyage to Lapland, and of the observations there made, is to be found in the works of Maupertuis, published at Lyons in the year 1756.

crew, who believed themselves thrown by a hurricane upon some rock, began to put themselves in motion. The sailors having hoisted out some casks of wine, jumped after them into the hand of Micromegas: the mathematicians having secured their quadrants, sectors, and Lapland mistresses, went over board at a different place, and made such a buffle in their descent, that the Sirian, at length, felt his fingers tickled by something that seemed to move. An iron crow chanced to penetrate about a foot deep into his fore finger; and from this prick he concluded, that something had issued from the little animal he held in his hand; but at first he suspected nothing more: for, the microscope that scarce rendered a whale and a ship visible, had no effect upon an object so imperceptible as man.—I do not intend to shock the vanity of any person whatever; but here I am obliged to beg your people of importance, to consider, that supposing the stature of a man to be about five feet, we mortals make just such a figure upon the earth, as an animal the sixty thousandth part of a foot in height, would exhibit upon a bowl ten feet in circumference. When you reflect upon a being who could hold this whole earth in the palm of his hand, and is endued with organs proportioned to those we possess, you will easily conceive, that there must be a great variety of created substances,——and pray, what must such beings think of those battles by which a conqueror gains a small village, to lose it again in the sequel? I do not at all doubt, but if some captain of grenadiers should chance to read this work, he would add two large feet at least

to the caps of his company; but, I assure him his labour will be vain; for, do what he will, he and his soldiers will never be other than infinitely diminutive and inconsiderable. What wonderful address must have been inherent in our Sirian philosopher, that enabled him to perceive those atoms of which we have been speaking. When Leuwenhoek and Hartsoecker observed the first rudiments of which we are formed, they did not make such an astonishing discovery. What pleasure, therefore, was the portion of Micromegas, in observing the motion of these little machines, in examining all their pranks, and pursuing them in all their operations! with what joy did he put his microscope into his companion's hand; and with what transport did they both at once, exclaim, "I see them distinctly,---don't you perceive them carrying burdens, lying down and rising up again?" So saying, their hands shook with eagerness to see, and apprehension to lose such uncommon objects.---The Saturnian making a sudden transit, from the most cautious distrust, to the most excessive credulity, imagined he saw them in the very work of propagation, and cried aloud, "I have surprised nature in the very fact." Nevertheless, he was deceived by appearances: a case too common, whether we do or do not make use of microscopes.

CHAP. VI.

What happened in their intercourse with Men.

MICROMEGAS being a much better observer than his dwarf, perceived distinctly that those atoms spoke; and made the remark to his companion, who was so much ashamed of being mistaken in the article of generation, that he would not believe such a puny species could possibly communicate their ideas: for, though he had the gift of tongues, as well as his companion, he could not hear those particles speak; and therefore supposed they had no language: besides, how should such imperceptible beings have the organs of speech? and what in the name of God can they say to one another? in order to speak, they must have something like thought, and if they think, they must surely have something equivalent to a soul: now, to attribute any thing like a soul to such an insect species, appears a meer absurdity.—“But just now,” replied the Sirian, “you believed they made love to each other; and do you think this could be done without thinking, without using some sort of language, or at least, some way of making themselves understood? or do you suppose it is more difficult to advance an argument than to produce a child? for my own part, I look upon both these faculties as a-like mysterious.” “I will no longer venture to believe or deny,” answered the dwarf: “in short, I have no opinion at all. Let us endeavour to examine these insects, and we will reason upon them afterwards.—” “With all my heart,” said

said Micromegas, who taking out a pair of scissars, which he kept for paring his nails, cut off a paring from his thumb nail, of which he immediately formed a large kind of speaking trumpet, like a vast tunnel, and clapped the pipe to his ear* : as the circumference of this machine included the ship and all the crew, the most feeble voice was conveyed along the circular fibres of the nail ; so that, thanks to his industry, the philosopher could distinctly hear the buzzing of our insects that were below ; in a few hours he distinguished articulate sounds, and, at last, plainly understood the French language. The dwarf heard the same, though with more difficulty.

The astonishment of our travellers increased every instant. They heard a nest of mites talk in a pretty sensible strain : and that *Lusus Naturæ* seemed to them inexplicable. You need not doubt but the Sirian and his dwarf glowed with impatience to enter into conversation with such atoms. Micromegas being afraid that his voice, like thunder, would deafen and confound the mites, without being understood by them, saw the necessity of diminishing the sound : each, therefore, put into his mouth a sort of small tooth-pick, the slender end of which reached to the vessel. The Sirian setting the dwarf upon his knees, and the ship and crew upon his nail, held down his head and spoke softly. — In fine, having taken these and a great many

* How a man should make such a funnel of the paring of his own nail, we cannot conceive. It would have answered much better, had he stuffed all the philosophers in his ear together.

more precautions, he addressed himself to them in these words :

“ O ye invisible insects, whom the hand of the Creator hath deigned to produce in the abyss of infinite littleness, I give praise to his goodness, in that he hath been pleased to disclose unto me those secrets that seemed to be impenetrable ; perhaps the court of Sirius will not disdain to behold you with admiration : for my own part, I despise no creature, and therefore offer you my protection.”

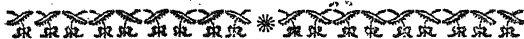
If ever there was such a thing as astonishment, it seized upon the people who heard this address, and who could not conceive from whence it proceeded. The chaplain of the ship repeated exorcisms, the sailors swore, and the philosophers formed a system : but, notwithstanding all their systems, they could not divine who the person was that spoke to them. Then the dwarf of Saturn, whose voice was softer than that of Micromegas, gave them briefly to understand, what species of beings they had to do with. He related the particulars of their voyage from Saturn, made them acquainted with the rank and quality of monsieur Micromegas ; and after having pitied their smallness, asked if they had always been in that miserable state, so near a-kin to annihilation ; and what their business was upon that globe which seemed to be the property of whales ; he also desired to know if they were happy in their situation, if they propagated their species, if they were inspired with souls ? and put a hundred questions more of the like nature.

A certain mathematician on board, more courageous than the rest, and shocked to hear his
soul

soul called in question, planted his quadrant, and having taken two observations of this interlocutor, "You believe then, Mr. what d'ye-callum," said he, "that because you measure from head to foot, a thousand fathoms"—— "A thousand fathoms!" cried the dwarf, "good heaven! how should he know the height of my stature? a thousand fathoms! my very dimensions to an hair. What, measured by a mite! this atom, forsooth, is a geometrician, and knows exactly how tall I am: while I, who can scarce perceive him through a microscope, am utterly ignorant of his extent!" "Yes, I have taken your measure," answered the philosopher, "and I will now do the same by your tall companion." The proposal was embraced; his excellency laid himself along: for, had he stood upright, his head would have reached too far above the clouds. Our mathematicians planted a tall tree in a certain part of him, which doctor Swift would have mentioned without hesitation, but which I forbear to call by it's name, out of my inviolable respect for the ladies; then, by a series of triangles joined together, they discovered, that the object of their observation was a strapping youth, exactly one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet in length.

In consequence of this calculation, Micro-megas uttered these words: "I am now more than ever convinced, that we ought to judge of nothing by its external magnitude. O God! who hast bestowed understanding upon such seemingly contemptible substances, thou canst with equal ease produce that which is infinitely small, as that which is incredibly great: and if

it be possible, that among thy works there are beings still more diminutive than these, they may, nevertheless, be endowed with understanding superior to the intelligence of those stupendous animals I have seen in heaven, a single foot of whom is larger than this whole globe on which I have alighted." One of the philosophers bid him be assured, that there were intelligent beings much smaller than man, and recounted not only Virgil's whole fable of the bees, but also described all that Swammerdam hath discovered, and Reaumur dissected. In a word, he informed him, that there are animals which bear the same proportion to bees, which bees bear to man; the same as the Sirian himself was to those vast beings whom he had mentioned; and as those huge animals were to other substances, before whom they would appear like so many particles of dust. Here the conversation became very interesting, and Micromegas proceeded in these words.



C H A P. VII.

A conversation that passed between our travellers and the men they had encountered.

“O Ye intelligent atoms, in whom the Supreme Being hath been pleased to manifest his omniscience and power, without all doubt your joys on this earth must be pure and exquisite: for being unincumbered with matter, and, to all appearance, little else than soul, you must

must spend your lives in the delights of love and reflexion, which are the true enjoyments of a perfect spirit. True happiness I have no where found; but, certainly here it dwells." At this harangue, all the philosophers shook their heads, and one among the rest more candid than his brethren, frankly owned, that, excepting a very small number of inhabitants, who were very little esteemed by their fellows, all the rest were a parcel of knaves, fools, and miserable wretches. "We have matter enough," said he, "to do abundance of mischief; if mischief comes of matter, and too much understanding; if evil flows from understanding: you must know, for example, that this very moment, while I am speaking, there are one hundred thousand animals of our own species, covered with hats, slaying an equal number of fellow creatures who wear turbans; at least, they are either slaying or slain: and this hath been nearly the case all over the earth, from time immemorial." The Syrian shuddering at this information, begged to know the cause of those horrible quarrels among such a puny race; and was given to understand, that the subject of the dispute was some pitiful mole-hill no bigger than his heel: not that any one of those millions who cut one another's throats, pretends to have the least claim to the smallest particle of that clod; the question is to know, whether it shall belong to a certain person, who is known by the name of Sultan, or to another whom (for what reason I know not) they dignify with the appellation of Cæsar. Neither one nor t'other has ever seen, or ever will see the pitiful corner in question, and scarce one of those wretches who
sacri-

sacrifice one another, hath ever beheld the animal on whose account they are mutually sacrificed!

"Ah miscreants! (cried the indignant Sirian) such excess of desperate rage is beyond conception. I have a good mind to take two or three steps, and trample the whole nest of such ridiculous assassins under my feet." "Don't give yourself the trouble, (replied the philosopher) they are industrious enough in procuring their own destruction; at the end of ten years the hundredth part of those wretches will be no more: for, you must know, that though they should not draw a sword in the cause they have espoused, famine, fatigue, and intemperance would sweep almost all of them from the face of the earth. Besides, the punishment should not be inflicted upon them, but upon those seditious and slothful barbarians, who from their close-stools, give orders for murdering a million of men, and then solemnly thank God for their success."

Our traveller, moved with compassion for the little human race, in which he discovered such astonishing contrasts, "Since you are of the small number of the wise, (said he) and in all likelihood, do not engage yourselves in the trade of murder for hire; be so good as to tell me what is your occupation?" "We anatomize flies, (replied the philosopher) we measure lines, we make calculations, we agree upon two or three points which we understand, and dispute upon two or three thousand that are beyond our comprehension." Then the strangers being seized with the whim of interrogating those thinking atoms, upon the subjects about
which

which they were agreed, "How far, (said the Sirian) do you reckon the distance between the great star of the constellation Gemini, and that called Caniculus?" To this question all of them answered with one voice, "Thirty-two degrees and an half." "And what is the distance from hence to the moon?" "Sixty semi-diameters of the earth." He then thought to puzzle them by asking the weight of the air; but they answered distinctly, that common air is about nine hundred times specifically lighter than an equal column of the lightest water, and nine hundred times lighter than current gold. The little dwarf of Saturn, astonished at their answers, was now tempted to believe those very people forcerers, whom but a quarter of an hour before, he would not allow to be inspired with souls.

"Well, (said Micromegas) since you know so well what is without you, doubtless you are still more perfectly acquainted with that which is within; tell me what is the soul, and how your ideas are framed?" Here the philosophers spoke all together, as before; but each was of a different opinion: the eldest quoted Aristotle; another pronounced the name of Descartes; a third mentioned Mallebranche; a fourth Leibnitz; and a fifth Locke: an old peripatetician lifting up his voice, exclaimed with an air of confidence, "The soul is perfection and reason, having power to be such as it is:" as Aristotle expressly declares, page 633, of the Louvre edition.

Εντελεχεια τις ἐστι, καὶ λόγος τῷ δυνάμει ἔχον-
τος τοιαύτῃ ἐστίν.

“ I am not very well versed in Greek,” said the giant : “ Nor I neither,” replied the philosophical mite. “ Why then do you quote that same Aristotle in Greek ?” resumed the Sirian : “ Because, (answered the other) it is but reasonable we should quote what we do not comprehend, in a language we do not understand.”

Here the Cartesian interposing, “ The soul (said he) is a pure spirit or intelligence, which hath received in the mother’s womb all the metaphysical ideas ; but upon leaving that prison, is obliged to go to school, and learn a-new that knowledge which it hath lost, and will never more attain.” “ So it was necessary (replied the animal of eight leagues) that thy soul should be learned in thy mother’s womb, in order to be so ignorant when thou hast got a beard upon thy chin : but, what dost thou understand by spirit ?” “ To what purpose do you ask me that question ? (said the philosopher) I have no idea of it : indeed it is supposed to be immaterial.” “ At least, thou knowest what matter is ?” resumed the Sirian. “ Perfectly well, (answered the other.) For example, that stone is grey, is of a certain figure, has three dimensions, specifick weight, and divisibility.” “ Right, (said the giant) I want to know what that object is, which, according to thy observation, hath a grey colour, weight, and divisibility ? Thou seest a few qualities, but dost thou know the nature of the thing itself ?” “ Not I truly,” answered the Cartesian. Upon which the other told him, he did not know what nature was. Then addressing himself to another sage who stood upon his thumb, he asked what is the soul ?

soul? and what are her functions? "Nothing at all, (replied this disciple of Mallebranche) God hath made every thing for my convenience; in him I see every thing, by him I act: he is the universal agent, and I never meddle in his work." "That is being a nonentity indeed:" said the Sirian sage, who turning to a follower of Leibnitz, "Hark ye, friend, what is thy opinion of the soul?" "In my opinion, (answered this metaphysician) the soul is the hand that points at the hour, while my body does the office of a clock; or, if you please, the soul is the clock, and the body is the pointer; or again, my soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body the frame. All this is clear and uncontrovertible."

A little partizan of Locke, who chanced to be present, being asked his opinion on the same subject, "I do not know (said he) by what power I think: but well I know, that I should never have thought without the assistance of my senses: that there are immaterial and intelligent substances, I do not at all doubt; but that it is impossible for God to communicate the faculty of thinking to matter, I doubt very much. I revere the eternal power, to which it would ill become me to prescribe bounds: I affirm nothing, and am contented to believe, that many more things are possible, than are usually thought so." The Sirian smiled at this declaration, and did not look upon the author as the least sagacious of the company: and as for the dwarf of Saturn, he would have embraced this adherent of Locke, had it not been for the extreme disproportion in their different sizes. But, unluckily, there was another animalcule

malcule in a square cap, who taking the word from all his philosophical brethren, affirmed, that he knew the whole secret, which was contained in the abridgement of St. Thomas : he surveyed the two celestial strangers from top to toe, and maintained to their faces, that their persons, their fashions, their suns and their stars, were created solely for the use of man. At this wild assertion, our two travellers let themselves tumble topsy turvy, seized with a fit of that inextinguishable laughter, which (according to Homer) is the portion of the immortal gods ; their bellies quivered ; their shoulders rose and fell ; and during these convulsions, the vessel fell from the Sirian's nail into the Saturnian's pocket, where these worthy people searched for it a long time with great diligence. At length, having found the ship, and set every thing to rights again, the Sirian resumed the discourse with those diminutive mites, promised to compose for them a choice book of philosophy, which would teach them abundance of admirable sciences, and demonstrate the very essence of things. Accordingly, before his departure, he made them a present of the book, which was brought to the academy of sciences at Paris ; but when the old secretary came to open it, he saw nothing but blank paper, upon which " Ay, ay, (said he) this is just what I suspected."

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DIO CLES IAN





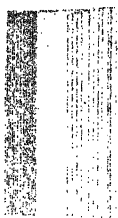
THE
WORKS
OF
VOLTAIRE.

VOL. XVI.

Being VOL. XII. of his

PROSE WORKS.





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Translated from the FRENCH.

WITH
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By T. SMOLLETT, M. D.
T. FRANCKLIN, M. A. and OTHERS.

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1936-1937

MISCELLANIES

IN

HISTORY, LITERATURE,
AND PHILOSOPHY.

OF THE JEWS.

YOU desire me to give you a faithful picture of the spirit and history of the Jews; and, without entering into the ineffable ways of Providence, you want to discover, in the manners of that people, the true origin of those events which Providence hath brought about.

Certain it is, of all the nations in the world, that of the Jews is the most remarkable. However contemptible they may be in the eyes of a politician, they are nevertheless well worthy of the serious attention of a philosopher.

The Guebres, the Banians, and the Jews, are the only people that preserve a being, notwithstanding their dispersion; and, without making an alliance with any other nation, per-

B

petuate

petuate their race among strangers, from whom they keep themselves intirely distinct.

In former times the Guebres were infinitely more numerous than the Jews, as being the remains of the ancient Persians, who held the Jews in subjection: at present, however, they are only to be found in one corner of the East.

The Banians, sprung from those ancient people from whom Pythagoras derived his philosophy, are only to be met with in Persia and the Indies: but the Jews are scattered through the whole earth; and, were they now to be collected into one body, would compose a nation far more numerous than they were during the short period that they were masters of Palestine. Those people who have committed to writing the history of their origin, have, almost all of them, endeavoured to heighten it with prodigies: with them, every thing is miraculous: their oracles foretel nothing but conquests; and such of them as have really become conquerors, have made no difficulty to believe the truth of ancient oracles, so amply justified by the event. But what distinguishes the Jews from all other nations is, that their oracles alone are true: of this we are not permitted to entertain the least doubt. These oracles, which they understand in the literal sense, have foretold, a hundred times, that they should one day become masters of the world; notwithstanding which, they were never in possession of more than one paltry spot for a few years; nor have they, at present, a single village they can call their own. They are therefore bound to believe, and in fact they do believe, that these predictions will be one day

day accomplished, and that they shall obtain the empire of the universe.

Among the Mussulmans and Christians they are considered as people of the meanest and most despicable character, and yet they believe themselves to be of the greatest importance. This pride, in the midst of their abasement, is justified by an unanswerable argument; to wit, that they are really the fathers of both the Christians and the Mussulmans. The Christian and Mahometan religions acknowledge that of the Jews for their mother; whom, nevertheless, by a strange kind of contradiction, they at once respect and abhor.

It is not our intention here to recount that long train of prodigies, which astonish the imagination, and exercise our faith. We only mean to examine those events which are purely historical, stripped of the divine agency, and of those miracles which God condescended, for so long a time, to work in favour of this people.

At first, we behold in Egypt a single family of seventy persons. This, in the space of two hundred and fifteen years, produced a nation capable of furnishing six hundred thousand fighting men, which, together with the old men, women, and children, may be supposed to amount to two millions of souls: a prodigious increase! to which the history of mankind cannot furnish a parallel instance. This multitude, having left Egypt, continued in the deserts of Arabia Petræa for forty years, during which their numbers were considerably diminished in that cold and barren country.

The remaining part of the nation advanced a little to the northward of these deserts.

It appears, that their principles were the same with those which were afterwards adopted by the natives of Arabia Petræa and Deserta; for they put to death, in cold blood, the inhabitants of the small towns which they took, and reserved only the young women. The interest of population hath always been the chief aim of both the one and the other. We find that when the Arabs conquered Spain, they imposed a tax of marriageable virgins upon all the provinces; and, even at this day, the Arabs of the Desert never make a treaty without stipulating for some presents and young women.

The Jews arrived in a sandy and mountainous country, in which there were some villages, inhabited by a small nation called the Medianites*; from whom they took, in the course of one campaign, six hundred and seventy-five thousand sheep, seventy-two thousand oxen, sixty-one thousand asses, and thirty-two thousand maids. All the men, all the married women, and all the male children, were put to the sword. The young women and the booty were divided among the people and the priests.

They afterwards made themselves masters of the town of Jericho†, in the same country; but,

* They derived their name from Median, said to be the son of Abraham and Ketura; and inhabited the country of Arabia Petræa. But that the whole nation was thus extirpated seems a little improbable, inasmuch as we find the Israelites enslaved by the Medianites in the sequel; a state of slavery from which they were delivered by Gideon.

† Josephus tells us, that the plain of Jericho was planted with the tree which produces the real balm of Gilead, whence the city took the name of Jericho, which signifies sweet odour. But none of those trees are now to be seen on this spot.

having previously devoted the inhabitants to destruction, they put them all to the sword, not even sparing the young women; and granted life to none but to a harlot named Rahab, who had assisted them in surprising the town.

It hath long been matter of dispute among the learned, whether the Jews offered human sacrifices to the Deity, like other nations; but this is merely a controversy about words. Those, it is true, whom they devoted to destruction, were not butchered upon the altar with all the parade of religious rites; but they were nevertheless sacrificed, without its being lawful to spare so much as a single person. In the twenty-ninth chapter of Leviticus, and twenty-seventh verse, the Mosaic law expressly forbids them to ransom those whom they had devoted to destruction: the words are, "Let them die the death." It was in consequence of this law that Jephtha vowed, and butchered his daughter; that Saul endeavoured to kill his son; and that Samuel the prophet hewed king Agag, Saul's prisoner, in pieces. Certain it is, God is the absolute master of the lives of his creatures; nor does it belong to us to examine his laws. It is our duty to believe these facts, and silently to reverence the designs of the Deity in permitting them.

It is likewise asked, what right could strangers, such as the Jews were, have to the land of Canaan? To which they answer, that they had that right which God gave them.

Hardly had they taken Jericho and Laish, when a civil war broke out among them, in which the tribe of Benjamin, men, women, and children, was almost intirely extirpated. Of

the whole, there only remained six hundred males; and, in order to prevent the total ruin of one of their tribes, they thought proper to destroy a whole town of the tribe of Manasseh with fire and sword, killing all the men, children, married women, and widows, and taking thence six hundred virgins, whom they gave to the six hundred surviving Benjaminites to repair their tribe, that so the number of their twelve tribes might be always complete.

Mean while the Phœnicians, a powerful people established in these quarters from time immemorial, being alarmed at the depredations and cruelties of these new-comers, chastised them frequently; and the neighbouring princes uniting against them, they were reduced to a state of servitude for upwards of two hundred years.

At last they made a king, and chose him by lot. This king could not possibly be powerful; for in the first battle which the Jews under his command fought with the Philistines, their masters, they had neither sword nor spear, nor a single weapon of iron. But David, their second king, makes war with more advantage and success. He takes the town of Salem*; is famous afterwards under the name of Jerusalem; and then the Jews begin to make some figure in the confines of Syria.

* It is supposed to have been founded by Melchisedec; to have been taken by the Jebusites, who possessed it till the time of Joshua, who reduced the city, and caused their King Adonizedec, with four princes his allies, to be put to death. After the death of Joshua they recovered it, and built the citadel of Sion, of which they were dispossessed by David.

From this time their religion and government assume a more august form. Hitherto they had had no temples; a convenience possessed by all the nations around them. Solomon built a very superb one, and reigned over this people for about forty years.

The reign of Solomon is not only the most flourishing period of the Jews, but all the kings of the earth together could not produce a treasure nearly equal to that of Solomon's. His father David, who was not even possessed of iron, left Solomon twenty-five thousand six hundred and forty-eight millions of French livres in ready money ||, according to the present computation. His fleets, which traded to Ophir, brought him annually sixty-eight millions in pure gold, not to mention silver and precious stones. He had forty thousand stables, as many coach-houses, twelve thousand stables for his cavalry, seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines. And yet he had neither wood nor workmen to build his palace and the temple: these he borrowed from Hiram, king of Tyre, who likewise furnished him with gold, in return for which Solomon gave Hiram twenty cities. The commentators acknowledge that these facts are dubious, and suspect that some error in the calculation must have escaped the transcribers; the only persons, it seems, that could possibly be mistaken.

|| The sum contributed by David and his princes towards the building of the temple, according to the value of the Mosaic talent, and the account given in the book of Chronicles, must have exceeded eight hundred millions sterling.

“ The twelve tribes, of which the nation consisted, were separated upon Solomon's death. The kingdom was torn in pieces, and divided into two petty provinces, the one called Judea, the other Israel; the latter containing nine tribes and a half, the former only two and a half. There reigned between these two nations a hatred, the more implacable as they were neighbours and relations, and professed a different form of religion; for at Sichem and Samaria they worshipped Baal, a word of Sidonian extraction; whereas at Jerusalem, Adonai was the object of their worship. At Sichem two calves were consecrated, and at Jerusalem two cherubims; the latter of which were two-winged animals, with two heads a-piece, and placed in the sanctuary. Thus each party, having their own kings, their own God, their own worship, and their own prophets, were perpetually engaged in a cruel war with one another.

During the course of this war, the kings of Assyria, who conquered the greatest part of Asia, fell upon the Jews, with the rapidity of an eagle darting down upon two fighting lizards. The nine tribes and a half, settled at Samaria and Sichem, were carried off, and dispersed beyond all possibility of return, and without its ever being distinctly known whither they were led into captivity.

As the distance from Samaria to Jerusalem is but twenty leagues, and their territories lie contiguous, when one of these towns was razed by the powerful conquerors, the other could not hold out long. Thus we find that Jerusalem was often sacked: it was tributary to
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the kings Hazael and Rezin; reduced to slavery by Teglathpalezer; thrice taken by Nebuchadnezzar, or Nebuchadonezer; and at last destroyed. Zedekiah, whom the conqueror had appointed king or governor, was carried captive, together with all his people, into Babylon; so that no Jews were left remaining in Palestine, except a few families of country slaves to sow the land.

With regard to the little country of Samaria and Sichem, which was more fertile than that of Jerusalem, it was repopled by colonies of strangers, who were sent thither by the kings of Assyria, and took the name of Samaritans.

The two tribes and a half, continuing in a state of slavery for seventy years together in Babylon, and the neighbouring towns, had thereby an opportunity of learning the customs of their masters, and of enriching their language by a proper mixture of the Chaldean tongue. From that time the Jews understood no other alphabet, or characters, than those of the Chaldeans; and it is an indisputable fact, that they even forgot the Hebrew dialect, substituting in its place from thenceforward the Chaldean tongue. Josephus, the historian, declares, that he wrote at first in the Chaldean tongue, which was the language of his country. It appears, that the Jews imbibed a small tincture of the sciences of the magi. They soon became bankers, brokers, and chapmen; by which means they rendered themselves necessary, as they still are, and acquired immense fortunes.

Their great riches enabled them to procure from Cyrus a permission to rebuild Jerusalem;

but when the time came, at which they were to have set out on their return home, those who had grown rich at Babylon did not chuse to quit such a beautiful country for the mountains of Celosyria, nor to abandon the fertile banks of the Tigris and Euphrates for the brook of Kidron. It was only the dregs and refuse of the nation that returned with Zorobabel. The Jews of Babylon contributed only by their charitable collections towards rebuilding the city and temple; and even these collections were very inconsiderable. Esdras says, that he could not make up in the whole above seventy thousand crowns for rebuilding that temple, which was to be the temple of the universe.

The Jews were still subject to the Persians, as they were likewise soon after to Alexander; and when that great man, the most excuseable of all conquerors, began, in the first years of his victorious reign, to build Alexandria, and to make it the center of commerce to the whole world, the Jews flocked thither to follow their trade of brokerage; and then it was that their rabbies acquired some knowledge of the learning of the Greeks, the language of which people was now become absolutely necessary to all the trading Jews.

After the death of Alexander, they continued in subjection to the kings of Syria in Jerusalem, and to the kings of Egypt in Alexandria; and when a war broke out between these monarchs, the Jews always underwent the common fate of subjects, and fell to the conqueror's share.

From the time of their Babylonish captivity, the governors of Jerusalem never assumed the
name

name of king. The administration of civil affairs was intrusted to the high priests, who were nominated by their masters. This dignity they sometimes purchased at a very high price, as is still done by the Greek patriarch of Constantinople.

Under Antiochus Epiphanes they raised a rebellion: the city was once more pillaged, and its walls laid level with the ground.

At length, after a train of the like disasters, they obtained from Antiochus Sidetes, for the first time, about one hundred and fifty years before the vulgar æra, the liberty of coining money. From this time their governors assumed the name of kings, and even wore a diadem. Antigonus was the first that was adorned with this ensign of royalty, which, after all, when stript of power, can confer but little honour.

The Romans now began to be formidable to the kings of Syria, who held the Jews in subjection; but these last gained the senate of Rome by their presents and submissive behaviour. The wars, which the Romans were waging in Asia Minor, seemed to promise a long respite to this unhappy people; but hardly had Jerusalem begun to enjoy the least degree of liberty, when it was rent by civil wars, and rendered much more miserable under its shadows of kings, than ever it had been in all the various kinds of slavery in which it had been involved.

The better to compose their intestine commotions, they chose the Romans for their umpires. Most of the kingdoms of Asia Minor, of the southern part of Africa, and of three

fourths of Europe, already acknowledged the Romans for their lords and sovereigns.

Pompey came into Syria to administer justice to the different nations, and to depose some petty tyrants. Being imposed upon by Aristobulus, who contended for the sovereignty of Jerusalem, he avenged himself both on him and his party. He took the city, hanged some of the most seditious, whether priests or Pharisees, and, long after that, condemned Aristobulus, the king of the Jews, to undergo a capital punishment.

The Jews, always wretched, always slaves, and always rebellious, drew upon them once more the Roman arms. Crassus and Cassius were sent to chastise them; and Metellus Scipio caused one Alexander, a son of king Aristobulus, and the author of all these disturbances, to be crucified.

Under Julius Cæsar they were perfectly quiet and peaceable. Herod, who hath since become famous among us, as well as among them, and was for a long time a simple tetrarch, purchased the crown of Judæa from Anthony at a very high price. But Jerusalem refused to acknowledge this new king, because he was descended from Esau, and not from Jacob, and was besides an Idumæan; and yet this circumstance of his being a stranger was the very thing that induced the Romans to chuse him, the better to curb this seditious people.

The Romans supported the king of their own nomination with an army; and Jerusalem was once more taken by assault, sacked, and pillaged.

Herod,

Herod, being afterwards supported by Augustus, became one of the most powerful princes among all the petty monarchs of Arabia. He repaired Jerusalem, and rebuilt the fortress that surrounded the temple, for which the Jews had so great a veneration. He even began to build the temple anew; but could not bring the work to perfection, for want of money and workmen. Hence it appears, that, after all, Herod was far from being rich; and that the Jews, though fond of their temple, were still fonder of their money.

The name of king was merely a favour granted by the Romans, and by no means a title of succession: for, soon after Herod's death, Judæa was reduced into the form of a lesser Roman province, and governed by the proconsul of Syria; though the title of king was sold, from time to time, for a round sum of money, sometimes to a Jew, and sometimes to one of another country; as it was to Agrippa the Jew, under the emperor Claudius.

Berenice, so famous for having engaged the affections of one of the best Roman emperors, was a daughter of Agrippa. This was the lady who, on account of the bad treatment which she suffered from her countrymen, drew upon Jerusalem the vengeance of the Roman arms. She demanded justice; but the factions in the city prevented her from obtaining her request. The seditious spirit of the people carried them into new excesses. Cruelty hath ever been their distinguishing characteristic, and severe and exemplary punishments their just lot.

This memorable siege, which ended in the destruction of the city, was conducted by Titus.

tus and Vespasian. It is alledged by Josephus, whose accounts indeed are mostly exaggerated, that in the course of this short war, a million of Jews and upwards, were put to the sword: no wonder that an author, who assigns fifteen thousand inhabitants to every little village, should kill a million of men! what remained of the people, were exposed in the public markets, and every Jew was sold for much the same price that is usually paid for the unclean animal which they dare not eat.

In this last disperſion, they ſtill hoped for a deliverer, and under the reign of Adrian, whom they curſed in their prayers, there aroſe one Barcoſhebas, who called himſelf a new Moſes, a Shilo, a Chriſt. A number of theſe unhappy wretches having crowded to his ſtandard, which they believed to be ſacred, were entirely deſtroyed, together with their leader; and this gave a finiſhing ſtroke to the fortunes of that nation, from which it was never afterwards able to recover. The only thing that hath preſerved them from utter deſtruction is their prevailing opinion, that barrenneſs is a diſgrace. There are two duties which the Jews conſider as the moſt indiſpenſable of all others, namely, the getting of money and children.

From this ſhort ſketch, it appears that the Jews have always been either fugitives, or free-booters, or ſlaves, or rebels. At this very day they are vagabonds in the earth, and deſteſted by the reſt of mankind; confident as they are, that the heaven and the earth and all its inhabitants were created for them alone.

It is evident, as well from the ſituation of Judea, as from the genius of the people, that they

they must ever have been in a state of subjection. Surrounded as they were, by strong and warlike nations, which they abhorred, they could neither enter into an alliance with them, nor receive any protection from them. They could not possibly defend themselves by a naval force, having soon lost the harbour, which in Solomon's time they had in the Red Sea; and Solomon himself having always employed Tyrians to build and navigate his ships, as well as to raise the temple, and his own palace. Hence too it appears that the Hebrews were strangers to industry, and could never compose a flourishing nation. They had no regular troops, as the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, the Syrians and the Romans had. Their artists and peasants took to arms upon pressing emergencies, and of consequence could never form a body of brave and warlike troops. Their mountains, or to speak more properly, their rocks, were neither sufficiently high nor sufficiently contiguous to defend the entry into their country. The greatest part of the nation being transported to Babylon, to Persia, or the Indies, or settled in Alexandria, were too closely engaged in trade and brokerage to think of war. Their civil government, whether republican, pontifical, monarchical, or reduced, as it often was, to a state of anarchy, was as imperfect as their military discipline.

You ask me what was the philosophy of the Hebrews. My answer shall be very short; they had no philosophy at all. Their legislator does not so much as mention the immortality of the soul, nor a future state of rewards and punishments. * Josephus and Philo Judeus believe that

souls are material. Their doctors admit of corporeal angels; and during their abode at Babylon, they gave these angels the same names which the Chaldeans gave them; such as Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel. The word *satan* is of Babylonish extraction, and is much the same with the *Aremanes* of Zoroaster. The name *Asmodeus* too is a Chaldean word; and *Tobias*, who lived at Nineveh, is the first that used it. It was not till a long time after this that the Pharisees broached the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The Sadducees always denied the spirituality and immortality of the soul, as also the existence of angels; and yet the Sadducees always communicated with the Pharisees: there were even some high priests of the former sect. This difference of opinions in these two great bodies was not productive of any disturbances. During the latter years of their abode at Jerusalem, the Jews were only attached to their ceremonial law. The man who should have tasted of pudding or rabbit, would have been stoned; but he that denied the immortality of the soul, might attain to the dignity of high priest.

It is commonly supposed, that the hatred which the Jews bore to all other nations, was owing to their detestation of idolatry; but it is more probable that it proceeded from the barbarous manner in which they extirpated some colonies of the Canaanites, and the indignation which the neighbouring nations must of course have conceived against them. As they did not know of any other nations but such as bordered on their own country, they imagined that in hating these they hated the whole earth, and thus

thus accustomed themselves to become the general enemies of mankind.

To be convinced that the idolatry of the neighbouring nations was not the true cause of their hatred, we need only consult the history of the Jews, where we shall see that they themselves were frequently idolaters. Solomon sacrificed to strange gods; nor can we hardly find one king after him, that did not permit the worship of their gods, and offer them incense. The province of Israel preserved its two calves and sacred groves, or adored other deities.

This idolatry, of which the Heathens are commonly accused, is a subject but little understood. Perhaps it would be no difficult matter to clear the theology of the ancients from this aspersions. All civilized nations have ever had a knowledge of one supreme being, the sovereign lord of gods and men. The Egyptians themselves acknowledged a first principle, which they called Knef, and to which every thing besides was subordinate. The ancient Persians adored the good principle Oromasdes, and were very far from sacrificing to the bad principle Arimanes, whom they considered in much the same light as we do the devil. The ancient Brachmans acknowledged one supreme being. The Chinese never joined any inferior being with the Deity, nor had they any idol till the worship of Fohi, and the superstition of the bonzees corrupted the minds of the people. The Greeks and Romans, notwithstanding the great number of their gods, acknowledged Jupiter as the absolute sovereign of heaven and earth: nor does Homer him-
self,

self, even in his most absurd poetical fictions, so much as once deviate from this truth. He always represents Jupiter as the only omnipotent being, who sends good and evil upon the earth, and who by a single motion of his eyebrows makes both gods and men to tremble. It is true they raised altars and offered sacrifices to other gods; but then they always considered them as of an inferior order, and dependant on the supreme being. There is not a single instance, in all the records of antiquity, where the name of the sovereign of heaven and earth is given to an inferior deity, such as to Mercury, Apollo, or Mars. The thunder hath ever been an attribute of the supreme lord of all.

The notion of a supreme being, and of his providence and eternal decrees, is to be found in the works of all the poets and philosophers. In a word, it would perhaps be as unreasonable to suppose that the ancients equalled their heroes, their genii and inferior deities to that being whom they called the father and sovereign of the gods, as it would be to imagine that we considered saints and angels as equal to the deity.

You further ask me whether the ancient philosophers and legislators derived their knowledge from the Jews, or the Jews from them. For an answer to this question we must consult Philo Judeas, who owns that before the septuagint translation of the bible, the books of the Jewish nation were entirely unknown to foreigners. Besides, it can hardly be supposed that great and mighty nations should borrow
their

their laws and knowledge from a handful of obscure slaves. Add to this, that the Jews had no books in the time of Hoziah. Under his reign the only remaining copy of the law was found by accident. From the time of the Babylonish captivity, they understood no alphabet but that of the Chaldeans. They were not famous for any art or manufacture; and even in the time of Solomon they were obliged to hire foreign workmen at a high price. To suppose that the Egyptians, the Greeks, and Persians, derived their knowledge from the Jews, is to suppose that the Romans learned their arts and sciences from the Low Britons. The Jews were utterly unacquainted with natural philosophy, geometry, and astronomy. Far from having any public schools for the education of youth, they have not so much as a word to express that institution. The inhabitants of Mexico and Peru regulated their year with much greater exactness than the Jews. Their abode at Babylon and Alexandria, where some of them might have been supposed to have acquired a little learning, contributed only to improve them in the practice of usury. They never understood the art of coining money; even when they had obtained a permission for that purpose from Antiochus Sidetes, it was four or five years before they could avail themselves of it; and after all it is alledged that the money was coined at Samaria. Hence it is that Jewish medals are so rare, and that most of them are spurious. In a word, after the most exact scrutiny, you will find the Jews to be an ignorant and barbarous people, who have
long

long joined the most sordid avarice to most abominable superstition, and to an implacable hatred of all other nations, among which, however, they are allowed to reside, and to acquire immense fortunes. "And yet we do not think they should be committed to the flames."

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OF

CONSTANTINE and JULIAN.

OF all the ages that succeeded the reign of Augustus, that of Constantine is the most remarkable. The mighty innovations which he introduced into the world, will render his name famous to the latest posterity. He began, it is true, by reviving the spirit of barbarity. Not only were there no Ciceros, no Horaces, no Virgils to be found in his reign; there were not even any Lycans or Senecas; not one judicious or faithful historian; nothing was to be seen but suspected satires, or more dangerous panegyrics.

The Christians began about this time to write history; but took neither Livy nor Thucydides for their model. The professors of the ancient religion of the empire wrote with as little elegance of style, and as little regard to truth. The two parties, inflamed with mutual rancour, loaded each other with the grossest and most undistinguishing abuse; and hence it is that we find the same man sometimes exalted into a God, and sometimes degraded into a devil.

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The Romans began visibly to decline in all the polite sciences, and even in the lowest mechanic arts, as well as in virtue and eloquence, after the reign of Marcus Aurelius. He was the last emperor of the Stoic sect; a sect that raises man above himself, by making him severe to his own failings, and compassionate towards the failings of others. After the death of this truly philosophic emperor, all was tyranny and confusion. The soldiers frequently disposed of the imperial crown. The senate fell into such contempt, that in the time of Galien a law was enacted expressly prohibiting the senators from following a military life. We find at one and the same time no less than thirty leading men, each at the head of a party, assuming the title of emperor, in thirty different provinces. About the middle of the third century, the barbarians poured in from all quarters upon the empire, which was already torn in pieces by intestine broils, and which, nevertheless, maintained itself for some time by the mere force of its military discipline.

During these commotions christianity gained ground by degrees, especially in Egypt and Syria, and on the borders of Asia Minor. The Romans admitted of all kinds of religion, as well as of all sorts of philosophical sects. They permitted the worship of Osiris; and, notwithstanding their frequent revolts, they even granted the Jews some very considerable privileges. But the people in the provinces rose against the Christians, who were likewise persecuted by the magistrates; and even imperial edicts were frequently published against them. Nor ought we to wonder that christianity was held

in such general detestation, whilst so many other kinds of religion were tolerated. The Egyptians, the Jews, and the votaries of the Syrian goddess, and of such a multiplicity of other strange gods, never declared open war against the gods of the empire, nor ever exclaimed against the prevailing religion; but one of the first duties of a christian was to extirpate the established religion of the empire. The heathen priests complained loudly of the great diminution of sacrifices and offerings; and the people, always headstrong and fanatical, rose against the Christians, who were nevertheless protected by several emperors. Adrian forbade the Romans to molest them on any account. Marcus Aurelius gave strict orders that they should not be persecuted on the score of religion. Caracalla, Heliogabalus, Alexander, Philip, and Galien, allowed them an entire liberty of conscience. In the third century they had public churches, which were very magnificent, and crowded with hearers; and so great was the liberty they enjoyed, that they held no less than sixteen councils in the course of this century. The road to posts of honour being shut against the first Christians, who were mostly of an obscure extraction, they applied themselves to commerce, and by that means acquired immense fortunes. This hath ever been the resource of all those sectaries who are disqualified for enjoying any post in the state; such as the Calvinists in France, the Non-conformists in England, the Catholics in Holland, the Armenians in Persia, the Baniens in India, and the Jews in every part of the globe. At last the toleration became unlimited,

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limited, and the spirit of the government grew so gentle, that the Christians were admitted to all kind of honours and dignities. They did not sacrifice to the gods of the empire: the Romans never concerned themselves whether they went to the temples or not; they allowed every one a full liberty of conscience with regard to religious duties, and no body was obliged to perform them. The Christians enjoyed the same liberty with others; and so true is it, that they attained to posts of honour, that in 303, we find Dioclesian and Galerius depriving them of this advantage in that persecution, which we shall have occasion to mention in the sequel.

We ought to adore the divine providence in all its ways; but according to your orders, I confine myself to political history.

One Manes*, in the reign of Probus, and about the year 278, broached a new religion in Alexandria. This sect was composed of the ancient principles of the Persians, and of some doctrines of Christianity. Probus and his successor Carus, let Manes and the Christians live in peace. Numerien gave them a full liberty of conscience. Dioclesian protected the Christians, and tolerated the Manichæans for twelve

* His first name was Curbicus, and his rank in life that of a slave to a widow, by whom he was adopted. At her death he assumed the name of Manes, pretended to be an apostle of Jesus Christ, and even the Holy Ghost. He taught the good and evil principles of the magi, and the transmigration of souls: he denied the resurrection, and forbade marriage. In a word, his doctrines are composed of a great number of absurdities, borrowed from the religion of the Jews, Persians, and other pagans.

years; but in 296 he issued out an edict against the Manichæans, and banished them as enemies to the empire, and friends to the Persians. The Christians were not comprehended in this edict, but continued to live in peace under Dioclesian, and to make open profession of their religion in every part of the empire, till the two last years of that prince's reign.

In order to finish the picture which you desire me to draw, I must here beg leave to give you a short account of the state of the Roman empire at this period. Notwithstanding the violent shocks which it had lately sustained, as well from internal commotions, as from the incursions of the barbarians, it still comprehended all that is now possessed by the grand signor, except Arabia, all the German dominions of the house of Austria; and indeed all the provinces of Germany as far as the Elbe. It likewise contained Italy, France, Spain, England, half of Scotland, all Africa, to the desert of Dara, and even the Canary isles. And yet these extensive and widely distant countries were all held in subjection by an army not near so considerable as what France or Germany, when engaged in war, usually send into the field.

This mighty empire continued to gather strength; and even an increase of territory from the time of Cæsar, to that of Theodosius, as well by its laws, its policy, and acts of generosity, as by the force of its arms and the terror of its name. It is still matter of great surprise, that not one of the many nations that were conquered by the Romans, hath ever been able, since the recovery of their liberty, either

to make such large and spacious roads, or to build such magnificent amphitheatres and public baths as were left them by their conquerors. Countries now almost reduced to deserts, and over-run with barbarity, were then populous, and blessed with a regular government; such as Epirus, Macedonia, Thessalia, Illyria, Pannonia, and especially Asia Minor, and the borders of Africa. It must be owned indeed that Germany, France, and England, were far from being then what they are at present. These three countries seemed to have gained most by the recovery of their liberty; and yet it has required near twelve countries to put them into the flourishing condition in which they now are. But with regard to all the rest, it must be acknowledged that they have lost greatly by changing their laws and masters. The ruins of Asia Minor and of Greece, the scanty number of inhabitants that is now to be found in Egypt, and the barbarity that overspreads Africa, are standing monuments of the Roman grandeur. The many flourishing towns with which these countries were once covered, are now changed into wretched villages; and even the very soil has grown barren under the hands of its stupid and brutish inhabitants.

But I must now endeavour to give you a few remarks on the reign of Dioclesian, who was one of the most powerful emperors that ever swayed the Roman scepter, and has been the subject of much panegyrick, and of much satire.

OF DIOCLESIAN.

AFTER several weak or tyrannical reigns, Rome at last found a good emperor in Probus, who was nevertheless murdered by the legions. They chose in his place one Carus, who was killed by a thunderbolt not far from the Tigris, as he was making war upon the Persians. His son Numerian was immediately proclaimed by the soldiers. Historians tell us, and with an air of great gravity too, that this youth deplored the death of his father with such floods of tears as almost deprived him of his sight; and that in making a campaign he was ever after obliged to be surrounded with four curtains. He was killed in his bed by his father-in-law Aper, who ascended the throne in his place. But a Gaulish druid having foretold that Dioclesian, one of the generals of the army, should become emperor immediately after having killed a wild boar, which in Latin is called Aper, that general assembled the army, killed Aper with his own hand, in presence of the soldiers, and thus accomplished the druid's prediction. The historians who relate this oracle as an undoubted fact, deserve to be fed with the fruit of the tree which the druids so greatly revere*. Certain it is, Dioclesian killed the emperor's father-in-law; and this it seems was his first title to the throne. The second was, that Numerian had a brother called Carinus, who was likewise emperor, and who having opposed the elevation of Dioclesian,

* That is acorns.

was killed by one of his own military tribunes. Such were the claims which Dioclesian had to the crown; and for a long time indeed no other were regarded.

He was a native of Dalmatia, and born in the little town of Dioclæa, from which he took his name. If what is alledged be true, that his father was a common labourer, and that he himself in his youth was the slave of a certain senator, called Anulinus, it is the highest compliment that can be paid to his memory, inasmuch as he must have owed his elevation entirely to his own merit; for it is evident that he gained the esteem, and conciliated the affections of the soldiers to such a degree, as to make them forget his birth, and raise him to the throne. Lactantius, a christian author, but a little too partial, pretends to affirm that Dioclesian was the greatest coward in the empire. But it is extremely improbable, that the Roman soldiers should chuse a coward for their emperor, and that this coward should have passed through all the different ranks of the army. Lactantius, no doubt, is much to be commended for his pious zeal against a heathen emperor, though it were to be wished that he had been a little more prudent in his manner of expressing it.

He kept these fierce soldiers, who made and unmade their emperors with equal ease, in a state of order and subjection for twenty years; which is another proof, notwithstanding all that Lactantius hath said to the contrary, that he was as great a prince as he was a brave soldier. Under his government the empire soon recovered its former splendour. The Gauls,
the

the Africans, the Egyptians, and the English, who severally revolted, were all reduced to their former allegiance to the Roman empire; and the Persians were entirely subdued. Such a constant course of success abroad, and a more happy administration at home; laws equally humane and wise, as may still be seen in the Justinian code; Rome, Milan, Autun, Nicomedia, and Carthage, embellished by his munificence, all conspired to procure him the love and esteem of both the eastern and western parts of the empire; so that two hundred and forty years after his death, the first year of his reign was considered as the common æra, in the same manner as the foundation of Rome had formerly been. This is what is usually called the æra of Dioclesian. Some affect to call it the æra of the martyrs: but that is an error of at least eighteen years; for it is indisputably certain that Dioclesian did not persecute a single Christian for the first eighteen years of his reign. On the contrary, one of the first things he did, after ascending the throne, was to grant a company of the pretorian guards to a Christian, called Sebastian, who is likewise to be found in the catalogue of saints.

He was not afraid to admit a colleague on the throne, in the person of a soldier of fortune like himself. This was a friend of his own, one Maximilianus Hercules. The similarity of their fortunes was the foundation of their friendship. Maximilianus Hercules was born of mean and poor parents, and like Dioclesian, had raised himself by his courage. Some people have found fault with Maximilianus for as-

assuming the surname of Hercules, and with Dioclesian for taking that of Jovius*; not remembering that we every day see clergymen of the name of Hercules, and citizens who are called Cæsar or Augustus.

Dioclesian created two Cæsars more. The first was another Maximilianus, surnamed Galerius, who had originally been a shepherd. One would think that Dioclesian, the most haughty and supercilious man in the world, and the first that introduced the custom of kissing the emperor's feet, took a pride in filling the throne of the Cæsars with men of the meanest extraction. A slave and two peasants were now at the head of the empire, which, notwithstanding, was never in a more flourishing condition.

The second Cæsar he created was a person of illustrious birth, being by his mother the grand-nephew of the emperor Claudius II. his name Constantius Chlorus. By these four princes was the empire governed. This association might have produced four civil wars in the space of one year; but Dioclesian knew so well how to overawe his colleagues, that he always obliged them to pay him a proper respect, and to live in harmony among themselves. These princes, though dignified with the lofty title of Cæsars, were in reality no more than his prime ministers. We even find him treating them with all the authority of an absolute sovereign; for when Cæsar Galerius, who had been beat by the Persians, came to Mesopotamia to

* Jovius was no more than a Latin translation of his Greek name Diocles.

give him an account of his defeat, he left him to walk for a mile together by the side of his chariot, and did not receive him into favour, till he had repaired his fault and retrieved his misfortune.

This Galerius had the good fortune to do in the succeeding year 297, in a very signal manner. He beat the king of Persia in person. These kings of Persia had never since the battle of Arbella, been cured of the folly of bringing their wives, their daughters, and eunuchs to the field. Galerius took the king of Persia's wife and family, as Alexander had done before, and treated them with the same respect. The peace was as glorious as the victory. The Persians ceded five provinces to the Romans, extending from the sandy deserts of Palmyra to Armenia.

Dioclesian and Galerius went to Rome to exhibit a new kind of triumph. This was the first time that ever the Romans had seen the wife and children of a Persian monarch in chains. The empire enjoyed peace and plenty. Dioclesian visited all the provinces, and went from Rome to Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. His usual residence was not at Rome, but at Nicomedia, near the Euxine sea; whether it was that he had chosen this place the more narrowly to watch the motions of the Persians and Barbarians, or from an attachment to a retreat which he himself had embellished.

It was in the midst of these successes that Galerius began to persecute the Christians. Why had they been allowed to live in peace so long? and why were they now persecuted? Eusebius says, that one Marcellus a centurion

of Trajan's legion, which was then in Mauritania, happening to assist with his company at a feast that was given on account of the victory obtained by Galerius, threw down his military belt, his arms, and his bundle of vine-branches, which was the badge of his office, saying aloud that he was a Christian, and that he would serve Pagans no longer. The deserter was capitally punished by a council of war; and this is the first avowed instance of that famous persecution. Certain it is, there were many Christians in the Roman army; and the interest of the state required that such a public desertion should not pass unpunished. Marcellus's zeal, no doubt, was extremely pious; but unhappily it was far from being reasonable. If in this feast, which was given in Mauritania, the guests eat any kinds of meat that had been offered to heathen gods, the law did not command Marcellus to partake with them; but neither surely did christianity command him to give an example of sedition; and there is no country in the world where such an inexcusable action would not be severely punished.

Nevertheless, after this adventure of Marcellus, it does not appear that the Christians underwent any fresh persecution till the year 303. At Nicomedia they had a superb cathedral, opposite the palace, and even higher than it. Historians do not inform us why Galerius demanded of Dioclesian the instant demolition of this church; but they tell us that Dioclesian was a long time in coming to a resolution; and that it was almost a year before he would give his consent. After this, is it not somewhat strange

strange that Dioclesian should be called a persecutor? at last in 303 the church was demolished, and an edict published, depriving the Christians of all marks of honour, and of all places of trust. From the very circumstance of their being deprived of these, it is evident that they once possessed them. Some Christian or other was so foolish as to pull down the imperial edict from the post to which it was affixed, and publicly tear it in pieces. This surely could not proceed from a principle of religion; but from a spirit of rebellion. Hence it is probable that an indiscreet zeal, and which, in the language of scripture, was not according to knowledge, occasioned this fatal persecution. Some time after, the palace of Galerius was burnt; Galerius accused the Christians of having set fire to it; and they, in their turn, accused him of having done it himself in order to find a pretext for blackening their character. The accusation which Galerius brings against the Christians seems to be unjust; that which they bring against him is no less so; for the edict being already published, what need had he of a new pretext? If, in fact, he wanted new arguments to engage Dioclesian in a persecution, that would only be a fresh proof of Dioclesian's aversion to abandon the Christians, whom he had always protected; as it would plainly shew that new motives were necessary to push him on to violent measures.

It cannot be denied that there were many Christians put to the torture in the empire; but we can hardly reconcile with the lenity of the Roman laws all those exquisite torments and mutilations, those plucked out tongues,

those mangled and broiled limbs, and those public insults upon modesty, inconsistent with common decency, which we every where read of. No Roman law ever enjoined such punishments. The populace indeed, from their hatred to the Christians, might possibly be carried to the commission of some shocking cruelties; but we do not find that these cruelties had the sanction either of the emperor or the senate.

The just grief of the Christians probably vented itself in exaggerated complaints. The *Acta Sincera* inform us, that when the emperor was at Antioch, the pretor condemned to the flames a Christian child called Romain; and that the Jews, who were present at the execution, wickedly fell a laughing, and said, "We had once three children, Shadrech, Mefech, and Abednego, who were not burnt though cast into the fiery furnace; but these christians burn fast enough." But, to the utter confusion of the Jews, a heavy shower of rain fell at that very instant, and extinguished the pile, and the boy came out of it, saying, "where then is the fire?" The *Acta Sincera* add, that the emperor gave him his life; but that the judge ordered his tongue to be cut out. But is it credible that a judge should cut out the tongue of a boy to whom the emperor had granted a pardon?

But what follows is still more surprising. 'Tis pretended, that an old christian physician, called Ariston, who happened to be present with his anatomical knife, cut out the boy's tongue, in order to make his court to the pretor. Little Romain was immediately sent to prison, and

the jailer asked him the news. The child gave him a long account of the manner in which the old physician had cut out his tongue. It must be observed, that, before the operation, the boy stammered greatly in his speech; but that he now spoke with surprising volubility. The jailer did not fail to acquaint the emperor with this miracle. The old physician was sent for, and examined: he swore that he had performed the operation according to the rules of art, and shewed them the child's tongue, which he had kept in a box as a sacred relick. "Give me the first man that comes in, says he: I will cut out his tongue in your majesty's presence, and then you shall see whether or not he can speak." The proposal was accepted, and a poor man pitched upon for the purpose. The physician cut out as much of his tongue as he had done of the boys, and the man expired in an instant.

I am willing to believe that the Acts which relate this fact, are as sincere as their title imports; but surely they are more simple than sincere: and it is strange that Fleury, in his Ecclesiastical History, should relate such a prodigious number of the like facts, which are more apt to occasion scandal than to promote edification.

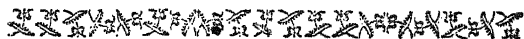
You must further observe, that in 303, when it is alledged that Dioclesian was present at this pretty adventure, he was actually at Rome, and spent the whole year in Italy. It is pretended that it was at Rome, and even in the emperor's presence, that St. Genestus, the comedian, was converted on the stage, as he was playing a comedy against the Christians. This

comedy plainly shews, that the taste of Plautus and Terence was then extinct. What is now called comedy, or Italian farce, seem to have taken its rise in those times. St. Genestus acted a sick person. The physician asked him what was his disease. "I feel myself too heavy," says Genestus. "Would you chuse to be pared a little," says the physician, "to make you more light?" "No," replies Genestus; "but I will die a Christian, that so I may be raised with a handsome shape." Upon which the actors, dressed like priests and conjurers, came to baptize him. At that instant Genestus became a Christian; and, instead of finishing his part, began to preach to the emperor and the people. This miracle is likewise contained in the *Acta Sincera*.

Certain it is, there were many real martyrs; but it is equally certain, that the provinces were not deluged with blood, as is commonly supposed. Mention is made of about two hundred martyrs that suffered in the whole extent of the Roman empire, during the last years of Dioclesian's reign; and it appears, even from the letters of Constantine himself, that Dioclesian had a less share in this persecution than Galerius*.

* Nevertheless he is said to have entered so eagerly into the spirit of this persecution, that he caused trophies to be erected, with inscriptions (some of them still extant in Spain) importing, that he had extended the Roman empire both in the East and West, extinguished the name of the Christians, who had embroiled the republic, abolished their superstition over all the earth, and augmented the worship of the gods.

Dioclesian fell sick in the course of this year, and, finding his strength impaired, was the first that gave the world an example of abdicating an empire; though it is hard to say whether this abdication was voluntary or forced. What is certain is, that, having recovered his health, he lived nine years after, equally honoured and undisturbed, in his country-house at Salona, the place of his birth. He was wont to say, that he had never begun to live till the day of his retirement; and, when pressed to remount the throne, he declared, that it was not worth the tranquillity he now enjoyed; and that he took more pleasure in cultivating his garden, than he had ever done in governing the world. What is the natural inference from all these facts? Is it not that, notwithstanding his many failings, he reigned like a great emperor, and died like a philosopher?



OF CONSTANTINE.

AT present I do not mean to speak of that confusion which overspread the empire, after the abdication of Dioclesian. Upon his death, there were no less than six emperors at once. Constantine triumphed over them all; changed the religion of the empire; and was the author not only of that grand revolution, but likewise of all the other innovations that have since taken place in the West. You want to know his real character. Ask it of

Julian, of Zozimus, of Sozomenus, and of Victor. They will tell you, that, at first, he was a great prince; afterwards a public robber; and, last of all, a voluptuary, a debauchee, and a prodigal. They will paint him as an ambitious, cruel, and blood-thirsty tyrant. But ask it, on the other hand, of Eusebius, of Gregory of Nazianze, and of Lactantius, and they will tell you, that he was a man possessed of every virtue. Between these two extremes, how shall we discover the truth? By well-vouched facts, and by these alone. He had a father-in-law; him he obliged to hang himself. He had a brother-in-law; him he strangled. He had a nephew, of twelve or thirteen years of age; his throat he cut. He had a son and heir; his head he took off. He had a wife; and her he stifled in a bath †. An old French author says, “that he loved to make a clean house.”

If to these domestic crimes you add, that happening to be one day hunting a band of Franks that inhabited the banks of the Rhine, and having taken their kings, who were probably of the family of our Pharamond and Clodion the Hairy, he exposed them to wild beasts for his diversion; you may then safely conclude, that he was not the most humane and polite man in the world.

Let us now take a cursory view of the principal events of his reign. His father, Constantius Chlorus, was in England, where he had borne the title of emperor for a few months.

† We have, in another place, made some remarks on this heavy charge.

Constantine was at Nicomedia with the emperor Galerius, from whom he asked leave to go and visit his father, who was sick. Galerius granted his request; and Constantine set out on the post-horses of the empire, which were called Veredarii. It was no less dangerous, it seems, to be a post-horse than to be a member of Constantine's family; for the moment he had finished his journey, he caused all the horses to be hamstringed, for fear that Galerius should revoke his permission, and order him to return to Nicomedia. Finding his father on his death-bed, he procured himself to be declared emperor by the few Roman troops that were then in England.

A Roman emperor chosen at York, by five or six thousand men, could not possibly be recognized at Rome as lawfully elected: he wanted, at least, the formula of *senatus populusque Romanus*. The senate, the people, and the pretorian guards, unanimously fixed their choice upon Maxentius, son to Cæsar Maximilianus Hercules, himself already a Cæsar, and brother of that Fausta whom Constantine had married, and afterwards put to death. This Maxentius is called a tyrant and usurper by our historians, who are always sure to side with the strongest party. He protected the heathen religion, in opposition to Constantine, who already began to declare for the Christians. A heathen, and vanquished! how could he fail to be reckoned an abominable wretch?

Eusebius tells us, that when Constantine was going to Rome to attack Maxentius, both he and the whole army saw in the clouds the large standard of the emperors, called Labarum, mounted

mounted with a large Greek R, with a St. Andrew's Cross, and two Greek words, the meaning of which was, "By this you shall conquer." Some authors alledge, that this sign appeared at Besançon; others say that it was at Cologne; some at Treves, and others at Troye. Strange! that heaven should explain itself in Greek in all these different countries. It would have been more natural, at least in the judgment of short-sighted mortals, for this sign to have made its appearance in Italy on the day of battle; but then the inscription must have been in Latin. A learned antiquary, of the name of Laifel, hath refuted the authenticity of this phenomenon; in consequence of which he hath been branded with the appellation of an infidel.

After the victory which Constantine obtained, the senate were not backward in adoring the conqueror, and execrating the memory of the conquered. They immediately stripped the triumphal arch of Marcus Aurelius to adorn that of Constantine, to whom they likewise erected a golden statue; an honour which, before that time, had never been paid to any but the gods. This he received, notwithstanding the Labarum; as also the title of high priest, which he retained all his life. His first care, according to Nazairus and Zozimus, was to extirpate the whole race of the tyrant, together with his principal friends; after which he assisted, with great humanity, at the spectacles and public games.

The old Dioclesian was then dying in his retreat at Salona. Constantine need not have been in such a hurry to demolish his statue at Rome.

Rome. He might have remembered, if he pleased, that this emperor had been his father's benefactor, and had even been the means of raising him to the throne. Having thus vanquished Maxentius, his next business was to get rid of Licinius, his brother-in-law, who was dignified with the title of Augustus as well as himself; and Licinius, on his part, resolved to make away with Constantine, if he possibly could. But, as their quarrels were not yet come to an open rupture, they granted, conjointly, at Milan, in 313, the famous edict of liberty of conscience. "We give every man," say they, "a liberty of following whatever religion he pleases, that so we may draw down the blessing of heaven upon us and our subjects: and we declare, that we have granted the Christians a free and full permission of professing their religion, provided that every other person shall enjoy the same privileges, that so the peace of our reign may not be disturbed."

Constantine was not as yet a Christian, any more than his colleague Licinius. He had still another emperor or tyrant to destroy, one Maximinus, a determined pagan. Licinius fought Maximinus before he attacked Constantine. Heaven was still more propitious to him, than it had ever been to Constantine himself. The latter had only the appearance of a standard; the former had that of an angel. This angel taught him a prayer, by virtue of which he must undoubtedly conquer the barbarian Maximinus. Licinius put the prayer in writing, recited it three times to his army, and obtained a complete victory. Had this Licinius, brother-in-law to Constantine, enjoyed
a hap-

a happy reign, we should have heard of nothing but his angel; but Constantine having caused him to be hanged, cut the throat of his young son, and rendered himself an absolute sovereign, we now hear of nothing but of Constantine's Labarum.

It is commonly believed that he put his eldest son Crispus, and his wife Fausta, to death, the same year that he assembled the council of Nice. Zozimus and Sozomenus pretend, that when the heathen priests told him that his crimes were inexpiable, he immediately made open profession of Christianity, and demolished several temples in the East. It is not likely that the heathen priests would neglect such a favourable opportunity of bringing back to their party the high priest, by whom they had been abandoned: and yet there might possibly be amongst them some rigid fanatics; for such are every where to be found. But, what is still more surprising, Constantine the Christian underwent no penance for his parricides. It was at Rome that he committed these barbarous crimes, and from that time he could never endure to reside in it: he therefore left it intirely, and went to build the city of Constantinople. How can he presume to say, as he does in one of his rescripts, that he transferred the seat of the empire to Constantinople by the express orders of God? Is not this at once to mock the Deity, and to insult the common sense of mankind? Had God given him any orders, would it not have been not to assassinate his wife and son?

Dioclesian had set the example of transferring the seat of the empire towards the borders

ders of Asia. The Romans, enslaved and degenerated as they already were, could not endure the pride, the despotism, and the effeminacy of the Asiatics. The emperors would never have dared to introduce the custom of making their subjects kiss their feet at Rome, nor to fill their palaces with crowds of eunuchs. Dioclesian began at Nicomedia to put the Roman court upon the same footing with that of the Persian monarchs; and Constantine accomplished the pernicious scheme at Constantinople. From that time Rome lost her ancient spirit, and gradually fell into decay; and thus Constantine gave the most fatal blow that ever was given to the Roman empire.

Of all the emperors, he was certainly the most despotic. Augustus had left the Romans, at least, the shadow of liberty. Tiberius, and even Nero himself, had cajoled the senate and the people. But Constantine was above condescending to these political arts. By disbanding, immediately upon his elevation to the throne, the brave pretorian soldiers, who considered themselves as masters of the Roman emperors, he established his authority upon a solid foundation. He made an intire separation between the sword and the gown. The depositaries of the laws, now crushed by the military power, were, at best, but enslaved lawyers. The Roman provinces were governed on a new plan*. The great aim of Constantine

was

* The empire was divided into four general governments, each under the authority of a *praefectus praetorii*; though he had no power over the troops, the command of which was given to provincial generals, who had under them

was to be absolute in every thing ; and, in fact, he was so both in church and state. We see him convoking and opening the council of Nice ; entering amidst the fathers, covered with jewels and adorned with a diadem ; taking the first place, and banishing indiscriminately one while Arius, and at another St. Athanasius. He put himself at the head of Christianity, without being a Christian ; for, in those times, none but such as were baptized were distinguished by that appellation ; so that, in effect, Constantine was only a catechumen. Even the custom of waiting the approach of death, in order to be dipt in the water of regeneration, began to be discontinued by some individuals. If Constantine imagined, that, by deferring his baptism, he might commit all manner of crimes with impunity, in hopes of obtaining a full pardon at last, it was very unlucky for the rest of the world, that such an opinion should have been put into the head of a man so powerful and despotic.

them counts and dukes. Each general government was subdivided into dioceses, the governors of which were stiled vicars of the *prefecti prætorii* ; and every diocese was composed of several petty provinces, ruled by consulars, presidents, or correctors. This subdivision had been first made by Dioclesian.

OF JULIAN.

LET us suppose, for a moment, that Julian abandoned the heathen for the christian religion. Let us next consider him as a man, a philosopher, and an emperor; and then let us try if we can find a prince of a more excellent character. Within these few years his name was never mentioned without the epithet of Apostate; and it is, perhaps, one of the greatest efforts of reason, that we have at length ceased to distinguish him by that opprobrious appellation. The study of the liberal arts has inspired the learned with the spirit of toleration. Who would believe, that, in one of the numbers of the Paris Mercury in 1741, the author should severely censure a public writer, for being so much wanting to common decency as to call this emperor "Julian the Apostate." Had any one, an hundred years ago, refused to call him an apostate, he himself would have been sure to incur the imputation of atheism.

What is equally certain and surprising is, that if you lay aside the consideration of his unhappy change, and neither follow him to the christian churches, nor the pagan temples; but observe him narrowly in his house, in the camp, in battle, in his manners, his conduct, and writings; you will find him equal, in every respect, to Marcus Aurelius. And hence, perhaps, you may be convinced that this man, who is commonly represented as an abominable wretch, is nevertheless the first, or, at least, the

the second of mankind. Always sober, and always temperate; keeping no mistresses; lying upon a bear's skin, and in that simple couch giving but a few hours to sleep; dividing his time between study and business; generous, friendly, and modest: had he been a private man, he would have been the object of universal admiration.

If we consider him as a hero, we shall find him always at the head of his troops, re-establishing military discipline without severity, and equally beloved and respected by his soldiers; leading his armies almost always on foot, and sharing with them in all their dangers; successful in all his expeditions; and at last ending his days in gaining a complete victory over the Persians. His death was that of a hero, and his last words were those of a philosopher: "I cheerfully submit," said he, "to the eternal decrees of heaven; convinced that he who would wish to live when he must die, is more cowardly than him who would wish to die when he ought to live." He continued, to his last hour, to discourse on the immortality of the soul. No fruitless complaints, no unmanly fears; he talked of nothing but submission to the Divine Providence. Consider, now, that the person who died thus had been an emperor for thirty-two years, and then say if you ought to insult his memory.

If we view him as an emperor, we find him refusing the title of *dominus*, to which Constantine aspired; relieving his subjects, diminishing the taxes, encouraging the arts, reducing from seventy ounces to three or four hundred marks those crowns of gold which his predecessors

cessors exacted from all the towns, enforcing the execution of the laws, keeping his officers and ministers to their duty, and preventing all kind of bribery and corruption.

Ten christian soldiers conspire his death: they are discovered, and Julian forgives them. The people of Antioch, equally insolent and effeminate, insult him: he punishes them, with his usual greatness of soul; and, capable as he was of making them feel the whole weight of imperial power, he only makes them sensible of the superiority of his genius. Compare with this the punishments which Theodosius (now almost fainting) inflicts at Antioch: all the citizens of Thessalonica butchered, on an occasion of much the same nature; and then say, which of the two men you think the most virtuous.

Gregory of Nazianzene, and Theodoret, seem to consider it as their duty to blacken the character of this prince, because he abandoned the christian religion; never remembering that one of the most glorious triumphs of this religion was to withstand the efforts of a great and wise man, after having resisted so many tyrants. One of these authors says, that he filled Antioch with blood, from a spirit of cruel revenge. How could a fact so notorious escape the observation of all other historians? On the contrary, it is well known that he shed no blood at Antioch, but the blood of victims. The other has the impudence to affirm, that when he was just expiring, he threw his blood against heaven, and exclaimed, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" How, in the name of wonder, could such a ridiculous story ever gain credit?

Or

Or is such an action, and such words, consistent with the rest of his character?

But perhaps it may be asked, by men of more sense than these defamers of Julian, how it was possible for a statesman, a genius, and a true philosopher, as Julian confessedly was, to abandon Christianity, in which he had been educated, in favour of the heathen religion, to the absurd and ridiculous nature of which he could not be a stranger? If Julian, say they, listened too much to his reason in examining the mysteries of Christianity, he ought, one would think, to have listened still more to that reason in examining the fables of the heathens.

Perhaps, by tracing him through the course of his life, and observing his character with greater attention, we shall be able to discover the true cause of that strong aversion he had to Christianity. Constantine, his grand-uncle, the first emperor that embraced the new religion, had embued his hands in the blood of his wife, his son, his brother-in-law, his nephew, and his father-in-law. Constantine's three sons began their bloody reign by butchering their uncle and their cousins. From that time nothing was to be seen but murders and civil wars. Julian's father and eldest brother, all his relations, and even himself, though a child, were condemned to death by his uncle Constantius. Happily he escaped the general massacre. His first years were past in exile; and at last he owed the preservation of his life, his fortune, and the title of Cæsar, to the good offices of the empress Eusebia, wife to his uncle Constantius, who, after having had the cruelty

to banish him in his infancy, had now the imprudence to make him a Cæsar, and afterwards the still greater imprudence to provoke him by persecution.

He was an eye-witness of the intolerable insolence with which a bishop behaved to Eusebia, his benefactress. This was one Leontius, bishop of Tripoli. He sent the empress word, "that he would not pay her a visit, unless she would promise to receive him in a manner suitable to his episcopal character; to wit, that she should meet him at the door, incline her body, in order to receive his benediction, and not presume to sit down till he should give her leave." The heathen priests behaved to the empresses in a very different manner. This pride, so opposite to the true spirit of Christianity, could not fail to make a deep impression on the mind of a young man, already in love with philosophy and simplicity of manners.

He found himself, it is true, in a christian family; but it was a family noted for parricide. He saw bishops at court; but these bishops were haughty and insolent, artful and cunning, and perpetually anathematizing one another. The two sects of Arius and Athanasius filled the empire with bloodshed and confusion; whereas the heathens, on the other hand, had no religious controversies. We may therefore naturally suppose, that Julian, educated as he was by heathen philosophers, and daily accustomed to hear their lectures, was thereby the more confirmed in that unhappy aversion to Christianity, with which the abuse of it had at first inspired him. Politicians were no more surprised to see Julian forsake the christian for
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the heathen religion, than to see Constantine abandon Paganism for Christianity. It is probable, that both of them changed for reasons of state, and that these reasons concurred with stoical pride in determining the mind of Julian. The heathen religion had no dogmas: it demanded nothing but sacrifices; nor did it even require these under very severe penalties, the priests not daring to form a religious government in the heart of the civil. These and the like motives might easily induce a man of Julian's character to take a step, which, in other respects, is so unjustifiable. He wanted a party: had he piqued himself merely on his stoical character, he would have had the priests and false zealots of both religions to oppose him. The people would never have allowed a prince to confine himself to the sole adoration of a pure Being, and to the practice of justice. He was, therefore, obliged to pitch upon one of these contending parties; and Julian probably submitted to the pagan ceremonies with no more sincerity than most princes and great men go to places of public worship, to which they are led by the people, and frequently forced to appear what they are not. The Turkish Sultan must bless Omar; the Persian Sophi must bless Ali; and Marcus Aurelius himself was initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries,

We ought not, therefore, to be surprised that Julian degraded his reason so far as to condescend to the observance of superstitious rites; but we cannot help being filled with the highest indignation at Theodoret, the only author who says that he sacrificed a woman in the temple of the Moon at Carres. This infamous story

story deserves to be ranked in the same catalogue with that absurd fiction of Ammianus, who says that the genius of the empire appeared to Julian before his death; and with that no less ridiculous falsehood, that when Julian attempted to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, globes of fire issued from the earth, and destroyed the works and workmen.

Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra.

The Christians and Pagans have been equally industrious in inventing and propagating stories about Julian; with this only difference, that the stories of the Christians are all defamatory. Can any one believe, that a philosopher could sacrifice a woman to the moon, and tear out her entrails with his own hands? Can such brutality dwell in the mind of a rigid Stoick?

Julian never put one Christian to death. It is true, he granted them no favours; but neither did he persecute them*. As a just emperor, he left them to enjoy their estates; and as a philosopher, he wrote against them. He forbade them to teach in their schools the works of profane authors, which they endeavoured to decry; but surely this was not persecution. He allowed them the free exercise of their religion, and hindered them from destroying one another by their bloody quarrels. This was

* Notwithstanding this elegant apology, Julian will be still considered as a persecutor of the Christians, against whom he exercised acts of cruelty and injustice on many occasions.

rather to be their protector. They ought, therefore, to load him with no other reproach than that of abandoning their religion, and of deceiving and hurting himself: and yet they have found means to render execrable to all posterity a prince whose name, but for his change of religion, the only blemish in his character, would have been dear to mankind.

M. de



M. de VOLTAIRE'S

S P E E C H,

On his RECEPTION into the
FRENCH ACADEMY.

With NOTES.

Delivered on Monday the 9th of May, 1746.



ADVERTISEMENT

OF

THE EDITORS.

THOUGH an academical oration is commonly no more than a vain ceremony full of hackneyed compliments, and stuffed with the elogy of a predecessor, who perhaps was a man of but very mean parts; yet this discourse, which several gentlemen have begged us to reprint, ought to be exempted from the common law, which condemns to oblivion most of these formal and unmeaning pieces. The speech, it is presumed, will be found to have some merit, and the notes are useful.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR founder transfused into your establishment all the greatness and dignity of his own soul, by ordaining that you should always be free and equal. And indeed he acted wisely in raising above dependence those who were above all selfish and interested views, and who, as generous as himself, did lenders the honour which they so well deserve, namely, that of studying them for their own sake*. It was to be feared that the ardour of prosecuting these noble studies might one day be relaxed. In order, therefore, to preserve it in its full vigour, you made a law, by which you bound yourselves to admit none as members of your academy but such as resided in Paris. From this law, however, you have wisely deviated in receiving in your number those extraordinary geniuses who were called elsewhere by their honourable employments, but who by their sensible or sublime performances were always present with you ; for it would be to violate

* The French academy is the oldest establishment of that kind in France. It was at first composed of some men of letters, who met together for the sake of mutual conversation. It is not divided into honorary and pensionary members. Its privileges are merely honorary, such as that enjoyed by the commendals of the palace, of not being obliged to plead out of Paris ; that of addressing the king in a body with the superior courts ; and that of being accountable to none but the king.

the spirit of a law not to transgress the letter of it in favour of great men. If the late president Bouhier, after having flattered himself with the pleasing hopes of consecrating the rest of his days to your company, was obliged to pass them at a considerable distance, both he and the academy were comforted for their mutual loss, by reflecting that he cultivated your sciences with his usual industry in the city of Dijon, which hath produced so many great men †, and where genius seems to be one of the characteristics of the citizens.

He put us in mind of those times when the most austere magistrates, accomplished like him in the knowledge of the laws, unbended their minds from the cares of state, by indulging in the amusements of literature. What pitiful wretches are those who despise these agreeable studies; who place a kind of solitary grandeur in shutting themselves up within the narrow circle of their own employments! Do they not know that Cicero, after having filled the first place in the world, still continued to plead the causes of his fellow citizens, wrote on the nature of the gods, conversed with men of letters, went to the theatre, condescended to cultivate the friendship of *Æsopus* and *Roscius*, and left little minds to enjoy their solemn gravity, which is only the mask of ignorance and weakness?

The president Bouhier was a man of great learning; but did not resemble those usefess and

† Messieurs de la Monnoye, Bouhier, Lanün, and above all, the eloquent Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, who is commonly considered as the last father of the church.

unsociable scholars, who neglect the study of their own tongue to acquire an imperfect knowledge of ancient languages; who think they have a right to despise their own times, because they imagine they have some little acquaintance with former ages; who admire a passage in *Æschylus*, but have never enjoyed the pleasure of shedding a tear at our own plays. He translated *Petronius's* poem on the civil war; not that he considered that declamation, which is full of false thoughts, as nearly equal to the chaste and elegant sublimity of *Virgil*: on the contrary, he knew that *Petronius's* satire*, though distinguished here and there by charming strokes of wit, is no more than the whimsical production of a young man of mean condition, whose manners and style were alike irregular. Some men who pretend to be the most perfect masters of taste and pleasure, esteem the whole of *Petronius's* works; but *Mr. Bouhier*, a man of greater judgment, does not even esteem all that he translated. It is one proof, among many others, how much

* *St. Evremont* admires *Petronius*, because he takes him for a great courtier, and believed himself to be such. This was the folly of the times. *St. Evremont* and several others assert that *Nero* is represented under the name of *Trimalchion*: but can an old fat and ridiculous farmer of the revenues, and his old wife, an impertinent citizen, be said to resemble a young emperor and his young spouse *Octavia*, or the young *Poppea*? Can the debaucheries and petty thefts of a few roguish scholars be said to resemble the pleasures of the master of the world? *Petronius*, the author of the satire, is evidently a young man of spirit, who made a figure among a set of obscure debauchees, and not the consul *Petronius*,

reason hath been improved in the present age, that a translator is no longer a blind admirer of his author; but can treat him with the same impartiality as he would treat a cotemporary. He exercised his talents on this poem, on the hymn to Venus, and on Anacreon, in order to shew that the poets ought to be translated into verse; an opinion which he defended with great warmth; nor will it be thought strange that my sentiments are the same with his.

Allow me, gentlemen, to enter a little more deeply into these literary discussions: my doubts before such learned judges as you will be equal to decisions. In this manner I may possibly contribute to the improvement of the arts; and I had much rather pronounce in your presence an useful than an eloquent discourse.

Why is it that Homer, Theocritus, Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace, have been happily translated into Italian and English *? why is it that these nations have none of the ancient poets in prose, and that we have none of them in verse? I will endeavour to assign the reason.

* Horace is translated into Italian verse by Palavicini; Virgil by Hannibal Caro; Ovid by Auguillara; and Theocritus by Ricolini. The Italians have five good translations of Anacreon. With regard to the English, Dryden hath translated Virgil and Juvenal; Pope, Homer; Creech, Lucretius †, &c.

† Of Virgil there are three English translations besides that by Dryden, viz, Lauderdale's, Trap's, and Pitt's; and we expect soon to see a fourth complete translation of the *Æneid* by Mr. Strahan. We have also Theocritus translated by Creech, and Horace by Francis.

To surmount the difficulties that oppose us in the execution of any work, constitutes no inconsiderable part of its merit. No great achievements without great labour; nor is there a nation in the world where it is more difficult to transfuse the true spirit of ancient poetry than it is in ours. The first poets formed the genius of their language. The Greeks and the Romans at first employed poetry in painting all the sensible objects of nature. Homer describes whatever strikes the eye. The French, who have not yet begun to improve any of the more sublime kinds of poetry, except the dramatic, neither could nor ought to describe any thing that does not affect the soul. We have insensibly debarred ourselves from all those objects which other nations have ventured to paint. There is nothing that Danté does not describe after the example of the ancients. He accustomed the Italians to express every thing; but how could we in the present age imitate the author of the Georgicks, who particularly mentions all the instruments of agriculture? In effect we hardly know them; and our effeminate pride, bred and nourished in the bosom of that peace and luxury which we enjoy in our cities, unhappily affixes a mean idea to these rural labours, and to the description of those useful arts which the lords and legislators of the universe cultivated with their own victorious hands. Had our good poets known how to express little things with propriety, our tongue would have added that merit, which is far from being inconsiderable, to the advantage of having become the first language in the world for the charms of conversation, and the expression of

sentiment. The language of the heart, and the file of the theatre have entirely prevailed; they have embellished the French tongue; but have confined its beauties within too narrow limits.

And when I say, gentlemen, that the great poets have determined the genius of languages *,
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* It is impossible in a ceremonial discourse to enter into the reasons of this difficulty that attends our poetry. It proceeds from the idiom of the language; for though M. de la Motte, and several others after him, have asserted in full academy, that languages have no idioms, yet it appears demonstrable that each language hath its own peculiar idiom.

This idiom is its fitness to express certain ideas with propriety, and its unfitness to express others with precision. Both these peculiarities arise, 1. From the terminations of words. 2. From auxiliary verbs and participles. 3. From the greater or less number of rhimes. 4. From the length or shortness of words. 5. From the greater or less variation of cases. 6. From articles and pronouns. 7. From elisions. 8. From inversions. 9. From the quantity of syllables. And, in fine, from an infinite number of minute circumstances, which can only be perceived by those who have thoroughly studied the principles of a language.

1. The terminations of words, such as *perdre, vaincre, un coin, sucre, raspe, crotte, perdu, foudre, fief, effie*, these harsh syllables grate the ear, a property for which all the northern tongues are remarkable.

2. Auxiliary verbs and participles. *Vitis lesibus, "les ennemis ayant été vaincus."* There are four words for two. "*Læso & invictomilitæ.*" This is the inscription of the invalids at Berlin: were we to translate it into French, it would be *pour les soldats qui ont été blessés & qui n'ont pas été vaincus*; how flat and languid! Hence it appears that Latin is more proper for inscriptions than French.

3. The number of rhimes. Open a dictionary of Italian rhimes, and one of French rhimes, you will always find a
greater

I advance nothing that is not well known to you. The Greeks did not begin to write history

greater number of rhimes in the Italian; and you will further remark, that in the French there are twenty low and ridiculous rhimes for two that can enter into the noble and majestic file.

4. The length and shortness of words. It is this that renders a language more or less proper for the expression of certain maxims, and the measure of certain verses.

We have never been able to translate into French in one good verse :

Quanto si mostra men tanto è più bella.

Nor have the Italians ever been able to translate into good verses :

Tel brille au second rang, qui s'eclipse au premier.

C'est un poids bien pesant qu'un nom trop tôt fameux.

5. The greater or less variation of cases. *Mon père, de mon père, à mon père*; *meus pater, mei patris, meo patri*; this is clear and distinct,

6. Articles and pronouns. "De ipsius negotio ei loquebatur." *Con elie parlava dell' affaire di lui*; *il lui parlait de son affaire*. No amphibology in the Latin. It is almost unavoidable in the French. We know not whether *son affaire* is that of the man who speaks, or to him to whom the speech is addressed: the pronoun *il* is cut off in the Latin, and it is it that makes the French and the Italian so flat and insipid.

7. Elisions.

Canto l'arme pietose, e il capitano.

We cannot say,

"Chantons la Piété et la vertu heureuse."

8. Inversions. *César cultivait tous les arts utiles*; we cannot turn this phrase in any other manner. In Latin it can be expressed in twenty different ways:

"Cæsar omnes utiles artes coluit."

What a surprising difference!

tory till four hundred years after Homer's time; and it was from that great painter of nature that their tongue derived that superiority which it afterwards obtained over all the languages of Europe and Asia. Among the Romans, Terence was the first that expressed himself with elegance and purity; and it was Danté, and after him Petrarch, that gave the Italian tongue that charming sweetness which it hath ever since preserved. It is to Lopez de Vega* that the Spanish owes its pomp and majesty; and it was Shakespear†, rude and unpolished as he was, that infused into the English language that strength and energy, which they have never since been able to increase, without overstraining, and consequently without weakening it. Whence proceeds this grand effort of poetry, by which it forms and finally fixes the genius of nations, and of their languages? The cause of it is evident: the first good verses, or even

9. The quantity of syllables. This is the soul of harmony. The long and short syllables in the Latin form a truly musical cadence. The more of this property any language possesses, it is the more harmonious. Observe the Italian verses, and you will find that the penult is always long:

Capitâno, mâno, sêno christo, acquise.

From all these particulars we may safely conclude that every tongue hath its own peculiar idiom, which men of superior parts discover first, and soon demonstrate to others, by unfolding the true genius of the language.

* The stile of Lopez de Vega is not more pure and stately than that of Cervantes, who was his cotemporary, and indeed his senior in writing.

† There is no English writer more chaste, energetic, and copious than Spencer, who was prior to Shakespear.

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such as are but seemingly so, are deeply imprinted on the memory by the aid of harmonious numbers. Their bold and natural turns become familiar; and men, who are all born with a desire and capacity of imitation, insensibly acquire the same manner of expression, and even the same way of thinking with those whose daring imaginations at first got the ascendancy over the minds of others. Will you not agree with me, gentlemen, when I say that the true merit and reputation of our tongue began with the author of the *Cid*, and of *Cinna* *?

Before him Montagne was the only writer that engaged the attention of the few foreigners who understood the French; but Montagne's style is neither pure nor correct, nor accurate, nor noble. He is alike remarkable for ease and energy: he expresses great things with plainness and simplicity; and it is this simplicity with which we are charmed; we become fond of the author's character; we are pleased to find our own picture in what he says of himself; we love to converse with him, and to change our discourse and opinions with him. I have heard many people admire the language of Montagne; but it is his imagination that we ought to admire: the former is bold and daring, but the latter is far from being so.

Marot, who formed his language by that of Montagne, is hardly known beyond the limits of his native country; and even among us he is chiefly valued for some simple tales,

and some licentious epigrams, the merit of which consists almost always in the subject; and it was owing to our injudicious regard for this trifling merit that our language remained so long unimproved. Poems, history, and books of morality, were all written in the tragic stile. The judicious Despreaux says, *Imiter de Marot l'elegant badinage*. I am inclined to think that he would have said *le naïf badinage*, were it not that this word, which is more proper, would have rendered his verse less harmonious. In effect we have no good performances but such as force their way into foreign nations, and are there studied and translated; but into what foreign language has ever Marot been translated?

Our tongue, for a long time after him, was no better than a familiar jargon, in which we were sometimes happy enough to compose some pieces of humour; but when humour is our only merit, we can never expect to be admired by other nations.

*Enfin Malherbe vint, & le premier en France
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence,
D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir.*

At last great Malherbe came, and first taught
France the art,
To rough unpolish'd verse just cadence to
impart.
Of words in order plac'd he shew'd the mighty
power.

If Malherbe was the first that shewed what happy effects might be produced by the great art of well-placed words, and well-turned pe-

riods, he must be allowed to have been the first that was elegant. But are a few harmonious stanzas sufficient to engage strangers to cultivate our language? They read that admirable poem the *Jerusalemme Liberata*, *Orlando Furioso*, *Pastor Fido*, and the beautiful pieces of Petrarch: and can they rank with these masterly performances a small number of French verses, well wrote indeed; but feeble, and almost destitute of imagination?

Thus the French tongue would have for ever remained in its former state of mediocrity, without one of those extraordinary men, who are made to change and elevate the spirit of a whole nation. It was the greatest of your first academicians, it was Corneille alone, that began to make our language be admired by foreigners, at the very time that cardinal Richlieu began to make the crown to be respected by the neighbouring nations. Both of them spread our glory throughout Europe. Corneille was succeeded, I will not say by men of greater genius, but by better writers. A man arose, who was, at once, more animated and more correct; less various indeed, but therefore less unequal; sometimes as sublime, and always as majestic, without running into bombast: an enemy to declamation, he spoke to the heart with more truth, and with more charms*.

One of their cotemporaries, incapable perhaps of those sublime conceptions which elevate the soul, and of those delicate feelings which melt it into pity, but made to enlighten and direct those whom nature had blessed with both

these qualities, laborious, severe, accurate, pure, harmonious, and who, in fine, might be said to be the poet of reason, began unhappily by writing satires; but soon after equalled, and perhaps surpassed, Horace in his Moral Epistles, and his Art of Poetry. He gave precepts and examples; and was at last convinced, that the art of instructing, when executed with a masterly hand, succeeds better than the art of satirizing, because satire dies with those who have been the victims of its rage; whereas reason and virtue are eternal †. You had, in every branch of literature, that crowd of great men which nature produced, as in the age of Leo X. and in that of Augustus. Then it was that foreigners began to read our authors with avidity; and, thanks in part to cardinal Richlieu, they adopted our language, as they are now eager to deck themselves with the manufactures of our ingenious artists, for which we are indebted to the labours of the great Colbert.

A monarch admired by all men for his five victories, and still more by the learned on account of his great knowledge, hath chosen our language for his own, and hath adopted it into his court and his dominions: he speaks it with that energy and propriety which study alone can never bestow, and which is the true mark of genius. Not only does he study it: he even sometimes embellishes and improves it; for great souls will always seize those happy turns and expressions which can never occur to weak minds §. Stockholm is blessed with a new Chris-

† Boileau.

§ The late king of Sweden.

tina, equal to the first in genius, superior in every thing else; and she pays the same honour to our language. The French is studied at Rome, where it was formerly despised. It is now become as familiar to the sovereign pontiff as the learned languages, in which he writes when he instructs the christian world which he governs. Several Italian cardinals have wrote in French, in the Vatican, with as much elegance as if they had been born at Versailles. Your works, gentlemen, have forced their way to that capital of the most remote empire of Asia and Europe, and the most extensive in the universe; to that city, which, about forty years ago, was a desert*, inhabited only by wild beasts: there your dramatic pieces are now represented; and the same good taste which introduced the Italian music into the city of Peter the Great, and of his worthy daughter, hath likewise introduced your eloquence.

This honour, paid by so many nations to our excellent writers, is a proof that Europe owes to us its preservation from degeneracy. I will not say that every thing is hastening towards a shameful decay; the common complaint of those satirists, who endeavour to justify their own weakness by that which they impute to the age. I own, indeed, that the glory of our arms is supported with more dignity than that of our learning; but the fire which formerly enlightened us is not yet extinct. Have not these latter* years produced the only book of

* The place where Petersburg now stands was formerly a marshy and barren desert.

chronology, in which the manners of men, and the characters of courts and ages, are painted with a masterly hand? a work, which, were it but drily instructive, like so many others, would nevertheless be the best of the kind; but in which the author † hath found out the happy secret of mixing pleasure with instruction; a secret attainable only by those men who are superior to their works.

The causes of the rise and fall of the Roman empire have been demonstrated in a shorter book still, written by a bold and daring genius †, who goes to the bottom of every subject, while he only seems to skim on the surface. Never had we more elegant and faithful translators than at present: true philosophers have at last begun to write history. A man, equally remarkable for the elegance of his style and the solidity of his judgment ‖, is formed amidst the tumults of war. There are several of these amiable geniuses whom T'bullus and Ovid would have considered as their disciples, and wished to have for their friends. The theatre, I confess, is threatened with a sudden fall; but, at least, I see here that truly tragic genius*,

† The president Hénaut. In some translations of this discourse, the name of the abbé Langlet has been inserted in the note, instead of that of M. Hénaut: a strange kind of mistake!

† The president Montesquieu.

‖ The marquis de Vauvenargues, a young man of the greatest hopes, who died in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

* M. Crébillon, author of *Electra* and *Radamiste*. These plays, which are filled with strokes truly tragical, are frequently acted.

whose example I have endeavoured to follow, when I ventured to take a few steps in the same career. I view him with a mixture of sorrow and satisfaction, as we behold, on the ruins of our native country, an hero who hath bravely fought in its defence. I observe several among you, who, in imitation of the great Moliere, have rendered comedy a school of manners and of decency; a school which deserves as much encouragement in France as a less chaste theatre enjoyed at Athens. If that celebrated author, who first adorned philosophy with all the graces of poetry, belongs to a more remote age, he is still the honour and the consolation of yours.

Great talents must always be rare, especially when the taste and genius of a nation are formed. It is then with men of letters as it is with forests, where the trees, crowded together, and reared up, will not suffer any one to raise its head above the rest. When commerce is in a few hands, some people make prodigious fortunes, while the greater number remain poor; but when commerce is more widely diffused, wealth becomes general, and great fortunes are rare. We have, gentlemen, a great deal of genius in France, and that is the very reason why we shall find for the future very few superior geniuses.

But, notwithstanding this universal improvement of the nation, I will not deny that our language, elegant as it now is, and fixed as, one would imagine, it ought to be by so many excellent performances, may nevertheless be easily corrupted. We ought to apprize strangers that it already loses much of its purity in almost
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all the books composed in that famous republic, which hath been so long our ally †, and in which the French is the prevailing language, notwithstanding the factions that oppose France. But if it is corrupted in that country by a mixture of idioms, it is in danger of being corrupted among ourselves by a mixture of different styles. Whatever vitiates the taste of a nation, will, in the end, vitiate its language. Some writers endeavour to enliven the most serious and instructive works, by familiar and colloquial expressions. Some introduce the burlesque style of Marot into the most noble subjects; which is much the same absurdity as if they were to dress a prince in the garb of a harlequin. Some make use of new terms, which are intirely useless, and should never be hazarded but when they are absolutely necessary. There are several other faults, with which I am the more sensibly affected, because I have fallen into some of them myself. But, to preserve me from such errors for the future, I shall find among you, gentlemen, those assistances which my learned predecessor acquired by his studies. Intimately acquainted with the works of Cicero, he had from thence derived this advantage, that he studied to speak the French language with as much purity as that consul spoke the Latin. But it belongs to that gentleman, who hath made the works of that great orator his particular study, and was the friend of the president Bouhier, to revive among us the eloquence of the one, and to display to you the merit of the other. To-day he has a double-task to per-

† The United Provinces,

form: he has a friend to lament and celebrate, and a friend to receive and encourage. He may tell you with more eloquence than I, but not with more sensibility, what charms friendship gives to the labours of men devoted to the study of letters; how it serves to conduct, correct, excite, and solace them; and how it inspires the soul with that pleasing and agreeable composure, without which we can never be master of our own ideas.

In this manner it was that the Academy was at first formed. It hath an origin still more noble than that which it received from cardinal Richlieu; it took its first rise in the bosom of friendship. Men united by this respectable tie, and by their common taste for the fine arts, met together, without aspiring to fame: they were less illustrious than their successors, but not less happy. Decency, candour, concord, and sound criticism, which is so opposite to satire, inspired their meetings. The same virtues and good qualities will always animate yours: they will be the constant pursuit of men of letters; and will serve, perhaps, to reform those who make themselves unworthy of the name. The true lovers of the arts are always friends. Who hath a better right to say so than I? I would take the liberty, gentlemen, to enlarge on the instances of friendship with which most of you have been pleased to honour me, were it not that I am bound in duty to forget my own private concerns, in order to talk of the great object of all your labours, of those interests before which all others should vanish; I mean the glory of the nation.

I know

I know that panegyric, unless it is managed with the greatest delicacy, is a very nauseous and disagreeable subject: I know that the public, ever fond of novelty, imagines that every topic of praise is already exhausted on your founder and protectors. But ought I to refuse the debt I owe, because those who have paid it before me have left me nothing new to say on the subject? It is with these panegyrics, which are so frequently repeated, as with public solemnities, which are always the same, and which revive the memory of events dear to a whole people: they are necessary. To celebrate such men as cardinal Richlieu and Lewis XIV. to praise a Sequier, a Colbert, a Turenne, and a Condé, what is it but to cry aloud, Ye kings, ye ministers, and ye generals, in times to come, imitate these great men? Is it not well known that Trajan's panegyric excited Antoninus to the study and practice of virtue? And does not Marcus Aurelius, the greatest man and the greatest emperor that ever lived, does not he confess, in his writings, the spirit of emulation with which the virtues of Antoninus filled him. When Henry IV. heard the appellation of "Father of his people" given to Lewis XII. in parliament, he felt himself inspired with an ambition of imitating him, and he actually surpassed him.

Think ye, gentlemen, that the honours paid by so many mouths to the memory of Lewis XIV. had not a strong influence on the mind of his successor from his earliest youth? It will one day be said, that both of them attained to immortality, sometimes by the same, and sometimes by different roads. Both of them will be equal

equal in this respect, that they never disburdened themselves of the load of public affairs, but out of gratitude to good ministers; and this circumstance, perhaps, will constitute their greatest glory. Posterity will say, that both of them loved justice, and commanded their armies. The one sought, by the most noble achievements, the glory which he so well deserved: he called her to him from the height of his throne; and she was his constant attendant in all his conquests, and in all his enterprizes, till at last she filled the world with his name. He displayed a great soul, as well in adversity as prosperity, in the field, in his palace, and in all the courts of Europe and of Asia. The sea and the land bore witness to his power; and the most inconsiderable objects had no sooner acquired a connexion with him, than they presently assumed a new character, and received the stamp of his grandeur. The other protects kings and emperors, subdues provinces, and interrupts the course of his conquests to go and relieve his subjects; to which god-like office he flies from the bosom of death, whose fatal stroke he had hardly escaped. He obtains victories, and performs the most noble exploits with such an ease and unconcern as would make us imagine, that what strikes other men with astonishment, is only to him in the ordinary and common course of nature. He conceals the greatness of his soul, without endeavouring to conceal it; but is not able to weaken those rays of majesty, which piercing, in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, the veil of his modesty, from thence derives a more durable lustre.

Lewis XIV. signalized himself by the most glorious achievements, by the great love he entertained for all the arts, and by the royal encouragement he so chearfully gave them. O you, his august successor, you have already imitated his noble example; and you wait only for that peace, which you endeavour to obtain by your victories, to accomplish all your generous projects, which cannot be executed but in the bosom of quiet and tranquillity.

You began your victories in that very province where those of your great-grandfather were begun, and you have already extended them to a greater distance. He lamented, that, in the course of his glorious campaigns, he could not oblige an enemy worthy of such a noble antagonist, to engage with him in a pitched battle. That glory, which he so ardently desired, you have enjoyed. Happier than the great Henry, who hardly gained any victories but over his own subjects, you have conquered the eternal and intrepid enemies of your crown. Your son, next to you the object of our prayers and our dread, learned at your side to behold danger and misfortune without being troubled, and the most glorious triumph without being dazzled. When we were trembling for you in Paris, you were in a field of carnage. Composed in those moments of horror and confusion, composed amidst the tumultuous joy of your victorious troops, you embraced that general, who only wished to live that he might see you triumph; that man, whom your virtues and his own conspired to make your subject, and whom France will ever number among her dearest and most illustrious chil-

children*. You rewarded, by your approbation and praises, all those who had contributed to the victory; and this reward is the most glorious that Frenchmen can receive.

But what will for ever be preserved in the annals of the Academy, and must afford the greatest satisfaction to each of you, gentlemen, is, that one of your fellow-members performed the most important service to your protector, and to France, in that glorious battle. He it was that after having run from rank to rank, and after having fought in so many different places, flew to give and to execute that advice which was so seasonable, so salutary, and so readily embraced by the king, whose penetrating eye discerned every thing in those moments when the mind is most apt to wander. Enjoy, gentlemen, enjoy the pleasure of hearing in this

* The late count de Saxe.

We wish our author had been a little more moderate in this panegyric on the character of his sovereign, as it favours much of adulation.

His candour too would have been more conspicuous, if, in mentioning the victory which the French king obtained at Fontenoy over the eternal enemies of his nation, he had owned, that above sixty thousand French had with great difficulty obliged about twenty thousand English troops to retire; and that twenty thousand English troops, unassisted by their allies, were on the verge of obtaining a complete victory over the whole French army, headed by their king and dauphin, posted in the most advantageous manner, and fortified with a great number of batteries.

The virtues of his most Christian majesty's heart we shall not presume to dispute; but, surely, to celebrate him as a hero in the field, to compare him in point of courage to Henry IV. or in power and magnificence to Lewis XIV. is a strain of eulogium that even throws ridicule upon his character.

assembly the very words which your protector said to the nephew * of your founder on the field of battle; "I shall never forget the important service you have done me." But if this glory be so dear to you, how dear must be to all France, and how dear will one day be to Europe in general, those pacific steps which Lewis XV. took after his victories! He still pursues the same measures: he never attacks his enemies, but in order to disarm them: he does not desire to conquer them, but in order to make them agree to reasonable terms of accommodation. Did they but know the real sentiments of his heart, they would make him their arbiter, instead of their enemy; and that, perhaps, would be the only method of gaining advantages over him §. The virtues which render him such a formidable foe they have fully experienced, from the time of his assuming the command of his armies; but those which ought to engage their trust and confidence, and ought to be the bond of union among different nations, require a longer time to be discovered by an enemy.

We, in this respect more happy, we have known the goodness of his heart from the moment of his mounting the throne. We have thought of him as all ages, and all nations, will ever think. Never was love more sincere, or more emphatically expressed, than ours. All our hearts felt its force, and your eloquent mouths were the interpreters of our inward

* The marechal duke de Richlieu.

§ The event justified in 1748, what M. de Voltaire had said in 1746.

feelings. Medals, worthy of the most illustrious times of Greece †, eternize his triumphs and our happiness. May I behold in our public places this humane monarch, carved by the hands of our Praxiteles's, and environed with all the symbols of public happiness! And may I read at the feet of his statue those words which are already in all our hearts, "To the Father of his Country!"

† The medals struck at the Louvre are superior to the most beautiful ones of antiquity, not for the elegance or propriety of the inscription; but for ingenuity of the design, and the beauty of the impression.

CONTINUATION
OF THE
MISCELLANIES
IN
HISTORY, LITERATURE,
&c. &c.

A LETTER ON DANTE.

YOU want to know the character of Danté. The Italians call him divine; but he is a hidden divinity: few people understand his oracles. He has had commentators; and that, perhaps, is another reason why he is so little understood. His reputation will be always increasing, because he is never read. There are about twenty beautiful strokes in him, which people get by heart; and they think that sufficient to spare them the labour of examining the rest.

This divine Danté, according to the common report, was a very unhappy man. Do not imagine that he was reckoned divine in his
own

own age, or that he thought himself a prophet. It is true, he was a prior; but not a prior of monks: he was a prior of Florence, that is, one of its senators.

He was born in 1260, according to the accounts of his countrymen. Bayle, who wrote at Rotterdam, *currente calamo*, for his bookseller, about four whole centuries after Danté, fixes his birth in 1265. I esteem Bayle neither the more nor the less for being mistaken in about five years. The great thing is not to mistake, either in point of taste, or in point of argument.

The arts began about that time to revive in the country of Danté. Florence was, like Athens, the seat of wit, of grandeur, of levity, of inconstancy, and faction. The White Faction had great credit, and was so called from the name of the "Signora Bianca." The opposite faction was intitled the Party of Blacks, the better to distinguish them from the Whites. The Florentines were not satisfied with these two parties: they had, besides, the Guelphs and the Ghiblins. Most of the Whites were Ghiblins, of the party of the emperors; and the Blacks inclined to the Guelphs, who were attached to the popes.

All these factions loved liberty, and yet did all that lay in their power to destroy it. Boniface VIII. resolved to avail himself of these divisions to overturn the power of the emperors in Italy. He declared Charles of Valois, brother to the French king Philip the Handsome, his vicar in Tuscany. The vicar came with a numerous army, expelled the Whites and the Ghiblins, and drew upon himself the hatred

and detestation of the Blacks and the Guefs. Danté was a White and a Ghibelin. He was expelled among the first, and his house levelled with the ground. Hence we may judge whether he was well disposed to the family of France and the popes during the rest of his life. It is pretended, however, that he made a journey to Paris; and that, to cure himself of the spleen, he commenced theologian, and disputed strenuously in the schools. It is added, that the emperor Henry VII. did nothing for him, Ghibelin as he was; that he went to Frederic of Arragon, king of Sicily, and returned as poor as he went. He was obliged to apply to the marquis of Malaspina, and to the great can of Verona. The marquis and the great can did not indemnify him, and he died poor at Ravenna in the fifty-sixth year of his age. It was in these different places that he composed his comedy of Hell, of Purgatory, and of Paradise; and this hotch-potch has been reckoned a beautiful epic poem.

The first objects he saw at the entry of Hell were a he-lion and a she-wolf. In an instant Virgil appears to encourage him: Virgil tells him, that he was born a Lombard; which is exactly the same as if Homer had said that he was born a Turk. Virgil offers to perform to Danté the honours of Hell and of Purgatory, and to lead him to the gate of St. Peter; but acknowledges that he could not enter with him.

Mean while, Charon transports them both in his boat. Virgil tells him, that soon after his arrival in Hell he saw a powerful Being, that came thither in quest of the souls of Abel, Noah,

Noah, Abraham, Moses, and David. As they advanced farther into the infernal regions, they discovered some very agreeable retreats. In one of these were Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan; in another Electra, Hector, Æneas, Lucretia, Brutus, and Saladin the Turk; and in a third Socrates, Plato, Hippocrates, and the Arabian Averroës.

At last appeared the real Hell, where Pluto judges the damned. In the crowd the traveller observed some cardinals, some popes, and a great number of Florentines. Is this in the comic stile? no. Is it in the heroic stile? no. In what stile is it then? in the stile of wildness and extravagance.

And yet his work contains some verses so happy and natural, that they have preserved their beauty for four hundred years, and will preserve it for ever. Besides, a poem that sends the popes to Hell, arouses the attention; and the commentators have exhausted all their sagacity and penetration in determining exactly who are the persons whom Dante has damned, and have been at great pains not to deceive themselves in a matter of such importance.

The Italians have founded a chair, and established a lecture, to explain this classic author. You will ask me, why the inquisition does not oppose such a measure? My answer is, the members of the inquisition in Italy understand raillery: they know that a few witty verses can never do any harm. Of this, and of the merit of the work, you may form some judgment by the following translation (which is a very free one) of part of the twenty-third canto. It relates to one of the damned, with whom the

author was acquainted. The spirit speaks thus:

The count de Guido was I call'd on earth,
A mighty foldier, and as great poltroon ;
Then with St. Francis I enroll'd my name,
That, holding by his discipline, I might
One day obtain a happy place in Heav'n.
'There should I be, had not a knavish pope
Commanded all my service, and then left
My wretched soul to Belzebub a prey.
The truth to tell, while I surviv'd on earth,
Around Rimini war I long maintain'd,
Less like an hero than a cheat, I own ;
And, as a sharper, some renown acquir'd.
But when my locks assum'd a grizzl'd hue,
The time when wisdom counsels to retire,
Remorse began to gnaw my hoary age,
And to confession strait I had recourse.
Repentance late arriv'd, and swiftly fled !
'The holy father at that period warr'd,
Not with the Sultan, nor the ruthless Turk,
But Christians, whom, like a true Turk, he
pillag'd.

Now, disregarding tonsure or tiara,
Or ev'n St. Francis' girdle or his frock,
" Brother, (said he) it suits my present scheme
'To have Preneſte forthwith in my pow'r :
Advise me—search beneath that rev'rend cowl,
Some happy stratagem, some shrewd device,
To add to the dominions I possess,
The tempting bait to which I have no claim.
The double keys of Heav'n are in my power :
These, the weak piety of Celestine
Converted to no use ; but I can open
And shut at pleasure Heav'n's eternal gates :

If thou wilt serve me, Heav'n shall be thy boon."
 Too well I serv'd him; curst be my zeal!
 Prentice fell to him: my lot was death.
 Then good St. Francis hasten'd to my aid,
 Intending to convey my soul to Heav'n;
 But Satan riding post, "Hip, Saint—(cry'd he)
 Stop—not so fast; for, by your leave, I claim
 This counsellor of holy church—he's mine;
 And right it is that I should have my own."
 Then the good saint, confounded and abash'd,
 Resign'd me to the devil without dispute.
 "Ah! good sir Lucifer, I kneeling cry'd,
 A saint am I; behold my robe of grey:
 The holy pope absolv'd me ere I dy'd!"
 "Certes, reply'd the devil with a sneer,
 A great respect I have for absolution:
 It scours the soul from sins and follies past,
 Provided still you run no score afresh:
 This nice distinction I have often made
 To such as thee; and, thanks to modern Rome,
 The devil's an adept in theology."
 He said, and grinn'd: no answer I return'd
 To Belzebub, he argu'd with such force.
 Then seizing me, with rude and rig'rous arm,
 He on my rueful carcase strait bestow'd
 Twenty good stripes, that made me smart full
 fore,
 Which Heav'n repay to Boniface the eighth †.

† Boniface VIII. was a mortal enemy to the Gibeins;
 and, besides, a monster of pride, cruelty, and ambition.

OF THE
CHIMERA
OF THE
SOVEREIGN GOOD.

Happiness is an abstract idea, composed of several pleasing sensations. Plato, who wrote better than he reasoned, formed the fanciful notion of his architypal world, that is, his original world, his general ideas of beauty, of virtue, of order, and of justice, as if there were eternal beings called Order, Virtue, Beauty, and Justice, from which were derived those faint copies of what we mortals call just, beautiful, and good.

It is in imitation of his example, that the philosophers have employed so much time and labour in searching for the sovereign good, as the chymists have done in searching for the philosopher's stone; but there is no such thing as the sovereign good, any more than there is the sovereign square, or the sovereign crimson. There are crimson colours, and there are squares; but there is no general being that is so called. This ridiculous manner of reasoning hath long infected philosophy.

Animals feel a pleasure in performing all their natural functions. In this view the supreme happiness would be an uninterrupted course of pleasures; but such a course is incompatible with our organs and our condition. There is a great pleasure in eating and drinking, and a greater
still

still in the union of the two sexes; but were man to be always engaged in eating, or always entranced in the raptures of enjoyment, his organs would not be sufficient for such violent exercises; he could not perform the duties of social life; and thus the human kind would be destroyed by an excess of pleasure.

To pass continually, and without interruption, from one pleasure to another, is a notion no less chimerical. The woman that has conceived must be brought to bed, which cannot be done without pain; and the man must cleave wood and hew stone, which is far from being a pleasure.

If we give the name of happiness to the few pleasures that are scattered through life, there is such a thing as happiness in reality. If we give it only to a permanent pleasure, or to a continued and diversified course of pleasing sensations, happiness was not made for the terraqueous globe; we must seek for it somewhere else.

If we give the name of happiness to the external advantages which a man enjoys, whether it be wealth, power, or reputation, we are no less deceived. Some colliers are more happy than some sovereigns. Ask Cromwell whether he enjoyed more pleasure when he was protector, than when he went to the tavern in his youth; he will probably tell you, that the time of his usurpation was far from being the happiest part of his life. How many homely dowdies are there that are better satisfied with their lot than Helen or Cleopatra!

There is one observation to be made here: it is this; when we say it is probable that one man is happier than another; that a young mulcteer, for instance, has great advantages over Charles V. or that a millener is better satisfied

with her condition than a princess, we ought to confine ourselves to this probability. It is very likely that a muleteer, in good health, enjoys more pleasure than Charles V. tormented with the gout; but it is likewise very possible that Charles V. with his crutches, may reflect with so much pleasure on his having held a king of France and a pope prisoners, that his lot may, in every respect, be preferable to that of the young and vigorous muleteer.

It belongs surely to God alone, to that being who beholds all hearts, to determine who is the happiest man. There is only one case in which a man may safely affirm that his condition is better or worse than that of his neighbour; and this case is the time of rivalry, and the moment of victory.

Let us suppose Archimedes to have made an appointment with his mistress in the evening, and Nomentanus to have made an appointment with the same woman, and at the same hour. Archimedes comes to the gate: the servants shut it in his teeth, and open it to his rival, who makes an excellent supper; during which he laughs at Archimedes, and then enjoys his mistress, while the other remains in the street exposed to the cold, the rain, and hail. Nomentanus, it is evident, has a right to say, "I am happier to-night than Archimedes; I enjoy more pleasure than him." But this will only hold on the supposition that Archimedes's mind is entirely engrossed with the vexation of having lost a good supper; of being despised and deceived by a beautiful woman, supplanted by his rival, and exposed to the rain, the hail, and cold. For if the philosopher in the streets should happen to think that neither a whore nor a shower should disturb

the tranquillity of his mind ; if he is wholly engaged in the contemplation of a beautiful problem, and discovers the proportion between the cylinder and the sphere ; he may enjoy a pleasure an hundred times more exquisite than that of Nomentanus.

Hence it appears that the enjoyment of real pleasure, or the suffering of real pain, are the only cases in which we can compare the condition of one man with that of another, abstracting from every other consideration. Certain it is, the man who enjoys his mistress is more happy at that instant than his despised and disconsolate rival. A man that is in perfect health, and is eating a good partridge, tastes more pleasure to be sure, than one tormented with a chollic. All this is indisputably true ; but farther we cannot go with any degree of safety : we cannot compare the being of one man with that of another : we have no balance to weigh the desires and sensations of different men.

We began this article with Plato and his sovereign good : we shall end it with Solon, and that famous saying of his, which hath been so much admired, viz. " That no man ought to be called happy before his death." This axiom is at bottom but a childish conceit, like many other apothegms, which time hath rendered sacred. The moment of death hath no connexion with the manner of life which a man has led. One may die a violent and an infamous death, and yet to that instant have tasted all the pleasures which human nature is capable of enjoying. It is very possible, and very common for a man that has long been happy, to become unhappy : Who doubts it ? but it is ne-

vertheless certain, that he once had his happy moments.

What then is the meaning of this famous saying of Solon? It is no more than that a man who enjoys pleasure to-day, is not sure of enjoying it to-morrow; a truth so plain and insignificant, that it is not worth the repeating.



Of the PEOPLING of

A M E R I C A.

THE discovery of America, that object of so much avarice and ambition, hath likewise become the object of philosophy. A prodigious number of writers have endeavoured to prove that the Americans are a colony of the ancient world. Some modest metaphysicians have alledged, that the same power which made the grass to grow on the plains of America, might likewise stock the country with inhabitants; but this naked and simple system has not been regarded.

When first the great Columbus gave it as his opinion, that there might possibly be such a new world, it was boldly asserted that it was absolutely impossible; and Columbus was taken for a visionary. When he had actually made the discovery, it was pretended that this new world was known long before.

Some have alledged that one Martin Behem, a native of Nuremberg, set sail from the coasts of Flanders about the year 1460, to go in quest of this unknown world; and that he reached the
straits.

straits of Magellan, of which he left draughts. But as Martin Beheim did not people America, and as it was absolutely necessary that one of Noah's great grandsons should take this trouble, they have ransacked the records of antiquity to see if they could find any thing that had the least resemblance to a long voyage, and which they could apply to the discovery of this fourth part of the globe. Accordingly they have sent the ships of Solomon to Mexico, and have made them bring from thence the gold of Ophir, though he was obliged to borrow it from king Hiram. They have even found America in Plato*. They have given the honour of its discovery to the Carthaginians; and have quoted on this subject a book of Aristotle's, which he never wrote.

* He might have added Plutarch in his life of Sertorius, and Diodorus Siculus, which last says, that the Phoenicians extended their discoveries along the coast of Africa, till at length one of their ships being driven a great way into the Atlantic ocean, by a storm that lasted many days, arrived at an island unparalleled for its beauty and fertility. The Indians of North America have a constant tradition that their forefathers came from the extremities of Asia; and that America and Asia were joined together by a narrow isthmus, which the sea has broke through. An Indian of Louisiana, who travelled by land in a westward direction as far as the South-sea, told Du Pratz, that one of the natives of the country bordering on that sea, declared, that when he was young he saw a very old man, who remembered to have seen the isthmus of communication between America and Asia; and that at low water the rocks were still visible. A detachment of French Canadians found, in a morass near the river Ohio, the skeletons of four elephants; a species of animals not natural to America: besides, there is a strong resemblance between the North Americans and Tartars, in figure, language, customs, and religion.

Hornius pretends to find some analogy between the language of the Hebrews and that of the Caribbees. Father Laffiteau, the Jesuit, has not failed to improve such a curious hint. The Mexicans in the violence of their grief tear their garments: some Asiatics do the same; therefore they are the ancestors of the Mexicans. We may add, with as much reason, the people of Languedoc are fond of dancing; the Hurons likewise dance on their days of rejoicing; and therefore the Languedocians are sprung from the Hurons, or the Hurons from the Languedocians.

The authors of a terrible Universal History pretend, that all the Americans are a colony of the Tartars. They assure us, that this is the opinion most generally received among the learned; but do not inform us whether it be among the learned that think for themselves. According to them, some descendant of Noah had nothing more at heart than to go and fix his quarters in the delicious country of Kamtschatka, to the north of Siberia. His children, having nothing to do, went to visit Canzda, either by equipping a fleet for the purpose, or by walking on the ice by way of recreation, along some neck of land, which from that time to the present has never been again discovered. They then began to beget children in Canzda, and in a very short time that beautiful country, being no longer able to maintain the prodigious number of inhabitants, they went to people Mexico, Peru, and Chili; and their great grand daughters were brought to-bed of giants near the straits of Magellan.

As lions are to be found in some of the hotter climates of America, these authors suppose that
- the

the Christopher Columbus's of Kamtschatka carried over some lions to Canada for their diversion.

But the Kamtschatkatians were not the only people that furnished the new world with inhabitants ; they were charitably assisted by the Tartars of Mantchou ; by the Huns, the Chinese, and the Japonese.

The Tartars of Mantchou are incontestably the ancestors of the Peruvians ; for Mango-Capak was the first inca of Peru. Mango resembles Manco, Manco Mancu, Mancu Mantchu, and from hence, by a small addition, we have Mantchou. Nothing can be better demonstrated.

As to the Huns, they built in Hungary a town that was called Cunadi. Now, by changing cu into ca, we have Canadi, from which Canada evidently derives its name.

A plant resembling the ginseng of the Chinese grows in Canada, therefore the Chinese carried it thither, even before they were masters of that part of Chinese Tartary where their ginseng is produced ; and besides, the Chinese are such great sailors, that they formerly sent fleets to America, without preserving the least correspondence with their colonies.

With regard to the Japonese, as they lie nearest to America, from which they are distant only about twelve hundred leagues, they must certainly have been there in former times ; but they afterwards neglected that voyage.

Such are the learned traçts that are boldly ushered into the world in the present age. What answer can we give to these systems, and to so many others of the like nature ? None.

The History of the TRAVELS of SCARMENTADO*.

Written by himself.

I Was born in Candia in the year 1600. My father was governor of the city; and I remember that a poet of middling parts, and of a most unmusical ear, whose name was Iro, composed some verses in my praise, in which he made me to descend from Minos in a direct line; but my father being afterwards disgraced, he wrote some other verses, in which he derived my pedigree from no nobler an origin than the amours of Pasiphae and her gallant. This Iro was a most mischievous rogue, and one of the most troublesome fellows in the island.

My father sent me at fifteen years of age to prosecute my studies at Rome. There I arrived in full hopes of learning all kinds of truth; for I had hitherto been taught quite the reverse, according to the custom of this lower world from China to the Alps. Monsignor Profondo, to whom I was recommended, was a man of a very singular character, and one of the most terrible scholars in the world. He was for teaching me the categories of Aristotle; and was just on the point of placing me in the category of his minions; a fate which I narrowly escaped. I saw processions, exorcisms, and some robberies. It was commonly said, but without any foundation,

* The reader will at once perceive that this is a spirited satire on mankind in general, and particularly on persecution for conscience sake.

that *la Signora Olimpia*, a lady of great prudence, sold several things that ought not to be sold. I was then of an age to relish all these comical adventures. A young lady of great sweetness of temper, called *la Signora Patelo*, thought proper to fall in love with me : she was courted by the reverend father *Poignardini*, and by the reverend father *Aconiti**, young monks of an order which is now extinct ; and she reconciled the two rivals, by granting her favours to me ; but at the same time I ran the risk of being excommunicated and poisoned. I left Rome highly pleased with the architecture of St. Peter.

I travelled to France : it was during the reign of Lewis the Just. The first question put to me was, whether I chused to breakfast on a slice of the mareschal D'Ancre †, whose flesh the people had roasted, and distributed with great liberality to such as chused to taste it.

This kingdom was continually involved in civil wars, sometimes for a place at court, sometimes for two pages of theological controversy. This fire, which one while lay concealed under the ashes, and at another burst forth with great violence, had desolated these beautiful provinces for upwards of sixty years. The pretext was,

* Alluding to the infamous practice of poisoning and assassination, at that time prevalent in Rome.

† This was the famous Concini, who was murdered on the draw-bridge of the Louvre, by the intrigues of De Luines, not without the knowledge of the king, Lewis XIII. His body, which had been secretly interred in the church of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, was next day dug up by the populace, who dragged it through the streets, then burned the flesh, and threw the bones into the river. The mareschal's greatest crime was his being a foreigner.

the defending the liberties of the Gallican church. "Alas! said I, these people are nevertheless born with a gentle disposition: what can have drawn them so far from their natural character? They joke and keep holy days*. Happy the time when they shall do nothing but joke!"

I went over to England, where the same disputes occasioned the same barbarities. Some pious Catholics had resolved, for the good of the church, to blow up into the air with gun-powder the king, the royal family, and the whole parliament, and thus to deliver England from all these heretics at once. They shewed me the place where queen Mary of blessed memory, the daughter of Henry VIII. had caused more than five hundred of her subjects to be burnt. An Irish priest assured me, that it was a very good action; first, because those who were burnt were Englishmen; and secondly, because they did not make use of holy water, nor believe in St. Patrick's Hole. He was greatly surpris'd that queen Mary was not yet canonized; but he hoped she would receive that honour as soon as the cardinal nephew should be a little more at leisure.

From thence I went to Holland, where I hoped to find more tranquillity among a people of a more cold and phlegmatic constitution. Just as I arrived at the Hague, the people were cutting off the head of a venerable old man. It was the bald head of the prime minister Barneveldt; a man who deserved better treatment from the republic. Touched with pity at this affecting scene, I asked what was his crime, and whether

* Referring to the massacre of the Protestants, perpetrated on the eve of St. Bartholomew.

he had betrayed the state. "He has done much worse," replied a preacher in a black cloak; he believed that men may be saved by good works as well as by faith. You must be sensible, adds he, that if such opinions were to gain ground, a republic could not subsist; and that there must be severe laws to suppress such scandalous and horrid blasphemies." A profound politician said to me with a sigh, "Alas! sir, this happy time will not last long; it is only by chance that the people are so zealous: they are naturally inclined to the abominable doctrine of toleration, and they will certainly at last grant it." This reflexion set him a groaning. For my own part, in expectation of that fatal period when moderation and indulgence should take place, I instantly quitted a country where severity was not softened by any lenitive, and embarked for Spain.

The court was then at Seville: the galleons were just arrived; and every thing breathed plenty and gladness, in the most beautiful season of the year. I observed at the end of an alley of orange and citron trees, a kind of large ring, surrounded with steps covered with rich and costly cloth. The king, the queen, the infants, and the infantas, were seated under a superb canopy. Opposite to the royal family was another throne, raised higher than that on which his majesty sat. I said to one of my fellow travellers, "Unless this throne be reserved for God, I don't see what purpose it can serve." This unguarded expression was overheard by a grave Spaniard, and cost me dear. Mean while, I imagined we were going to a carousal, or a match of bull-baiting, when the grand inquisitor appeared in
that

that elevated throne, from whence he blessed the king and the people.

Then came an army of monks, who filed off in pairs, white, black, grey, shod, unshod, bearded, beardless, with pointed cowls, and without cowls: next followed the hangman; and last of all were seen, in the midst of the guards and grantees, about forty persons clad in sackcloth, on which were painted the figures of flames and devils. Some of these were Jews, who could not be prevailed upon to renounce Moses entirely: others were Christians, who had married women with whom they had stood sponsors to a child; who had not adored our Lady of Atocha; or who had refused to part with their ready money in favour of the Hieronymite brothers. Some pretty prayers were sung with much devotion, and then the criminals were burnt at a slow fire: a ceremony with which the royal family seemed to be greatly edified.

As I was going to bed in the evening, two members of the inquisition came to my lodging with a figure of St. Hermada. They embraced me with great tenderness, and conducted me in solemn silence to a well-aired prison, furnished with a bed of mat, and a beautiful crucifix. There I remained for six weeks; at the end of which the reverend father, the Inquisitor, sent for me. He pressed me in his arms for some time with the most paternal affection; and told me that he was sorry to hear that I had been so ill lodged; but that all the apartments of the house were full, and hoped I should be better accommodated the next time. He then asked me with great cordiality if I knew for what reason I was imprisoned; I told the reverend father

ther that it was evidently for my sins. "Very well, says he, my dear child; but for what particular sin? Speak freely." I racked my brain with conjectures, but could not possibly guess. He then charitably dismissed me.

At last I remembered my unguarded expression. I escaped with a little bodily correction, and a fine of thirty thousand reals. I was led to make my obeisance to the grand inquisitor, who was a man of great politeness. He asked me how I liked his little feast: I told him it was a most delicious one; and then went to press my companions to quit the country, beautiful as it was. They had found time to inform themselves of all the great things which the Spaniards had done for the interest of religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous bishop of Chiapa, by which it appears that they had massacred, or burnt, or drowned, about ten millions of Infidels in America, in order to convert them. I believe the accounts of the bishop are a little exaggerated; but suppose we reduce the number of victims to five millions, it will still be a most glorious achievement.

The itch of travelling still possessed me. I had proposed to finish the tour of Europe with Turkey; and thither we now directed our course: I put on a firm resolution not to give my opinion of the public feasts I might see for the future. "These Turks, said I to my companions, are a set of miscreants that have not been baptized, and of consequence will be more cruel than the reverend fathers the inquisitors. Let us observe a profound silence while we are among the Mahometans."

Accordingly we arrived among them. I was greatly surprised to see more Christian churches in Turkey than in Candia. I even saw some numerous troops of monks, who were allowed to pray to the virgin Mary with great freedom, and to curse Mahomet; some in Greek, some in Latin, and others in Armenian. "What good-natured people are these Turks," cried I. The Greek Christians, and the Latin Christians in Constantinople were mortal enemies. These slaves persecuted each other in much the same manner as dogs fight in the streets, till their masters part them with a cudgel. The grand vizier was at that time the protector of the Greeks. The Greek patriarch accused me of having supped with the Latin patriarch; and I was condemned in full divan to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet, redeemable for five hundred sequins. Next day the grand vizier was strangled. The day following his successor, who was for the Latin party, and who was not strangled till a month after, condemned me to suffer the same punishment, for having supped with the Greek patriarch. Thus was I reduced to the sad necessity of absenting myself entirely from the Greek and Latin churches. In order to console myself for this loss, I took into keeping a very handsome Circassian. She was the most obliging lady I ever knew in a private conversation, and the most devout at the mosque. One night as she was embracing me in the sweet transports of love, she cried, "Alla, Illa, Alla;" these are the sacramental words of the Turks. I imagined they were the expressions of love, and therefore cried in my turn, and with a very tender accent, "Alla, Illa, Alla." "Ah! said she, God

be

be praised, thou art then a Turk. I told her that I was blessing God for having given me so much strength, and that I thought myself extremely happy. In the morning the iman came to circumcise me; and, as I made some difficulty to submit to the operation, the cadi of that district, a man of great loyalty, proposed to have me empaed. I saved my prepuce and my posteriors by paying a thousand sequins, and then fled directly into Persia, resolved for the future never to hear Greek or Latin mass, nor to cry "Alla, Illa, Alla," in a love rencounter.

On my arrival at Ispahan, the people asked me whether I was for white or black mutton? I told them it was a matter of indifference to me, provided it was tender. It must be observed that the Persian empire was at that time split into two factions, that of the white mutton and that of the black. The two parties imagined that I made a jest of them both; so that I found myself engaged in a very troublesome affair at the gates of the city, and it cost me a great number of sequins to get rid of the white and the black mutton.

I proceeded as far as China, in company with an interpreter, who assured me that this country was the seat of gaiety and freedom. The Tartars had made themselves masters of it, after having destroyed every thing with fire and sword. The reverend fathers the Jesuits on the one hand, and the reverend fathers the Dominicans on the other, alledged that they had gained many souls to God in that country, without any one knowing aught of the matter. Never were seen such zealous converters: they alternately persecuted one another: they transmitted to Rome whole

volumes of slander; and treated each other as infidels and prevaricators for the sake of one soul. But the most violent dispute between them was with regard to the manner of making a bow. The Jesuits would have the Chinese to salute their parents, after the fashion of China; and the Dominicans would have them to do it after the fashion of Rome. I happened unluckily to be taken by the Jesuits for a Dominican. They represented me to his Tartarian majesty as a spy of the pope. The supreme council charged a prime mandarin, who ordered a serjeant, who commanded four sboires of the country, to seize me and bind me with great ceremony. In this manner I was conducted before his majesty, after having made about an hundred and forty genuflexions. He asked me if I was a spy of the pope's, and if it was true that that prince was to come in person to dethrone him. I told him that the pope was a priest of seventy years of age; that he lived at the distance of four thousand leagues from his sacred Tartaro-chinese majesty; that he had about two thousand soldiers, who mounted guard with umbrellas; that he never dethroned any body; and that his majesty might sleep in perfect security. Of all the adventures of my life this was the least fatal. I was sent to Macao, and there I took shipping for Europe.

My ship required to be refitted on the coast of Golconda. I embraced this opportunity to visit the court of the great Aureng-Zeb, of whom such wonderful things have been told, and which was then in Deli. I had the pleasure to see him on the day of that pompous ceremony in which he receives the celestial present sent him by the Sherif of Mecca: this was the besom
with

with which they had swepted the holy house, the Caaba, and the Beth Alla. It is a symbol that sweeps away all the pollutions of the soul. Aureng-Zeb seemed to have no need of it: he was the most pious man in all Indostan. It is true, he had cut the throat of one of his brothers, and poisoned his father. Twenty Rayas, and as many Omras, had been put to death; but that was a trifle; nothing was talked of but his devotion. No king was thought comparable to him, except his sacred majesty Muley Ismael, the most serene emperor of Morocco, who cut off some heads every Friday after prayers.

I spoke not a word. My travels had taught me wisdom. I was sensible that it did not belong to me to decide between these august sovereigns. A young Frenchman, indeed, a fellow-lodger of mine, was wanting in respect to the emperor of the Indies, and to that of Morocco. He happened to say very imprudently, that there were sovereigns in Europe, who governed their dominions with great equity, and even went to church without killing their fathers or brothers, or cutting off the heads of their subjects. This impious discourse of my young friend our interpreter transmitted to Indou. Instructed by former experience, I instantly caused my camels to be saddled, and set out with my Frenchman. I was afterwards informed that that very night the officers of the great Aureng-Zeb, having come to seize me, found only the interpreter, who was executed in public; and all the courtiers declared without flattery that his punishment was extremely just.

I had now only Africa to visit, in order to enjoy all the pleasures of our continent; and thither

I went in reality. The ship in which I embarked was taken by the Negro-Corsairs. The master of the vessel complained loudly, and asked why they thus violated the laws of nations. The captain of the Negroes replied; "You have a long nose and we have a short one: your hair is straight and ours is curled: your skin is ash-coloured and ours is of the colour of ebony; and therefore we ought, by the sacred laws of nature, to be always at enmity. You buy us in the public markets on the coast of Guiney like beasts of burden, to make us labour in I don't know what kind of drudgery, equally hard and ridiculous. With the whip held over our heads, you make us dig in mountains for a kind of yellow earth, which in itself is good for nothing, and is not so valuable as an Egyptian onion. In like manner wherever we meet you, and are superior to you in strength, we make you slaves, and oblige you to manure our fields, or in case of refusal cut off your nose and ears."

To such a learned discourse it was impossible to make any answer. I went to labour in the ground of an old female Negro, in order to save my nose and ears. After continuing in slavery for a whole year, I was at last ransomed. I had now seen all that was rare, good, or beautiful on earth. I resolved for the future to see nothing but my own home. I took a wife, and was cuckolded; and found that of all conditions of life this was the happiest.

OF THE
A L C O R A N,
AND OF
M A H O M E T.

MAHOMET, the son of Abdalla, was a bold and daring impostor. He says in his tenth chapter, "Who but God could have composed the Alcoran? Thou sayest that that book was forged by Mahomet. Well, try if thou canst write a chapter in the same stile, and call to thy assistance whomsoever thou pleassest." In the seventeenth chapter, he breaks out in the following exclamation: "Praise be to him, who in the night transported his servant from the sacred temple of Mecca to that of Jerusalem!" A very pretty journey to be sure; but nothing in comparison of that other journey, which he took the same night from planet to planet, nor attended with any of the fiery lights he saw in this last excursion.

He pretends that it is a journey of five hundred years from one planet to another; and that in his rapid flight he split the moon in two. His disci-

ciples, who after his death, carefully collected the verses of his Koran, expunged his journey to heaven. They were afraid of the wits, and philosophers. But they needed not to have been so scrupulous. They might have trusted to the commentators, who could easily have explained this journey. Mahomet's friends must certainly have known from experience, that the marvelous with the vulgar ever takes place of reason. The learned object in secret, and the people soon make them hold their tongue. In expunging however this journey to the planets, they have left a few words relating to his adventure on the Moon; but it is impossible to guard against every objection.

The Koran is a rhapsody without art, order, or connection. It is pretended however, that this dull and tedious book is a very fine composition: for this I appeal to the Arabians, who affirm, that it is written with an elegance and purity, which no succeeding author hath been able to attain. It is a poem, or a kind of rhetorical prose, containing six thousand verses. Never was there a poet whose work and person made such a figure in the world. It is a question among the Musulmans, whether the Alcoran existed from eternity, or was created by God, and delivered to Mahomet. The doctors have determined in favour of its eternity; and very wisely too, as this same eternity is a much prettier opinion than the other. In dealings with the vulgar, we must always embrace that opinion which is most incredible.

The monks, who have attacked Mahomet with great virulence, and have said so many stupid things on the subject, alledge that he could not write.

write. But is it to be imagined that a man, who was a merchant, a poet, a legislator, and a sovereign could not sign his name? If his book is ill suited to our manners, and to our times, it was nevertheless, very well adapted to the manners of his cotemporaries; if it is a bad book in our opinion, in theirs it was a good one; and his religion was still better. It must be owned, that he reclaimed almost all Asia from idolatry. He taught the unity of God; and declaimed with great vehemence against such as gave him associates. With him the receiving of usury from strangers is strictly prohibited, and the giving of alms is warmly enjoined. Prayer is of absolute necessity; and resignation to the eternal decrees is the grand principle that actuates the whole of his theological system. A religion so simple, so sensible, and taught by a man who was always victorious, could hardly fail of subduing a part of the earth. In effect, the Mussulmans have made as many proselytes by persuasion as by force. They have converted the Indians and the Negroes; and even the Turks, their conquerors, have embraced the religion of the conquered.

Mahomet left in his law a variety of customs, which he found established among the Arabians; such as circumcision, fasting, travelling to Mecca, which was in use four thousand years before his time, together with those ablutions which are so necessary for the preservation of health, and cleanliness in a hot country where the use of linnen was not known; and, in fine, the notion of a last judgment, which the Magi had always taught, and which had even reached the Arabians. It is said, that as he was one day

declaring that people should be raised from the dead entirely naked, his wife Aishca objected to such a circumstance as dangerous and immodest : " Go to, my dear," says he, " nobody will then be inclined to laugh." An angel, according to the Koran, is to weigh the men and women, in a large pair of scales. This notion is also taken from the Magi. From them he likewise stole their narrow bridge, over which they were to pass after death, and their Jannat, where the elect Mussulmans shall find baths, well furnished apartments, good beds, and Houres with large black eyes. He owns it is true, that all these sensual pleasures, so necessary for those who are to be raised with senses, will be greatly inferior to the joy resulting from the contemplation of the supreme Being. He has the humility to acknowledge in his Koran, that even he himself shall not enter Paradise by his own merit, but by the mere good pleasure of God. It is likewise by the same good pleasure of the Deity, that he ordains that the fifth part of the spoil should always belong to the prophet.

It is not true, that he excludes the women from Paradise ; nor is it likely that a man of his sagacity and penetration would chuse to embroil himself with that half of the human species, which leads the other. Abulfeda says, that a troublesome old woman, having one day asked him what she should do to get to Paradise, the prophet made her this reply, " My friend, Paradise is not for old women." The good woman began to weep, and the prophet said to her by way of consolation, " there will be no old women then, because they will all be made young again".

again." This comfortable doctrine is confirmed in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Koran.

He forbade the use of wine, because one day some of his followers came drunk to prayers. He permitted the plurality of wives, conforming himself in this respect to an immemorial custom among the orientals.

In a word, his civil laws are good, and his doctrines are admirable, as far as they coincide with ours; but the means he employed to propagate them were shocking: these were fraud and murder.

Some people excuse him on the score of imposture, because, say they, the Arabs reckoned an hundred and twenty four thousand prophets before him; and there could be no great harm in adding one to the number; and men, they add, want to be deceived. But how can you justify a man who says to you, "believe that I have spoken to the angel Gabriel, or I will kill thee?"

How much preferable is a Confucius, the greatest man that ever lived, without the light of revelation. He employs nothing but reason, and never lying, or the sword: viceroy of a great province, he makes morality and the laws to flourish under his government: disgraced and poor he continues to teach them: he practises them in grandeur, and in abasement: he renders virtue truly amiable; and he has for his disciples the wisest, and most ancient people on the earth.

The count de Boulainvilliers, who had a great esteem for Mahomet, may cry up the Arabians as much he pleases. He cannot deny that

they were a nation of robbers. Before Mahomet they robbed in adoring the stars: under Mahomet they robbed in the name of God. They had, it is said, the simplicity of the heroic times: but what were these heroic times? those in which they cut each others throat for a well, or a cistern, as we now do for a province.

The first Musselmans were inspired by Mahomet with the rage of enthusiasm. Nothing can be more terrible than a people, who, having nothing to lose, fight at once from a desire of plunder, and a spirit of religion.

It is true, there was not much ceremony in their proceedings. The contract of Mahomet's first marriage declares, that inasmuch as Cadisha was in love with him, and he likewise with her, they thought proper to join themselves in the bands of wedlock. There is the same simplicity in a genealogy which was composed for him; and in which he is made to descend from Adam, in a direct line, as some families of Spain and Scotland have since been made to do. Arabia had her Moreri, and her Mercure Galant.

The great prophet suffered the disgrace so common to many husbands; nor ought any one after him to complain of his fate. The name of the person who enjoyed the favours of his second wife, the beautiful Aisha is well known; he was called Assuan. Mahomet behaved with more dignity than Cæsar, who divorced his wife, saying that the wife of Cæsar ought not even to be suspected. The prophet would not so much as suspect his: he caused a chapter of the Koran to descend from heaven, to prove that his wife

was faithful; and this chapter, as well as the others, was written from all eternity.

People admire him for having raised himself from a dealer in camels to be a pontiff, a legislator, and a monarch; for having subdued Arabia, which was never conquered before; and for having given the first shock to the Roman empire in the East, and to that of Persia. For my part, I admire him for having maintained peace in his own house amidst such a number of wives. He changed the face of a part of Europe, of one half of Asia, and of almost all Africa; and his religion had well nigh subdued the universe.

Upon what trivial circumstances do the great revolutions of this world depend! A blow of a stone a little more violent than that which he received in his first combat, would have given another turn to the course of human affairs.

Ali, his son-in-law, pretends, that when they were going to inter the prophet, they found him in a posture in which dead bodies are seldom to be seen, and that his widow Aishca cried out; "Had I known that God had been so propitious to the defunct, I would instantly have run to him." We may say of him, "*Decet imperatorem stantem mori.*"

Never was the life of any man written with a more circumstantial exactness than his. The smallest particulars of it are sacred. We are distinctly informed of all that belonged to him. We are told that he had nine swords, three lances, three bows, seven cuirasses, three bucklers, twelve wives, a white cock, seven horses, two mules, and four camels; not to mention the mare Borak, on which he ascended to heaven.

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110 On the Management of publick Shows.

But her he had only in loan; she was the property of the angel Gabriel.

All his words have been collected. He said, "That the enjoyment of women, made him more fervent in prayer." And indeed, why might he not say grace, and return thanks in bed, as well as at a table? A fine woman is, at least, as good as a supper. It is likewise pretended, that he was a great physician: if he was, he wanted nothing that could qualify him for deceiving mankind.

On the Management of public Shows.

THE kings of France were formerly excommunicated; and from Philip I. to Lewis VIII. they were all laid under this sentence, with great solemnity. The same was the fate of all the emperors from Henry IV. to Lewis of Bavaria inclusively. The kings of England too have had a pretty tolerable share of these presents, from the court of Rome. Such was the folly of the times, and that folly cost the lives of five or six hundred thousand men! At present, people are content with excommunicating the representatives of monarchs; I do not mean ambassadors, but players, who are kings and queens three or four times a week, and govern the universe to get a livelihood.

I hardly know any profession except theirs, and that of the forcerers, that is now honoured with

with this mark of distinction. But as, during these sixty or eighty years past, that sound philosophy has enlightened the world, there have been no forcerers; the only victims that are now left are Alexander, Cæsar, Athalia, Polyeuctes, Andromache, Brutus, Zara, and Harlequin.

The chief reason assigned for this conduct is, that these gentlemen and ladies represent the passions. But if a faithful picture of the human heart deserves such a horrid stigma, a more severe punishment surely ought to be inflicted on statuaries and painters. There are many indecent pictures sold publicly; whereas there is not a single dramatic piece represented, that is not consistent with the strictest decency. The Venus of Titian, and that of Corregio are entirely naked, and have always a dangerous influence on the morals of our modest youth; but the players only recite the admirable verses of Cinna for about two hours; and that with the approbation of the magistrate, and under the sanction of the royal authority. Why then are the living personages on the stage more severely censured, than these mute comedians on canvass? "*Ut pictura poësis erit.*" What would Sophocles, and Euripedes have said, had they been able to foresee that a people, who have only ceased to be barbarous by imitating them, would one day imprint such a mark of disgrace on the theatre, which in their time was held in such honour and esteem?

Æsopus and Roscius were not Roman senators, it is true; but the Flamen never declared them infamous, nor was it suspected that the

art of Terence resembled that of Locusta*. That great pope and great prince Leo X. to whom we owe the revival of good tragedies and comedies in Europe, and who caused so many theatrical pieces to be represented in his palace, with so much magnificence, little imagined that ever the time would come, when in a part of Gaul the descendants of the Goths and Celtæ would think they had a right to disgrace what he honoured. Had the cardinal de Richlieu lived who built the hall of the royal palace, and to whom France owes her theatre, he would not have long suffered these presumptuous bigots to cover with infamy those whom he employed to recite his own works.

It was the hereticks, it must be owned, that first began to rail against the finest of all the arts. Leo X. revived the tragic scene; and that was enough to make the pretended reformers call it the work of the Devil. Thus the city of Geneva, and many illustrious hamlets in Switzerland, have been an hundred and fifty years without suffering a fiddle among them. The Jansenists, who now dance on the grave of St. Paris, to the great edification of the neighbours, in the last age dissuaded a princess of Conti whom they governed, from suffering her son to learn to dance, inasmuch as dancing is a prophane exercise. It was necessary, however, that he should acquire a genteel air, and understand a

* Locusta was an infamous woman, entertained and protected by Nero for her skill in preparing poisons, which she caused to be administered to Brittannicus, and many others.

minuet; but they would by no means allow a violin to be used; and the director, by way of accommodation, was at last brought to consent, though with great reluctance, that the prince of Conti should be taught to dance with castanets. Some Catholics of a Gothic taste on this side the Mountains began to fear the reproaches of the reformers, and to cry out as loud as they; and thus by degrees was established in France, the custom of stigmatizing Cæsar and Pompey, and refusing certain ceremonies to certain persons, hired by the king, and acting under the eye of the magistrate. People did not think worth while to exclaim against this abuse; for who would chuse to quarrel with men in power, and with men of the present times for Phædra and the Lovers of antiquity? They, therefore, contented themselves with laughing at the absurdity of these rigorous measures, and admiring in the mean time the master-pieces of the stage.

Rome, from which we have received our catechism, does not behave like us. She hath always tempered the laws as the times, and different exigencies required: she hath always taken care to distinguish between those impudent puppet-shows, which were formerly condemned with so much reason, and the theatrical pieces of Triffin, and of so many bishops and cardinals, who have contributed to the revival of tragedy. At present, plays are acted publickly in some religious houses at Rome. The ladies go to them without scandal; nor do they believe, that dialogues repeated by persons who stand upon boards are diabolically infamous. Even the play of
George

George Dandin has been represented at Rome by the religious, before a large company of ecclesiastics and ladies. The wise Romans are particularly careful not to excommunicate those gentlemen who sing the treble in the Italian operas ; for it is enough in all conscience to be castrated in this world, without being likewise damned in the other.

In the happy reign of Lewis XIV. there was in all the publick shews he exhibited a bench, which was called a bench of bishops. I myself was a witness of the importunity with which in the minority of Lewis XV. the cardinal de Fleury, then bishop of Frejus, was pressed to revive this custom. Other times, other manners ! We are probably wiser, than when all Europe came to admire our festivals, when Richlieu revived the theatre in France, and when Leo X. restored the Augustan age in Italy. But a time will come when our posterity, on seeing the impertinent work of father le Brun, against the art of Sophocles, and the performances of our great men printed in the same age, will cry out with wonder, " Is it possible that the French can have been guilty of such contradiction ; and that the most absurd barbarism can have thus proudly raised its head, against the finest productions of the human mind ? "

St. Thomas Aquinas, whose morals were as good as those of Calvin, or father Quesnel ; St. Thomas, I say, who had never seen a good comedy, nor never beheld any but the most wretched actors, imagined, however, that the theatre might be rendered useful. He had the good sense to perceive, and the justice to acknowledge,

knowledge, the merit of this art, rude and unformed as it then was ; and accordingly, he not only permitted but even approved it. St. Charles Borromeus himself examined the pieces that were acted at Milan ; and authorized them by his approbation, and his seal.

Who after this would be so Gothic as to treat Rodrigues and Chimene as poisoners ? Would to Heaven, that these barbarians, who are enemies to the finest of all the arts, had the piety of Polyestres, the clemency of Augustus, the virtue of Burrhus, and that they may end their days like the husband of Alzira !

P R E F A C E.

TH E following piece of humour has been so frequently printed, that we could not refuse it a place in this collection. It is an innocent burlesque on a ridiculous book, written by the president of an academy*, and published about the end of the year 1752. It was a very surprising thing to see a philosopher assert, that there was no other proof of the being of a God, than an Algebraic calculation; that the human soul might be exalted to such a degree of perfection, as might be capable of foretelling future events; and that a man might preserve his life, for three or four hundred years, by stopping the pores of his body; together with several other notions no less extravagant. A mathematician of the Hague, having attacked the first of these propositions, and shewn it to be extremely false, the president brought a formal process against him before his own academy, and found means to have him condemned as a forger. This piece of injustice aroused the indignation of all the literati of Europe; and gave occasion to the following pages, in which a constant allusion is kept up to the several passages of the book, which was then the object of publick derision. The reflexions are put into the mouth of a physician, until he effects a cure.

* This is a sort of lampoon upon Mr. de Maupertuis, late president of the academy at Berlin, where he and Mr. de Voltaire had some personal disputes, that were not much for the honour of philosophy. *Diarrhœa*, which we have here rendered dissertation, is a Greek word signifying delay or procrastination; and *Akatia*, another Greek word, signifies simplicity.

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B Y
D O C T O R A K A K I A,

Physician to the Pope.

NOTHING is more common in the present age, than for young and ignorant authors to usher into the world under well-known names works unworthy of the supposed writers. There are quacks in every profession. One of these impostors has had the impudence to assume the name of the president of a most illustrious academy, in order to vend some drugs of a very singular nature. It is certain that the respectable president is not the author of the books which are ascribed to him; for that admirable philosopher, who has discovered that nature always acts by the most simple laws, and that she is ever sparing in the means she employs, would surely have spared his few readers the trouble of reading the same thing twice, first in the book entitled his Works; and then in that entitled his Letters. One third, at least of the latter volume is copied literally from the former. This great man, who is so far removed from all suspicion of imposture, would never have published letters which were written to no-body, and far less would he have fallen into certain blunders which are excusable only in a young author.

Though

Though I am fully convinced in my own mind that it is no regard to the interest of my profession that now induces me to speak; yet I may take the liberty, I hope, to find fault with this writer for treating physicians as he does his book-sellers. He proposes to starve us to death: he advises every one to withhold his physician's fee, when unhappily the patient does not recover. "We do not pay, says he, a painter that hath made a bad picture." O, young man, how unjust and unreasonable you are! Did not the duke of Orleans, regent of France, pay dearly for the dawblings with which Coypel adorned the gallery of the Palais Royal? Does a client deprive his lawyer of his just fee, because he has lost his cause? A physician promises his assistance, and not a cure. He does all that lies in his power, and is paid accordingly. What! would you even be jealous of the physicians?

What, think you, would that man say, who had, for instance, a pension of twelve hundred ducats for talking of mathematics and metaphysics, for dissecting a couple of toads, and making himself to be painted with a furred bonnet, what would he say should the treasurer accost him in this strain? "Sir, we must deduct one hundred ducats from your salary, for having wrote that there are stars in the shape of millstones; another hundred for saying that a comet will come and "rob us of our moon, and even endanger the sun itself;" and a hundred ducats more for having fancied that comets, "composed entirely of gold and diamonds," will fall upon the earth: you are fined in three hundred ducats, for having affirmed that the foetus is formed in the womb of the mother

ther by attraction *; that the left eye attracts the right leg †, &c. We cannot fine you in less than four hundred ducats, for having imagined that it is possible to discover the nature of the human soul, by means of opium; and by dissecting the heads of giants, &c. &c. It is evident, that, by these means, the poor philosopher would lose the whole of his pension: and would he be content, think you, if, after this the physicians should take it in their heads to laugh at him, and to affirm that rewards ought to be given to those only who write useful things, and not to such as are remarkable for nothing but an immoderate ambition of distinguishing themselves in the world?

This inconsiderate youth reproaches my brother physicians with being too timid and diffident in their researches. He says we are indebted to chance, and to savage uncivilized nations for the only specifics that are known; and that the physicians have never discovered one them. We must inform this stripling, that, it is chance alone that can teach us what medicines may be extracted from plants. Hippocrates, Boerhaave, Chirac, and Senac could never have guessed at first sight that the Jesuit's bark would cure a fever; that rhubarb was of a purgative; or poppies of a soporific nature. It is chance alone that can lead us to a discovery of the virtues of plants; and physicians can do no more than prescribe these medicines according to the condition of the patient. They have likewise invented several medicines by the assistance of chemistry. They do not promise to cure al-

* In the works and letters of Mr. de M.

† See the *Venus Physique*,

ways ; but they promise to do all in their power to mitigate the pains of their fellow-creatures. Did ever this witty youth, who hath treated them with so much severity, perform such an important service to mankind as he, who, contrary to all appearance, brought back from the gates of death the mareschal de Saxe, after the victory of Fontenoy ?

Our young philosopher would have the physician to reduce themselves to a level with empirics, by banishing the theoretical part of their science entirely. What would you think of a man who should dissuade you from employing architects to build houses, and advise you to make use of none but masons who cut stones at random ?

He likewise gives us the wholesome advice to neglect the study of anatomy. In this case we shall have the surgeons on our side. We are only surpris'd that the author, who lies under some small obligations to the surgeons of Montpellier, for curing him of some diseases which require a very intimate knowledge of the interior parts of the head, and of other branches of anatomy, should be so extremely ungrateful.

The same author, little versed, it would appear, in history, speaking on the subject of making the punishment of criminals more useful to the state by trying experiments on their bodies, says that this scheme has never been carried into execution. He is ignorant, poor man, of what all the world knows, that in the reign of Lewis XI. the experiment of cutting for the stone was made for the first time in France, on the body of a man condemned to death ; that the late queen of England caused them to try the inoculation of the small-
pox

pox on four criminals; and that other examples of the same nature might be easily produced.

But, if our author is ignorant, it must be owned that he makes amends for that defect by the flights of a very singular imagination. He advises us, in quality of physician, to employ the effects of the centrifugal force to cure an apoplexy, and would have us to whirl the patient about as the boys do a whirligig. The notion, indeed, is none of his; but he gives it an air of novelty.

He advises us to cover the patient's body with rosin, or to pierce his skin with needles. If ever he practises medicine, and proposes such remedies, it is likely his patients will take his advice, and not pay their physician.

But what is very surprising is, that this declared enemy of the medical art, who would so unmercifully deprive us of our fees, proposes, by way of accommodation, to ruin the patients. He ordains (for he is despotic) that every physician should profess the cure of one disease only; so that, if a man has a gout, a fever, and a flux, sore eyes, and a pain in his ear, he must pay five physicians instead of one. But perhaps his meaning is, that each of us should have only a fifth part of the common fee; another instance of his malice. By and by, I imagine we shall hear of devotees being advised to have a particular director for every vice; one, for a serious concern about trifles; one for jealousy, concealed under a severe and imperious air; one for the itch of forming cabals about nothing; and others for other vices: but let us not wander from the subject, but return to our brother physicians.

"The best physician," says he, "is he that reasons least." He seems to have adhered as

strictly to this maxim in philosophy as ever father Canaë did in theology ; and yet, in spite of his hatred to reasoning, we can easily perceive that he has made some profound reflexions on the art of prolonging life. In the first place, he agrees with all men of sense, (and we sincerely congratulate him on agreeing with them for once) that our forefathers lived from eight to nine hundred years.

Having then discovered by the force of his own genius, and independent of Leibnitz, that " the full growth of a man should be fixed, not at the age of strength and manhood, but at the point of death, he proposes to ward off this point in the same manner as we preserve eggs, by hindering them from hatching." This, undoubtedly, is a most charming secret, and we would advise him to secure to himself the honour of the discovery in some hen-roost, or by a criminal sentence of some academy.

From this short account it plainly appears that if these imaginary letters were written by a president, it must have been by a president of Bedlam ; and that they are, in fact, as we have already said, the work of a young man who has endeavoured to set off his paltry production with the name of a philosopher respected, as is well known, over all Europe, and who has consented to have himself declared a " Great Man." We have sometimes seen at a carnival in Italy Harlequin disguised in the garb of an archbishop ; but we soon found it to be Harlequin, by his manner of pronouncing the benediction : sooner or later truth will prevail : this brings to my mind a fable of Fontaine :

*Un petit bout d'oreille échappé par malheur
Découvrit la faulx & l'erreur.*

here we see the whole ears.

All things considered, we refer to the Holy Inquisition the book ascribed to the president; and we submit to the decisions of that learned tribunal, in which, it is well known, physicians have the most implicit faith.

Decree of the Inquisition of Rome.

WE, father Pancretius, &c. inquisitor for the faith, have read the dissertation of M. Akakia, physician in ordinary to the pope, without comprehending the meaning of the said dissertation, or finding any thing in it contrary to the faith, or the Decretals. But we cannot say the same of the works and letters of the young anonymous author, who hath assumed the name of a president.

After calling in the direction of the Holy Spirit to our assistance, we have found in the said works, that is, in the quarto volume of this anonymous author, many propositions rash, ill-sounding, heretical, or tending to heresy. We therefore condemn them collectively, separately, and respectively.

We especially particularly anathematize the Essay on Cosmology, in which the author, blinded by the principles of the children of Belial, and accustomed to blame every thing, insinuates, contrary to the holy scriptures, that it is a fault in Providence to allow spiders to catch flies; and that there is no other proof of the being of a God than in Z , equal to BC , divided by A plus B .

Now these characters being drawn from the art of conjuring, and plainly diabolical, we declare them to be repugnant to the authority of the Holy Sec.

And as, according to custom, we know nothing of physics, metaphysics, inathematics, &c. we have enjoined reverend professors of philosophy of the College of Wisdom to examine the works and letters of the young anonymous author, and to give us a faithful account of the same. So help them God.

Judgment of the Professors of the College of Wisdom.

1. **WE** declare that the laws relating to the shock of bodies perfectly hard, are childish and imaginary, inasmuch as there are no bodies perfectly hard, though there are several hard minds, upon which we have in vain endeavoured to make an impression.

2. The assertion, that "the product of the space multiplied by the velocity is always a minimum," seems to be false; for this product is sometimes a maximum, according to the opinion of Leibnitz, and as may be easily proved. It would appear that the young author took only one half of M. Leibnitz's idea; and we, therefore, acquit him of the guilt of having ever comprehended one whole idea of M. Leibnitz.

3. We likewise adhere to the censure which M. Akakia, physician to the pope, and so many others, have passed on the works of this anonymous author, and especially on the "Venus Physique." We advise the young author, that when he proceeds with his wife (if he has one) to the work

work of generation, he will not think that the fetus is formed in the womb, by means of attraction; and we exhort him, if he commits the sin of the flesh, not to envy the lots of snails in the act of love, nor that of toads*, and to be less ambitious of imitating the stile of Fontenelle, when riper years shall have formed his taste.

We come now to the examination of the Letters, which, in our opinion, are doubly criminal, as they contain almost all that is to be found in the works; and we exhort him not to sell the same goods twice under different names, because it is not consistent with the character of a fair trader, which he ought to maintain.

Examination of the Letters of a young Author disguised under the name of a President.

1. **I**T may not be improper, in the first place, to inform this young author, that foreknowledge in man is not called Foreknowledge; that the word Foreknowledge is sacred to God alone, and denominates that power by which he looks into futurity. He ought to be acquainted with the meaning of words before he sets himself to write. He ought to know that the soul does not perceive itself: it sees external objects, but cannot see itself; such is its present condition. The young writer may easily correct these trifling errors.

2. It is false that "the memory makes us lose more than we gain by it." We must inform this candidate for literary fame, that the memory is the faculty of retaining ideas; that without this

* i. e. of a coitus duplex.

† Letters of a native of St. Malo.

faculty we could not even compose a bad book, could hardly know any thing at all, would not be able to conduct ourselves in any station of life, but would be left in a state of absolute ignorance and stupidity. We would therefore recommend it to this young man to improve his memory.

3. We are obliged to declare that the following notion is ridiculous, to wit, "that the soul is like a body which recovers its former state after having been put in motion; and that in the same manner the soul returns to its state of tranquility or uneasiness, which ever of the two be most natural to it." The author has not expressed himself with accuracy. He probably meant to say, that every one returns to his natural character; that a man, for instance, after having forced himself to act the philosopher for a few days, returns to his ordinary trifles, &c. But such trivial truths as these deserve not to be repeated. It is the misfortune of young men to think that they are capable of giving an air of novelty to the most common things, by wrapping them up in obscure expressions.

4. The author is mistaken in saying, that extension is no more than a perception of the mind. If ever he applies himself to the study of philosophy, he will find that extension is not like sounds and colours, which exist only in our sensations, as every school-boy knows.

5. With regard to the Germans, whom he undervalues, and treats as dunces in plain terms, he appears to us, in this particular, to be unjust and ungrateful: this is not merely to want knowledge, it is to want politeness. This young man may probably imagine that he is capable of inventing something

something after Leibnitz; but we will tell him that it is not to him that we are indebted for the invention of gun-powder.

6. This author, we are afraid, may tempt some of his fellow-students to search for the philosophers alone; for he says, "that, in whatever light we view it, we cannot prove it to be impossible." He owns, it is true, that it would be a foolish thing for any one to squander away his estate in such a research; but as in talking of the "sum of happiness," he says, that we cannot demonstrate the truth of the Christian religion, which, however, many people profess, it may happen *à fortiori* that some men may ruin themselves in searching for the grand secret, as according to him, it may possibly be found.

7. We pass over several things that would weary the reader's patience, and are unworthy of the inquisitor's notice; but we believe he will be greatly surprised to hear that this young student is for dissecting the brains of giants six feet high, and of hairy men with tails, the better to discover the nature of the human mind; that he proposes to modify the soul with opium and dreams; and that he undertakes to produce large snakes from other snakes with dough, and fishes with grains of corn. We have taken this opportunity of diverting the inquisitor.

8. But the inquisitor will not laugh when he is informed that every man may become a prophet; for the author finds no more difficulty in seeing the future than the past. He avers that the arguments in favour of judicial astrology, are as strong as those against it. He then assures us, that the perceptions of the past, the present, and the future, differ only in the greater or less activity of the

soul. He hopes that a little more heat and "exaltation" in the fancy may serve to point out the future, as the memory shews the past.

We are unanimously of opinion that his brain is exalted to a very high degree, and that he will soon commence a prophet. We cannot as yet determine whether he will be one of the greater or lesser prophets; but we are much afraid that he will prove a prophet of evil, since even in his treatise on happiness, he talks of nothing but calamities. He says, particularly, that all fools are unhappy. We send our compliments of condolance to people of this character; but if his exalted soul hath looked into futurity, did it not perceive something ridiculous in the prospect?

9. He seems to be desirous of going to the southern hemisphere, though, on reading his book, one would be tempted to think that he had just returned from thence; and yet he appears to be ignorant that it is a long time since the country of Frederic Henry, situated beyond the fortieth degree of southern latitude, was discovered: but we assure him before-hand, that if, instead of going to the southern hemisphere, he shoud resolve to sail in a direct line to the Arctic Pole, no-body will embark with him.

10. We must further inform him, that it will be extremely difficult to make, as he proposes, a hole that shall reach to the centre of the earth (where he probably means to conceal himself from the disgrace to which the publication of such absurd principles has exposed him.) This hole could not be made without digging up about three or four hundred leagues of earth; a circumstance that might disorder the balance of Europe.

To conclude, we entreat Doctor Akalia to prescribe to him some cooling medicines; and we exhort the author to apply to his studies in some university, and to be more modest for the future.

Should ever a company of philosophers be sent to Finland, to verify, if possible, by certain measurements, the grand discoveries which Newton made by his sublime theory of gravitation, and centrifugal force, and should he happen to be one of the number, let him not endeavour to be always raising himself above his companions, nor cause himself to be painted as levelling the earth with his single hand, as Atlas is represented supporting the heavens on his shoulders; as if, forsooth, he had changed the face of the universe, because he had taken his diversion in a town where there was a Swedish garrison. Let him likewise abstain from quoting the polar circle on every occasion.

Should any of his fellow-students propose to him in a friendly manner an opinion different from his? Should he assure him that he is supported by the authority of Leibnitz, and of several other philosophers, and particularly shew him a letter of M. Leibnitz, which the novice flatly contradicts, let not the said novice rashly imagine, and give out in every place, that his antagonist has forged a letter of M. Leibnitz, to rob him of the glory of being an original.

Let him not take an error into which he has fallen, upon a point of Dynamics, which is of no use in practice for an admirable discovery.

Should this companion, after having frequently shewn him his work, in which he attacks

him with equal prudence and politeness, and in which he even pays him compliments, commit it to the press with his consent, let him take care not to represent this work of his adversary as a crime of academical treason.

Should his companion repeatedly assure him that he has in his possession this letter of Leibnitz, as well as several others, which he received from a man who has been dead for some years, let not the novice basely take advantage of this circumstance, nor employ the same artifices as were used by a certain person*, against the Mairans, the Cassinis, and other true philosophers: let him not demand in such a frivolous dispute, that the dead should rise from the grave to ascertain the authenticity of a letter of M. Leibnitz; but let him reserve this miracle to the time of his commencing prophet; let him not embroil people in an insignificant quarrel, which the vanity of the author would fain render important; nor let him presume to engage the gods in a war of rats and frogs. Let him not write letter upon letter to a great princess, in order to silence his antagonist, and to tie up his hands, that so he may assassinate him at pleasure†.

Let him not, in a paltry dispute on Dynamics summon, by an academical authority, a professor to appear within a month; nor let

* The person here meant had cruelly harrassed the Messieurs de Mairan and Cassini at Paris.

† He wrote two letters to the princess of Orange, entreating her to impose silence on his antagonist M. K. who was librarian to that princess, and whom he had condemned as a forger.

him condemn the said professor of contumacy, as an invader of his glory, as a forger and falsifier of letters; more especially as it is certain that the letters of Leibnitz are genuine, and that those written under the name of a president were no more received by his correspondents than they were read by the public.

Let him not endeavour to deprive any one of the liberty of a just defence; but let him remember that he that is in the wrong, and endeavours to dishonour him that is in the right, in effect dishonours himself.

Let him be persuaded that all men of letters are equal, and we are sure, he will gain by this equality.

Let him never be so foolish as to insist that nothing should be printed without his order.

Finally, we exhort him to be of a teachable disposition, to apply to the study of sound philosophy, and not to vain cabals; for what a scholar gains in intrigues he loses in genius, in the same manner as in mechanics, what we gain in time we lose in power. We have but too frequently seen young authors, who have begun by raising high expectations and publishing excellent works, and at last by writing nothing but nonsense; because instead of able writers they wanted to be skilful courtiers, substituted vanity in place of study, and that dissipation which weakens the minds in place of that recollection which strengthens it. They have been commended, and they have ceased to be commendable: they have been rewarded, and they have ceased to deserve rewards: they have endeavoured to make a figure in the

world, and their names have been entirely annihilated: for when in an author a sum of errors is equal to a sum of ridiculous propositions, "his existence is equal to nothing*."

* Notwithstanding all our author's wit and satire, Mr. de Maupertuis will be handed down to posterity, with the character of an able mathematician.

A F U.

A

FUNERAL EULOGIUM

ON THE

O F F I C E R S

Who died in the War of 1741.

A PEOPLE who set an example of every thing good and great to all the other nations of the earth, who taught them all the arts, and even the art of war, the masters of the Romans, who have been our masters, the Greeks I mean, among their excellent institutions, which are still the object of our admiration, established the custom of consecrating by funeral eulogiums the memory of those citizens who had shed their blood in the service of their country: a custom worthy of Athens; worthy of a brave and humane nation, and worthy of us! Why, then should we not follow such a noble precedent; we who have so long, and in so many respects, been the happy rivals of that illustrious nation? why confine ourselves to the servile custom of celebrating after their death none but those, who being rendered conspicuous in the world by their exalted stations, have been surfeited with the incense of praise during their lives?

It

It is doubtless just, it is even conducive to the interests of society, to praise a Titus, a Trajan, a Lewis XII. a Henry IV. and others of the like character: but shall we always pay to the dignity of rank, those duties which are so interesting and agreeable when they are paid to the merit of the person? those duties, which are so vain when they are only a necessary part of the funeral pomp; when the heart is not affected; when the vanity of the orator speaks to the vanity of the audience; and when in a set discourse, and in forced divisions, we exhaust our own invention and our hearers patience in unmeaning eulogiums, which pass away with the smoke of the funeral lights? at least, if we must always celebrate those who have been great, let us sometimes revive the memory of those who have been useful. Happy beyond all doubt, (if the voice of the living can pierce the darksome tomb,) happy the magistrate, immortalized by the same organ who caused so many tears to be shed for the death of Mary of England, and who was worthy to celebrate the praises of the great Condé! But if the ashes of Michael le Tellier received such signal honours, is there a good citizen that does not now ask whether the same honours have been paid to the great Colbert, to that man who diffused such an exuberance of plenty by reviving industry; who carried his extensive views to the extremities of the globe; who rendered France the mistress of the seas, and to whom we owe a grandeur and felicity long unknown?

O ye immortal shades! O ye names of those happy few who have served the state with fidelity,

lity, be ye ever held in grateful remembrance; but especially perish not ye entirely, ye warriors, who have died in our defence. It was by your blood that we purchased our victories: it was upon your mangled and panting bodies that your fellow-soldiers advanced to the enemy, and mounted so many ramparts: it is to you we owe a glorious peace, the price of your destruction. The more war is considered as a dreadful scourge, comprehending all manner of crimes and calamities, the more sincere should be our gratitude to these our brave countrymen, who have died to give us that happy peace which ought to be the only end of war, and the sole object of ambition to a wise monarch.

Weak and foolish mortals as we are, who reason so wisely on our various duties, who make such profound researches into the nature of our own constitution, and into the sources of our frailties and calamities, we make our temples perpetually to resound with our reproaches and condemnations: we anathematize the slightest irregularities of conduct, and the most secret indulgences of the heart: we thunder against vices, and against faults, blamable indeed, but which hardly disturb the peace of society. But what voice, commissioned to teach virtue, has ever been raised against this crime, which is so great and so universal; against that destructive rage which transforms into beasts of prey men who were born to live like brothers; against those barbarous depredations and shocking cruelties, which make the earth a scene of robbery and desolation, and convert flourishing and populous cities into horrid and gloomy tombs? The violation of treaties the
most

most sacred and solemn, the grossness of those impostures which precede the horrors of war; the impudence of those calumnies which fill the declarations of the contending parties; the infamy of those rapines which are capitally punished in private men, but extolled as acts of heroism in the leaders of nations; theft, robbery, sacking of cities, bankrupts, and the ruin of thousands of wealthy merchants; their families wandering from place to place, and in vain begging an alms at the gates of publicans enriched with their spoils; these are a few of the many crimes and calamities that are the constant concomitants of war: and yet these crimes are committed without the least remorse; and the ministers of the gospel thunder in their pulpits against the dress of the ladies, and against the exhibition of plays, which are not only innocent but useful.

From the banks of the Po to those of the Danube they bless in the name of the same God, the colours under which snatch thousands of mercenary murderers, who from a spirit of lewdness, debauchery, and rapine, have left their native fields. They go and change their masters: they expose themselves to an infamous punishment for the sake of the most trifling advantage. The day of battle comes; and the soldier, who had hardly ranged himself under the colours of his country, frequently sheds without remorse the blood of his fellow-citizens. He impatiently waits for the moment, when in the field of slaughter, he may tear from the dying some wretched spoils, which are snatched from himself by other hands. Such is too often the soldier; such is that blind
and

and savage multitude which is employed to change the fate of empires, and to raise the monuments of glory. Viewed in one collective body, and marching under the command of a great captain, they form the most august and the most charming spectacle in the world. Taken separately, and in the excesses of drunkenness and brutal debauchery, (if you except a small number) they are the dregs of nations.

Such is not the officer; jealous of his own honour, and of that of his sovereign; braving death in cold blood, though possessed of every advantage that can make him in love with life; cheerfully quitting the pleasures of society for the dangers that make nature tremble; humane, generous, and compassionate, while barbarity rages all around him; born for the sweets of society, as well as for the dangers of war; equally polite and brave, he is frequently adorned with learning, and still more by the graces of the mind. Such is the character which foreigners give of our officers: they confess more particularly, that when the too ardent heat of youth is tempered by a little experience, they make themselves beloved even by their enemies. But if their graceful and open behaviour have been sometimes able to soften the most barbarous minds, what has not their valour performed?

These are they who defended for so many months the capital of Bohemia, conquered by their hands in so short a time; they who attacked and even besieged their besiegers; who fought such long battles in their trenches; who braved the enemy, hunger, death, and the uncommon severity of the season, in that memorable march,

march, not so long indeed as that of the Greeks under Xenophon, but as painful and as hazardous. We have seen them, under the conduct of a general equally brave and vigilant, precipitate their enemies from the top of the Alps, victorious at once over all the obstacles which nature, art, and valour opposed to their invincible courage. Ye fields of Fontenoy, ye banks of the Scheld and the Maese, stained with their blood, it was on your plains that their valour brought victory to the feet of that king, whom the nations combined against him ought to have chosen for their arbiter! What noble exploits were performed by these heroes, the number of whom is hardly known?

In what then were the centurions and tribunes of the Roman legions their superiors? in what did they excel them, if it was not, perhaps, in their invariable love of military discipline? The ancient Romans, it is true, eclipsed all the other nations of Europe, when Greece was sunk in effeminacy, and divided in her councils; and when other nations were as yet barbarians, destitute of good laws, knowing how to fight, and ignorant of the art of war, incapable of uniting their joint efforts against the common foe; without commerce, without arts, and without every resource that could enable them to preserve their liberties. No nation has ever equalled the ancient Romans. But Europe, taken together, in its present condition, is greatly superior to that conquering and legislative people, whether we consider the many branches of knowledge that have been brought to perfection, or the many new discoveries that have been made; whether we survey

survey that extensive and advantageous commerce which unites both worlds, or those rich and flourishing cities raised in places which under the Consuls and Cæsars, were no better than barren deserts; whether we cast our eyes on those numerous and disciplined armies which defend twenty kingdoms blessed with a regular government; or endeavours to pierce the veil of that policy, ever deep and ever active, which holds the balance among so many nations. In a word, that spirit of jealousy itself which reigns among the moderns, which excites their genius, and animates their labours, serves to raise Europe to a pitch of grandeur greatly superior to what we admire in ancient Rome, without being either able or willing to resemble it.

But is there a nation in the world that can boast of containing such a number of excellent officers as ours? Sometimes, in other countries, men enter into the service in order to make their fortunes: among us they lavish away their fortunes for the meer pleasure of serving: elsewhere they sell their blood to foreign masters; here they burn with the desire of sacrificing their lives for their king: there they march because they are paid; here they fly to death, in order to obtain the approbation of their master; and honour has always done greater things than interest.

In speaking of such noble exploits and such glorious actions, we frequently dispense with the tribute of gratitude, by saying that ambition was the spring of all. But this is the logic of the ungrateful. They who serve us, I own, would wish to rise in the service; yes, they are animated by that noble ambition, without
which

which there would never be a great man. And indeed if they had not in their eyes those grand objects that redouble the love of their duty, they would be but poorly recompensed by the public, who, though they are sometimes warm and even precipitate in their praises, are always more apt to censure; passing from enthusiasm to indifference, and from indifference to forgetfulness.

Sibarites, as we are, who live at ease in our flourishing cities, employed in the refinements of luxury, become insensible to every thing, and even to pleasure itself, through an excess of indulgence; tired with the so daily diversions, the least of which would have charmed our ancestors, and satiated with continual repast, more delicious than the feasts of kings; amidst so many pleasures, at once so accumulated and so little enjoyed; surrounded by so many art and finished performances, so perfect and so neglected; intoxicated and lulled asleep, as it were, in the bosom of peace and self-conceit, we hear the news of a battle; we awake from our pleasing lethargy to ask with eagerness the particulars that are talked of at random, to censure the general, to diminish the loss of the enemy, and to magnify our own. Mean while, five or six hundred families in the kingdom are either bathed in tears, or filled with the most dreadful apprehensions. They groan, and retiring into the most secret parts of their houses, demand from heaven their brothers, their husbands, and their children. The peaceful inhabitants of Paris repair in the evening to the theatre, whither they are drawn by custom, rather than by inclination; and if at the repast,
which

which succeeds the play, they happen to talk of the deceased with whom they were acquainted, they do it sometimes with indifference; sometimes by reviving the memory of their faults, when they ought only to remember their loss; or even sometimes by exercising that easy and malicious talent of malicious wit against them, as if they were still living.

But when we hear that a reverse of fortune, such as the greatest commanders have in all ages experienced, has retarded the progress of our arms, we are then thrown into the deepest despair; we then put on the appearance of fear, without feeling the least real apprehension. Our bitter reproaches persecute even in the grave the general, whose days have been cut short in an unsuccessful engagement*. But do we know what were his designs, and his resources? or, can we from our gilded rooms, which we have hardly ever left, discern, with a glance of the eye, the particular spot on which he fought? he whom you accuse may have erred; but he died fighting for you. What! shall our books, our schools, and our historical declamations, incessantly repeat the name of a Cinegerus, who, having lost his arms in seizing a Persian bark, endeavoured in vain to hold it with his teeth? and shall we blame our countryman, who lost his life in snatching in the same manner, the palisades of the enemy's entrenchments at the battle of Exilles, when he was no longer able to seize them with his wounded hands?

* The Chevalier de Belleisle.

Let us not fill our minds with these examples of antiquity, oftentimes too slightly proved, and greatly exaggerated; but let us reserve some room, at least, for those instances of heroism, whether successful or unsuccessful, which our fellow-citizens have given. Was not the young Brienne who, on having his arm broke at the battle of Exilles, mounted the ladder, crying, "I have another left for my king and my country *;" was not such a man equal to a native of Latium or Attica? and ought not all those, who like him advanced to meet the death they could not give to their enemies, ought not they to be dearer to us than the ancient warriors of a foreign land? did not they merit a hundred times more praise, and acquire more glory by dying under the inaccessible bulwarks, than their enemies did in defending themselves with safety, and in killing them without difficulty or danger?

What shall I say of those who died at the battle of Dettingen; a battle so well planned, and so ill conducted, and in which the general wanted only to be obeyed, in order to put an end to the war? Among those whose unsuccessful valour and untimely death history shall

* This would have been a noble declaration had he been fighting in defence of his country, instead of invading the dominions of another prince, in order to gratify the ambition of his sovereign. It would have become a Spartan at Thermopylæ, but appeared ridiculous in the mouth of a soldier in the army of Xerxes: the first was a true patriot in the most honourable sense of the word: the other was the desperate slave and wicked instrument of usurping tyranny.

celebrate, shall we forget a young Boufflers*, a child of ten years of age, who having a leg broken in that battle, caused it to be cut off, and died without complaint? an instance of fortitude rarely to be found among warriors, and the only one ever given by a boy of that age!

If we turn our eyes to actions, not more brave indeed, but more fortunate, how many heroes do we find whose names and achievements ought for ever to be in our mouths! how many countries sprinkled with the noblest blood, and famous for the most glorious victories! There were raised against us an hundred bulwarks, which are now no more. What are become of those fortifications of Fribourg, bathed with blood, tottering under their defenders, and surrounded with the lifeless bodies of the besiegers? We still see the ramparts of Namur, and those castles which make the astonished traveller cry, "How could they reduce this fortress which touched the clouds!" We still behold Ostend, which formerly sustained sieges of three years continuance, and which in five days surrendered to our victorious arms. Every plain, every city in these countries, is a monument of our glory; but what has this glory cost!

O ye happy people, give, at least, to your countrymen who have died the victims of this glory, or who still survive a part of themselves, the rewards which their ashes or their wounds demand. If you refuse them this boon, the

* Boufflers de Remiancourt, nephew to the duke de Boufflers.

trees, the fields of Flanders will assume a voice, and tell you, it was here that the modest and intrepid Luttaux *, loaded with years, and exhausted by a long service, wounded already in two places, weak, and losing blood, cried out, " We must not now think of preserving life ; we must endeavour to render the remains of it useful : " and leading back to the combat the dispersed troops, received the mortal blow, which brought him at last to the grave. It was there that the colonel of the French guards, going first to reconnoitre the enemy, was the first that perished in that bloody battle, and expired offering prayers for his king and his country. At a greater distance died the nephew of the famous archbishop of Cambray, the inheritor of the virtues of that excellent man, who rendered virtue truly amiable †.

How justly then did the posts of the fathers become the inheritance of the sons ! Who could feel the least spark of envy, when, on the ramparts of Tournay, one of those subterranean thunders which baffle the efforts of valour, and elude the precautions of prudence, having carried away the bloody and scattered limbs of the colonel of Normandy, the regiment was given the same day to his son, and that invincible body were hardly sensible of having changed their leader. Thus that foreign troop, which has become so national, and which bears the name of Dillon, has seen

* Lieutenant-colonel of the guards, and lieutenant-general.

† The marquis de Fenelon, lieutenant-general and ambassador in Holland.

sons and brothers rapidly succeed their fathers and brothers, who fell in battle. Thus the brave D'Aubeterre, the only colonel killed at the siege of Brussels, was replaced by his courageous brother. Why was it necessary that death should deprive us of him likewise?

The government of Flanders, that eternal theatre of war, is justly fallen to the share of the warrior who exposed his life so frequently in one day at the battle of Rocou*. His father marched by his side at the head of his regiment, and taught him to command and to conquer. † Death, who respected this generous and tender parent in the battle of Rocou, where he was continually hovering around him, waited for him in Genoa under a different form: there he perished, grieving that he could not shed his blood on the bastions of the besieged city: but with the consolation of leaving Genoa free, and carrying with him to the grave the title of its deliverer.

Wherever we turn our eyes, whether to that city delivered from oppression, or to the Po, and the Tessin, to the top of the Alps, or to the banks of the Scheld, the Maese, and the Danube, we every where behold actions worthy of immortality, or deaths which deserve our eternal lamentations.*

* The duc de Boufflers, a lieutenant-general in the army, put himself with his son, a youth of fifteen years of age, at the head of that young man's regiment: he received ten bullets in his cloaths; and afterwards died at Genoa.

† Are not these good specimens of the bathos similar to the following lines:

And thou Dalhousie, the great God of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the earl of Mar,

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We must be stupid not to admire such heroic achievements, and barbarous not to be affected with the melancholy scenes they occasion. Let us put ourselves for a moment in the place of a fearful spouse, embracing in her children the image of her young husband, whom she tenderly loves; while the warrior, who had fought danger on so many occasions, and had been wounded so frequently, marches against the enemy, in the suburbs of Genoa, at the head of his brave troop; that man who, after the example of his family, at once cultivated the study of letters and the art of war, and whose genius was equal to his valour, receives the fatal blow he had so long fought: he dies: at this news the disconsolate half of himself faints away in the midst of her children, who are not yet capable of being sensible of their loss. Here a mother and a wife resolve to set out for Flanders, to succour a young hero, whose wisdom and valour, greater than his years, justly procured him the affection of the dauphin, and seemed to promise him a glorious life; but while they are flattering themselves with the agreeable hopes of preserving his life by their tender care, they are told that he is dead*. What a moment! what a fatal blow to the daughter of an unfortunate emperor, passionately fond of her husband, who is her only consolation, her only hope in a foreign country, to be told, "Never more will you see the tender spouse for whom alone you desire to live†!"

* The count de Froulai. † The count de Baviere.

A mother flies, without stopping, into Flinders, amidst the cruel agonies into which she is thrown by the wound of her young son†. Already had she seen in the battle of Rocou his body pierced and torn with one of those terrible wounds which leave the survivor only a languishing life: this time she thinks herself too happy: she returns thanks to heaven on seeing her son deprived only of an arm, when she trembled with the apprehension of finding him in his grave.

In this review let us neither follow the order of time nor that of our exploits and losses. Our feelings disdain the confinement of rules. I transport myself to the fields in the neighbourhood of Augs-burg, where the father of the young warrior of whom I am now speaking, saved the remains of our army, and delivered them from the pursuit of the enemy, whom numbers and treachery rendered greatly superior. But in the execution of this difficult task, we lost the last branch of the house of Rupelmonde; that officer so learned and so amiable, who had studied the art of war with the most profound attention, and who joined intrepidity of soul, solidity of judgment, and brilliancy of wit, to the most polite and engaging address: he leaves a wife and a mother worthy of such a son, bathed in tears and plunged into a state of the deepest melancholy and dejection.

Now ye scornful and trifling minds, who lavish your insulting and misplaced raillery on

† The marquis de Segur.

all that softens the noble and tender heart; ye who in the striking events which determine the fate of kingdoms, seek only to distinguish yourselves by those puns and jests which you call wit, and who, on that account, pretend to a kind of superiority in the world, exert here, if ye dare, the despicable efforts of a weak and barbarous imagination; or rather, if ye have the least spark of humanity, join in the common grief, and mingle your tears with those of the public. But are ye worthy to weep?

Let not those especially, who have been the sharers of so many dangers, and the witnesses of so many losses, contract in the voluptuous indolence of our cities, and in the lightness of conversation, that habit to which our nation is so much addicted, of diffusing an air of ridicule and derision on all that is most glorious in life, and most terrible in death. Would they be so foolish as thus to degrade themselves, and to tarnish what it is their interest to honour?

Let those who employ their whole time in reading our empty and ridiculous romances; let those whose bad taste can be pleased only with those puerile thoughts, more false than delicate, with which we are daily stunned, disdain the simple tribute of sorrow that springs from the heart: let them nauseate these true pictures of our grandeur and our losses, these sincere eulogiums given to names and virtues unknown to them: I will nevertheless continue to strew flowers on the tombs of our defenders; I will raise my feeble voice, and cry, Here was cut off, in the bloom of life, that young warrior *, whose

* The marquis de Beauveau, son to the prince of Craon.

brothers fight under our standards, and whose father protected the arts at Florence, under a foreign dominion. There was pierced with a mortal wound the marquis de Beauveau, his cousin, when the worthy grandson of the great Condé forced the city of Ypres to surrender. Tormented with incredible pain, and surrounded by our soldiers, who disputed with each other the honour of carrying him off, he said to them in a dying voice, "My friends, go where your presence is necessary; go and fight, and leave me to die by myself." Who can sufficiently praise his frank and noble behaviour, his social virtues, his knowledge, his love of learning, and that judicious skill in ancient monuments, which died with him? Thus perished by a violent death, and in the flower of their age, a number of men, from whom their country expected to derive the greatest glory and advantage; while the useless incumbrances of the earth, grown old in laziness, amuse themselves in our gardens, and take a pleasure in being the first to relate the news of these calamitous events.

O fate! O destiny! our days are numbered: the moment eternally fixed arrives, and annihilates all our projects, and all our hopes. The count de Bisly, ready to receive the honours which are so greatly desired, even by those on whom honours are accumulated, runs from Genoa to Maestricht, and the last fire from the ramparts deprives him of life: he was the last victim that was sacrificed, and fell at the very moment which heaven had prescribed to put an end to so much bloodshed. O war! thou who hast filled France with glory, and with sorrow,

thou dost not barely strike by those sudden blows which bring destruction in a moment! How many citizens, how many of our friends and relations, have been ravished from us by a slow death, occasioned by the fatigue of long marches, and the severity of the seasons!

Thou art now no more, O sweet hope of the rest of my days! O my tender friend, educated in the king's invincible regiment, which hath always been conducted by heroes, which signalized itself so remarkably in the trenches of Prague, in the battle of Fontenoy, and in that of Lawfeldt, where it decided the victory! The retreat from Prague, for the space of thirty leagues, and through roads covered with ice, cast into thy bosom the seeds of death, which my sad eyes afterwards saw unfolded: familiarized to the view of death, thou beheldest him approach with that indifference, which the ancient philosophers endeavoured either to acquire or to assume. Racked with pains, both within and without, deprived of sight, and every day losing a part of thyself, nothing but the most extraordinary degree of virtue could have prevented thy being miserable; and yet this virtue sat so easily upon thee, that it seemed to cost thee no trouble. I have always seen thee the most unfortunate and the most composed of mankind. The world would never have known the great loss it has sustained in thy death, had not a man, equally remarkable for his humanity and eloquence, composed thy eulogium, in a work consecrated to friendship, and embellished with charms of the most moving poetry. I am not surprised, that, amidst the tumults of war, thou didst cultivate the study of letters and
of

of wisdom: these examples are not rare among us. If those who had only the ostentation of merit, could never impose upon thee; if those, who, even in the tender intercourse of friendship, are guided only by the motives of vanity, provoked thy indignation, there were nevertheless some noble and ingenuous minds which resembled thine own. If the elevation of thy thoughts would not suffer thee to stoop to the perusal of licentious performances, the transient delight of giddy youth, who are rather pleased with the subject than the execution; if thou despisedst that crowd of books, produced by bad taste; if those who only endeavour to be smart and witty, appeared to thee in such a mean and contemptible light; thou possessedst this solidity of judgment in common with those who always maintain the cause of reason against that inundation of bad taste, which seems to threaten us with a speedy decay. But by what prodigy didst thou acquire, at the age of twenty-five, the knowledge of true philosophy, and the talent of true eloquence? How wast thou able to soar so high, in an age of folly and trifling? And how did the simplicity of infant bashfulness cover the depth and strength of thy genius! I shall long remember, with sorrow, the value of thy friendship, the charms of which I had hardly begun to taste: it was not that vain friendship which springs from the participation of vain pleasures, which vanishes with them, and of which we have always reason to repent; but it was that steady and rational friendship, which, of all the virtues, is the most uncommon. It was thy loss that first put into my heart the design of paying some honour to the ashes of so

many defenders of the state, that I might likewise raise a monument to thine. My heart, filled with the remembrance of thee, naturally sought for this consolation, without foreseeing to what use this discourse might be destined, nor how it would be received by the malignity of mankind, who commonly, indeed, spare the dead; but sometimes however insult their ashes, especially when it can serve as a fresh pretext for tearing the living in pieces.

June 1, 1748.

N. B. The young man whose death is here so justly lamented, is M. de Vauvenargues, who was long a captain in the king's regiment. I know not whether I am mistaken, but I imagine the reader will find, in the second edition of his book, more than an hundred thoughts, which plainly shew him to have been a youth of the most amiable disposition, deeply skilled in philosophy, and intirely free from all spirit of party and faction.

The following maxims are submitted to the consideration of the judicious.

“ We are more frequently deceived by reason than by nature.”



“ If the passions lead us oftener astray than the judgment, it is for the same reason that rulers commit more faults than private men.”



“ Great thoughts flow from the heart.” (In this manner, without knowing it, he drew his own character.)

“ The



“ The conscience of the dying reproaches
“ his life.”



“ Fortitude or timidity, at the hour of
“ death, depends on the last sickness.”

I would advise the reader to peruse the following maxims with great care, and to endeavour to explain them.

“ The thought of death deceives us; for it
“ makes us forget to live.”



“ Of all kinds of philosophy that is the most
“ false, which, under the pretence of freeing
“ men from the dominion of the passions, ad-
“ vises them to live in a state of listless indo-
“ lence.”



“ We owe, perhaps, to the passions the
“ greatest advantages of a mental nature.”



“ What does not hurt the interests of so-
“ ciety, does not belong to the cognizance of
“ justice.”



“ Whoever is more severe than the laws, is
“ a tyrant.”

It is evident, methinks, from these few maxims, that we cannot say of him what one of the most amiable geniuses of the present age hath said of these party-philosophers, of these

new stoics, who have imposed their doctrines on the ignorant :

*Ils ont eu l'art de bien connaître
L'homme qu'ils ont imaginé,
Mais ils n'ont jamais deviné
Ce qu'il est, ni ce qu'il doit être.*

They study'd and presented man,
As their own brains had form'd the creature ;
But all their art could never scan
The genuine workmanship of Nature.

I do not know that any of those who have undertaken the instruction of mankind, have ever written any thing more sensible than his chapter on Natural and Moral Evil. I do not pretend to say, that every thing is equally good in this book ; but, if my judgment is not warped by the influence of friendship, I hardly know any book that is more proper to form a well-disposed and teachable mind. What further confirms me in the opinion of the excellence of this work, which M. de Vauvenargues has left behind him, is, that I have seen it despised by those who love nothing but false wit and quaint expressions.

OF THE

DOCTRINE OF GENII.

THE doctrine of genii, judicial astrology, and magic, has filled the whole earth. Go back to the time of Zoroaster, you will find the belief of genii established. All antiquity is filled with astrologers and magicians. These notions must, therefore, be founded in nature. We now affect to laugh at those nations among whom such ridiculous conceits prevailed; but had we been in their place, had we, like them, been beginning to cultivate the sciences, we should have acted exactly in the same manner. Let us suppose, for once, that we are men of genius, beginning to reason on our own being, and to make observations on the heavenly bodies: the earth is doubtless immoveable, and fixed in the center of the universe; the sun and planets revolve only for it; the stars are made solely for our sake; so that man is the grand object to which every other part of nature is subservient. What now shall we make of all these globes, which are solely destined for our use, and of the immensity of space? It is very probable, that space in general, and these globes in particular, are peopled with inhabitants; and since we are the favourites of nature, placed in the center of the world, and every thing is made for us, these beings must evidently be destined to watch over man. •

The first who should believe the thing to be barely possible, would soon find disciples convinced that it actually was so. Men began by saying, there possibly may be genii, and no body ought to affirm the contrary; for where is the impossibility of the air and the planets being inhabited? They then went a step farther, and said, there are genii, and no one surely can prove that there are none. Soon after some sages saw these genii, and no one had a right to say that they had not seen them: they had appeared to men of so much consideration, and so worthy of credit, as to put the matter beyond all doubt. One had seen the genius of the empire, or of the city in which he was born; another had seen the genius of Mars, or that of Saturn; the genii of the four elements had appeared to several philosophers; more than one sage had seen his own genius: all this, at first, in dreams; but dreams were symbols of the truth.

They even knew the shape and figure of these genii. In order to reach our globe, they behoved to have wings; and wings they accordingly had. We know no beings but bodies; they therefore had bodies, but bodies more beautiful than ours, because they were genii, and more light, because they came from such an immense distance. The sages, who had the privilege of conversing with the genii, flattered others with the hopes of enjoying the same happiness. What kind of a reception would they have given to a sceptic, who should have said, I have never seen any genii, therefore there are none? They would have answered, You reason very ill. It does not fol-
low,

low, from your ignorance of a thing, that it does not actually exist. There is no contradiction in the doctrine which teaches the nature of these aerial beings; nor is it impossible that they may pay us a visit. They have appeared to our sages; they will appear to us: you are not worthy to see genii.

Every thing on earth is a mixture of good and evil; there must, therefore, be good and evil genii. The Persians had their *peris* and their *dives*; the Greeks their *dæmons* and *cacodæmons*; and the Latins their *bonos* and *malos genios*. The good genius was white; the evil genius black; except among the Negroes, where the case was perfectly inverted. Plato readily admitted a good and evil genius for every mortal. The evil genius of Brutus appeared to him, and foretold his death, before the battle of Philippi. Have we not been told so by the gravest historians? And would Plutarch have been so rash as to affirm this fact, had it not been well-founded?

Consider, likewise, what an inexhaustible fund of feasts, diversions, merry tales, and witty sayings, the creation of genii afforded.

* *Sæpius genium natale comes qui temperat astrum.*

† *Ipse suos adsit genius visurus honores,
Cui decorent sanctas florea festa comas.*

There were male genii and female genii. Among the Romans, the genii of the ladies were called little Juno's. They had also the

* Horace.

† Tibullus.

pleasure of seeing their genius grow. In infancy, it was a kind of Cupid with wings; in the old age of the person whom it protected, it had a long beard; and sometimes it was a serpent. There is still preserved at Rome a piece of marble, on which is seen a beautiful serpent, under a palm-tree, with two crowns appended to it. The inscription runs, "To the genius of the Augustus's." This was the emblem of immortality.

What demonstrative proof have we that the genii, which were universally admitted by so many learned nations, are no more than creatures of the imagination? All that can be said on the subject may be reduced to this: I have never seen a genius; none of my acquaintance have seen one: Brutus has not left it on record that his genius appeared to him before the battle: neither Newton, nor Locke, nor even the fanciful Descartes, no king, nor minister of state, were ever supposed to have spoken to their genii: I do not therefore believe a thing of which there is not the least proof. The thing is not impossible, I own; but the possibility of it is no proof of its reality. It is very possible, that there may be satyrs with little curled tails and goats feet: I will wait, however, till I see several of them, before I will believe their existence; for should I only happen to see one, I will not believe it.

OF ASTROLOGY.

ASTROLOGY rests on a firmer foundation than the doctrine of genii: for though nobody has seen either Farfadets or Lemures, or Dives or Peris, or dæmons or caco-dæmons, yet many people have seen astrological predictions verified. Let two astrologers be consulted about the life of a child, or the nature of the weather; let the one say that the child will live to man's age, and the other that he will not; let the one foretel rain, and the other fair weather; it is evident that one of them must be a prophet.

The great misfortune of astrologers is, that the heavens are changed since the rules of their art were established. The sun, which was in Aries in the time of the Argonauts, is now in Taurus; and the astrologers, to the great detriment of their art, attribute to one sign of the zodiac what evidently belongs to another. This however is no demonstrative argument against the truth of astrology. The masters of the art may be deceived; but it has not yet been demonstrated that no such art can exist.

There is no absurdity in saying, Such a child was born at half-moon, in stormy weather, and at the rising of such a star; his constitution has been weak, and his life short and unhappy, the common lot of all those who are born with a bad habit of body. On the other hand, this child was born at full-moon, the sun shining in all his vigour, the weather fair, and at the rising of such a star; his constitution has been

good, and his life long and happy. Had these observations been frequently repeated, and found to hold true, experience might, at the end of some thousands of ages, have formed an art, the truth of which it would have been difficult to disprove: we should then have thought, and with some appearance of reason too, that men are like trees and herbs, which should only be sown and planted at certain seasons. It would have signified nothing to have objected against the astrologers, that your son was born at a happy time, and yet died in the cradle. The astrologer would have replied, It frequently happens that trees perish, though planted at a proper season. I only answered for the stars; but could not answer for the faults of the constitution which you gave to your child. Astrology can only operate when no foreign cause intervenes to oppose the influence of the stars.

Nor would you have been more successful in discrediting astrology, by saying, Of two children born at the same minute, the one became a king, the other no more than the church-warden of his parish. The astrologers would have easily defended themselves by shewing, that the peasant made his fortune by becoming a church-warden, as well as the prince made his by becoming a king.

Should you alledge, that a robber, whom Sixtus Quintus caused to be hanged, was born at the same time with Sixtus Quintus himself, who, from a sow-herd, became a pope; the astrologers would say, that they had mistaken a few seconds in their calculations; for that it was impossible, according to the rules of art, that the same star should bestow a misse and a gal-

gallows. It is only, therefore, from an immense number of events having belied the predictions, that men have at last discovered the art to be fallacious and deceitful; but before they were undeceived, they lived a long time in a state of the blindest credulity.

One of the most famous mathematicians of Europe, named Stöffler, who flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and who laboured long in reforming the calendar which was proposed to the council of Constance, foretold an universal deluge that was to happen in the year 1524. This deluge was to be in the month of February, and nothing could be more plausible; for Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, were then in conjunction in the sign of Pisces. All the inhabitants of Europe, Asia, and Africa, that heard the prediction, were struck with consternation. Every body expected the deluge, notwithstanding the rain-bow. Several contemporary authors relate, that the people inhabiting the maritime provinces of Germany made haste to sell their lands, at a low price, to such as had more money and less credulity than themselves. Every one provided himself with a boat, in imitation of Noah's Ark. A doctor of Toulouse in particular, called Auriol, caused a large ark to be built for himself, his family, and his friends; and the same precautions were taken in several parts of Italy. At last the month of February arrived, and not a drop of rain fell: never was month more dry, nor were ever the astrologers more embarrassed. But, notwithstanding this disappointment, they were neither discouraged nor neglected amongst us. Most princes continued to consult them.

I have

I have not the honour to be a prince; but the famous count de Boulainvilliers, and an Italian named Colonne, who had a great reputation at Paris, both foretold that I should certainly die at thirty-two years of age. I have had the malice to deceive them already in near thirty years, for which I most humbly ask their pardon.



OF MAGIC.

MAGIC is a science still more plausible than either astrology, or the doctrine of genii. As soon as men began to think that they possessed a principle entirely distinct from matter, and that the soul existed after death, they assigned to this soul a body, thin, subtile, aerial, and resembling that in which it was formerly lodged. Two reasons, both of them extremely natural, introduced this opinion. The first is, that in all languages the soul was called spirit, breath, wind; and this spirit, this breath, and this wind, was something very thin and refined. The second is, that if the soul of a man did not retain a form similar to what it possessed in life, it would have been impossible, after death, to distinguish the soul of one man from that of another. This soul, or ghost, which subsisted separate from the body, might easily shew itself on occasion, might return to the places it once inhabited, visit its friends and relations, speak to them, and instruct them. In this there was
nothing

nothing contradictory. Whatever is, may appear.

Spirits might easily acquaint those whom they came to visit with the manner of raising them up; and they actually did so: the word *Abraxa*, pronounced with some ceremonies, called up the particular ghost to whom the person wanted to speak. Suppose an Egyptian should say to a philosopher, "I am descended, in a direct line, from the magicians of Pharaoh, who changed their rods into serpents, and the waters of the Nile into blood. One of my ancestors married the witch of Endor, who called up the ghost of Samuel at the desire of king Saul: she communicated the secret to her husband, and he imparted it to his children. I possess this power by inheritance from my father and mother. My genealogy is well vouched; I command the ghosts and the elements." The philosopher could only beg his protection; for should he take it in his head to deny and to dispute, the magician would stop his mouth by saying, "You cannot deny facts. My ancestors were certainly great magicians; of this you cannot entertain the least doubt. You have no reason to think me inferior to them, especially when a man of honour, as I am, assures you that he is a forcerer." The philosopher might say, "Do me the favour to raise a spirit; give me an opportunity of speaking to a ghost; change this water into blood, and this rod into a serpent." The magician might reply, "I do not work for philosophers; I raise spirits to very respectable ladies, and to simple people who do not dispute; you ought to believe that it is possible, at least, that I may possess this secret, since you are forced

to

to acknowledge that my ancestors possessed it : what has been done formerly may be done now ; and you ought to believe the reality of magic without obliging me to give a specimen of my art."

These reasons are so good, that all nations have had their forcerers. The greatest forcerers were paid by the state, for discovering future events from the heart and liver of an ox. Why then have the rest been so long capitally punished ? But they performed still greater wonders ; we ought therefore to honour them, and to stand in awe of their power. Nothing is more ridiculous than to condemn a true magician to the flames ; for it is to be presumed that he can extinguish the fire, and break the necks of his judges. All that can be done is to say to him, " We do not burn you, friend, as a true forcerer, but as a false one, who vainly boast yourself the master of an admirable art, which you do not understand : we treat you as we would treat a man that circulates base money : the more we value the genuine coin, the more severely do we punish those who give counterfeit money. We know there have been venerable magicians in former ages ; but we have reason to think that you are not of that number, since you suffer yourself to be burned like a fool."

It is true, the magician, when driven to extremity, may say, " My art does not extend so far as to enable me to extinguish fire without water, nor to kill my judges with a word. I can only raise spirits, look into futurity, and change certain bodies into others of a different form. My power is limited ; but you ought not on that account to burn me by a slow fire.

This

This is as unreasonable as if you should hang a physician who has cured you of a fever, because he is not likewise able to cure you of a palsy." But the judges would answer, "Shew us then some specimen of your art, or chearfully consent to be committed to the flames."

Of People possessed by EVIL SPIRITS.

THOSE who are possessed of evil spirits are the only people to whom it is impossible to give any good answer. Let a man but once say, "I am possessed by an unclean spirit," and we must believe him on his word. Nor is he obliged, in proof of his assertion, to perform extraordinary actions: if he does perform such actions, it is only from a superabundance of right. What can you say to a man who rolls his eyes, distorts his mouth, and affirms that he has the devil in him? Every one is the best judge of his own feelings. Formerly every place was full of people possessed with unclean spirits, and some of them may be met with. If they take it in their head to beat people, they are presently repaid in their own coin, and then they become very quiet and peaceable. But with regard to a poor wretch of this character, who contents himself with a few convulsions, and does harm to no body, we have no right to do any harm to him. Should you argue with him, he will be sure to get the better of you. He will say, "The devil entered into me yesterday, under such a form, and I have, ever since, been troubled with
a super-

a supernatural cholic, which all the apothecaries in the world cannot cure." It is evident that the only course we can take with such a man is to exorcise him, or to abandon him to the devil.

The want of magicians, astrologers, genii, and of people possessed by unclean spirits, is a great loss in the present age. 'Tis impossible to conceive, of what infinite use these mysteries were about a hundred years ago. All the nobility then lived in castles, and, in the long winter-evenings, they would have died with weariness, had it not been for these noble amusements. There was hardly a castle to which a fairy did not return on certain stated days; as, for instance, the fairy Merlusine to the castle of Lusignan. The chief huntsman, a man of a meagre habit, and black complexion, hunted with a pack of black dogs in the forest of Fontainebleau. The devil broke the neck of mareschal Fabert. Every village had its forcerer, or its forceress. Every prince had his astrologer. All the ladies had their fortunes told. The persons possessed by evil spirits ran up and down the country; and he was the prettiest fellow who had seen the devil, or could see him the soonest. All this was an inexhaustible fund of conversation, and kept the minds of people in exercise. At present we divert ourselves with the insipid game of cards, and have entirely lost the pleasure of being deceived.

OF OVID.

THE learned have written whole volumes to inform us to what corner of the earth Ovidius Naso was banished by Octavius Cæſar, ſurnamed Auguſtus. All that we know of him is, that he was born at Sulmona, educated at Rome, and lived ten years on the right-hand bank of the Danube, not far from the Black Sea. Though he calls this a barbarous country, we are not therefore to imagine that it was inhabited by ſavages. The natives compoſed verſes. Cotis, a petty king of a part of Thrace, wrote ſome Getic verſes for Ovid. The Latin poet learned the Getic, and compoſed ſeveral verſes in that language. One would have expected to find ſome Greek verſes in the ancient country of Orpheus ; but this ſpot was then inhabited by a northern nation, who probably ſpoke a Tartarian dialect ; a language nearly a-kin to the ancient Sclavonic. Ovid did not ſeem to be formed for writing Tartarian verſes. The country of the Tomites, to which he was banished, was part of Meſia, a Roman province between Mount Hemus and the Danube. It is ſituated in the latitude of forty-four degrees and a half, like the fineſt provinces of France ; but the mountains which lie to the ſouth, the northerly and easterly winds that blow from the Euxine Sea, and the cold and dampneſs of the ſoil, occaſioned by the foreſts and the Danube, rendered this country inſupportable to a native of Italy : and hence it was that Ovid lived but a ſhort time in it, having died there at ſixty years of age. In his elegies

he

he complains of the climate, and not of the inhabitants :

Quos ego, cum loca sim vestra perosus, amo.

Whom, tho' I hate your soil, I dearly love.

These people crowned him with laurels, and gave him many privileges, which, however, could not hinder him from regretting the loss of Rome. Nothing could be a stronger proof of the slavery of the Romans, and of the utter extinction of all their laws, than for a man born in an equestrian family, as Octavius was, to banish a person of the same rank, and for one citizen of Rome to send another among the Scythians by a single word. Before that time, it required a plebiscitum, a law made by the whole nation, to deprive a Roman of his native country. Cicero, though banished by a cabal, was nevertheless banished with all the forms prescribed by the laws.

It is evident that Ovid's crime was his having seen something shameful in the family of Octavius.

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci?

Why did my eyes the guilty scene behold?

It is still a doubt among the learned, whether he had seen Augustus with a young boy, more plump and jolly than that Mannius whom Augustus said he could not like because he was too lean ; or if he had seen some gentleman-usher in the arms of the empress Livia, whom Augustus married while she was with child by another ; or if he had seen the emperor toying with his daughter, or his grand-daughter ; or, finally, whether

whether he had seen Augustus doing something still worse, *terva rudentibus hircis*. It is extremely probable that Ovid surprised Augustus in the commission of incest. An author, almost contemporary with Ovid, called Minutianus Apuleius, says, *Pulsam quoque in exilium quod Augusti incestum vidisset*.

Octavius Augustus made the harmless book of "The Art of Love," a book written with great decency, and in which there is not one obscene word, a pretext for banishing a Roman knight to the coasts of the Black Sea. This pretext was ridiculous. How could Augustus, who has left behind him some verses filled with the most filthy obscenity; how could he, with any regard to decency, banish Ovid to Tomis, for having several years before given his friends a few copies of "The Art of Love?" How could he have the impudence to blame Ovid for a work, written with some modesty at least, at the very time that he approved the verses of Horace, in which that author scatters, with an unsparing hand, all the terms of the most infamous prostitution, such as *futuo*, and *mentula*, and *cunus*? He proposes to gratify his passion, either with a lascivious wench, or with a pretty boy who ties up his long hair in a knot, or with a servant maid, or with a lacquey, and all without the least distinction; for to him every one is equal. In a word, he is free from no kind of lewdness, but that of bestiality. Is it not then the height of impudence to find fault with Ovid, and yet to tolerate Horace? It is evident that *Octavius* alleges a very bad reason for his conduct, not daring to mention the true one. Another proof that Ovid's banishment was owing to some act

of fornication or incest, or to some secret adventure or other of the sacred imperial family, is, that that buck of Caprea, Tiberius, immortalized by the medals of his debaucheries, and a monster of lewdness as well as of dissimulation, did not recal the poet. It was in vain for Ovid to ask a pardon from the author of the proscriptions; and the poisoner of Germanicus : he was obliged to remain on the banks of the Danube.

Had a Dutch, a Polish, a Swedish, an English, or a Venetian gentleman seen a stadtholder, a king of Great Britain, a king of Sweden, a king of Poland, or a doge commit some gross sin ; had this gentleman seen the commission of the crime, not merely by accident, but had actually sought for an opportunity of seeing it ; and, in fine, had he been even so imprudent as to talk of it in public ; yet neither the stadtholder, nor the king, nor the doge, would have a right to banish him.

But we have almost as much reason to blame Ovid for having praised Augustus and Tiberius, as we have to blame them for the crimes they committed. The eulogiums he bestows upon them are so extravagant, that they would even excite our indignation had they been given to princes, who were at once lawful sovereigns and his benefactors ; but he gives them to tyrants, and to his tyrants. We can excuse a man for bestowing a few praises on a prince that caresses him ; but we can by no means excuse him for deifying a prince that persecutes him. He would have done much better to have embarked on the Black Sea, and retired into Persia through the Palus Meotis, than to have composed his *Tristia de Ponto*. He would have learned the Persian

Perſian as eaſily as the Getic, and might, at leaſt, have forgot the maſter of Rome for the maſter of Ecbatan. Some ſtupid objector may, perhaps, alledge that he had ſtill one courſe to take; namely, to go privately to Rome; to apply to the relations of Brutus and Caſſius, and to form a twelfth conſpiracy againſt Octavius; but that was not in the elegiac taſte.

What a ſtrange and inconſiſtent thing is praiſe! Ovid, it is plain, heartily wiſhes that ſome Brutus would deliver Rome from her Auguſtus, and yet, in his verſes, he wiſhes him immortality.

I blame Ovid for nothing but his Trifſtia. Bayle attacks him upon his philoſophy of the Chaos, which is ſo well explained in the beginning of his *Metamorphoſes*:

*Ante mare, & terras, & quod tegit omnia cœlum,
Unus erat toto naturæ vultus in orbe.*

Bayle tranſlates theſe verſes thus: “Before the heaven, the earth, or the ſea exiſted, all nature was one homogeneous maſs.” Ovid ſays, “the face of nature was every where the ſame.” This does not mean that all was one homogeneous maſs; but only that this heterogeneous maſs, this aſſemblage of different, things appeared to be the ſame; *unus vultus*.

Bayle criticizes the whole of the chaos. Ovid, who, in his verſes, is no more than the chanter of the ancient philoſophy, ſays, that things ſoft and hard, light and heavy, were mixed together:

Mollia cum duris, ſine pondere habentia pondus:

and Bayle reaſons againſt him in the following manner:

“ Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose a chaos, that was homogeneous from eternity, though it had the elementary properties, as well those which are called alterative, such as heat, cold, moisture, dryness, as those which are called motive, and which are gravity and lightness; the latter the cause of an upward motion, the former of a downward. Such matter as this could not possibly be homogeneous, but must necessarily contain all sorts of heterogeneous qualities. Heat, cold, moisture, and dryness could not exist together, without being modified by their action and reaction, and converted into other properties which compose the form of mixed bodies; and as this modification might be made according to the innumerable diversities of combinations, the chaos must have contained an incredible multitude of mixed bodies of different forms. The only way in which we can conceive the chaos to be homogeneous, would be to say, that the alterative properties of the elements were modified exactly in the same degree in all particles of matter, so that there was every-where the same medium between heat and cold, the same softness, the same smell, the same taste, &c. But this would be to pull-down with one hand what we had built with the other; this would be, by a contradiction in terms, to give the name of a Chaos to a work of the greatest regularity, symmetry, and proportion that can possibly be conceived. I own, indeed, that the human mind is better pleased with a diversified, than with an uniform work; but we must be convinced, on serious reflexion, that the harmony of contrary qualities uniformly preserved throughout the universe.

verse, would be as great a perfection as that unequal distribution which succeeded the chaos.

“What unlimited knowledge, what unbounded power would be requisite to preserve this uniform harmony diffused through all nature? It would not be sufficient to put into the composition of every mixed body the same quantity of each of the four ingredients; it would be necessary to put more of some, and less of others, according to their greater or less aptitude to act than to resist; for it is well known that the philosophers make a great distinction between action and reaction on the elementary qualities. All things considered, it will be found, that the cause that should have metamorphosed the chaos, would have drawn it, not from a state of war and confusion, as is commonly supposed, but from a state of the greatest order and regularity, which, by reducing the contrary forces to an equilibrium, preserved it in perfect peace and tranquility. Hence it is evident, that if the poets will still maintain the homogeneity of the chaos, they must, of course, destroy all that they have added about this strange jumble of contrary ingredients, this indigested mass, this eternal war of jarring principles.

“But not to insist on this contradiction, we shall find sufficient reason to attack them on other accounts. Let us begin with the notion of eternity. Can any thing be more absurd than to admit a mixture of the insensible parts of the four elements for an infinite time? The moment you suppose these parts possessed of the activity of heat, the moment you allow the action and reaction of the four primary qualities, the centripetal motion in the particles of the earth and

water, and the centrifugal motion in those of fire and the air, you establish a principle which will necessarily separate these four sorts of bodies, and will require for this purpose but a limited time. Consider a little what is called the phial of the four elements. Put into it some small metallic particles, and then three different liquors, every one lighter than the others : shake it all together, you no longer discern any of these four mixtures ; the parts of each of them are confounded with the parts of the others. But let your phial stand a little, and you will then find each of them resume its proper situation. All the metallic particles fall to the bottom of the phial ; those of the lightest liquor mount to the top ; those of the liquor, which is heavier than that, but lighter than the other, occupy the third stage ; and those of the liquor, which is heavier than the other two, but lighter than the metallic particles, settle in the second place ; and thus you will find the distinct situations which you had confounded by shaking the phial. Nor will such an experiment require much patience : a very short time will be sufficient to make it ; and will exhibit a true picture of the situation which nature has given to the four elements in the construction of the world. Thus, by comparing the universe to this phial, we may easily conclude, that were the earth reduced to powder, and were that powder mixed with the matter of the stars, and with that of the air and water, and were that mixture to extend even to the invisible particles of each of these elements, every thing would immediately begin to disintangle itself, and, at the end of a certain time, the parts of the earth would form one mass, those of fire
another,

another, and so of the rest, according to the gravity or lightness of each kind of body."

But I would take the liberty of telling M. Bayle, that the experiment of the phial could not be made at the time of the chaos. I would tell him that Ovid and the philosophers understood by heavy and light things, such as became so when God put his hand to them. I would say to him; You suppose that nature might, by its own virtue, have put itself into its present form, and bestowed upon itself the quality of gravity: but you must first prove that gravity is a property essentially inherent in matter; a thing which, to this day, has never yet been demonstrated. Descartes pretends, in his philosophical romance, that bodies did not become heavy till her vortices of subtile matter began to push them to a center. Newton, in his true philosophy, does not say that gravitation or attraction is a property essential to matter. Had Ovid been able to guess at the nature of Newton's Principia Mathematica, he would have said, Matter was neither heavy, nor in motion in my chaos: it was necessary that God should give it these two qualities: my chaos did not possess the properties you ascribe to it: "*Nec quidquam nisi pondus iners*," it was only an inactive mass; *pondus* here signifying mass, and not weight. Nothing could be heavy till God had impressed on matter the principle of gravitation. How could one body tend towards the center of another, be attracted by it, or push it, unless the supreme artist had given it that inexplicable virtue? Thus Ovid would be found to be not only a good philosopher, but even a tolerable divine.

You say, "A scholastic divine would readily

admit, that if the four elements existed independent of God with all the properties they now possess, they might of themselves have formed the world, and maintained it in its present state. We must therefore acknowledge that there are two capital errors in the doctrine of the chaos. The first and principal error is, that it deprives God of the honour of creating matter, and of producing the properties that are peculiar to the fire, to the air, the earth, and the sea. The second is, that, after having robbed him of this prerogative, it introduces him on the theatre of the world without any apparent necessity, merely to assign proper places to the four elements. The new philosophers, who reject the qualities and properties of the peripatetic physics, would find the same errors in Ovid's description of the chaos; for what they call the general laws of motion, mechanical principles, and modifications of matter, such as figure, situation, and arrangement of small bodies, mean no more than that active and passive virtue of nature, which the peripatetics express by the words, alterative and motive properties of the four elements. Since, therefore, agreeable to their doctrine, these four bodies, situated according to their natural gravity and lightness, are a principle sufficient to answer all manner of productions, the Cartesians, the Gassendists, and other modern philosophers, must allow that the motion, the situation, and the configuration of the parts of matter are sufficient for the production of all natural effects, not even excepting the general arrangement which put the earth, the air, the water, and the stars into the condition in which we now behold them. Thus the true cause of the world,

world, and of all the effects produced in it, is the same with that which gave motion to the parts of matter, whether it was by assigning to every atom a certain figure, according to the opinion of the Gassendists, or only by giving to parts perfectly cubical an impulse, which, by the duration of motion reduced to fixed laws, might make them assume, in the sequel, all sorts of figures. This is the hypothesis of the Cartesians. But both of them must allow, as a necessary consequence, that if matter was such as Ovid has supposed it to be before the creation of the world, it would have been able, by its own inherent properties, to draw itself from the chaos, and to form the world without the assistance of God. They ought therefore to accuse Ovid of having committed two blunders. The one is, his supposing that matter had, without the aid of the Deity, the seeds of all mixed bodies, as heat, motion, &c. the other is his saying, that, without the assistance of God, it never could have drawn itself from a state of confusion. This is to ascribe too much and too little both to the one and the other; it is to dispense with assistance in the greatest difficulty, and to ask it when it is not necessary."

But Ovid might still reply, You falsely suppose my elements to have had all the qualities which they now possess; whereas, in fact, they had none of them: they were a naked, shapeless, and inactive mass; and when I said that in my chaos cold was mixed with heat, and moisture with dryness, I could not make use of any other expressions than these, which only mean, that there was neither cold, nor heat, nor moisture, nor dryness. These are qualities which God hath placed

in our sensations, and which have no existence in matter. I have not committed the blunders of which you accuse me. It is your Cartesians, and your Gassendists that commit blunders with their atoms, and their cubic parts; and their whimsical conceits are as ill-founded as my Metamorphoses. I prefer a Daphne changed into a laurel, and a Narcissus transformed into a flower, to your subtle matter changed into suns, and your grosser matter formed into earth and water.

I gave you fables as fables, and you philosophers give us fables for realities.

OF SOCRATES.

IS the mould broken in which those illustrious persons were formed, who loved virtue for her own sake, a Confucius, a Pythagoras, a Thales, a Socrates? In their times there were crowds of devotees who worshipped their pagods and their deities; people struck with the fear of Cerberus; and enthusiasts that run through the whole circle of initiations, pilgrimages, mysteries, and who ruined themselves by their expensive offerings of black sheep. All ages have seen such unhappy wretches as Lucretius mentions:

*Qui quocumque tamen miseri venère, parentant,
Et nigras maſſant pecudes & manibu' divo
In ſerías mittunt, multoque in rebus acerbis
Acrius advertunt animos ad religionem.*

Nay, more; where'er these boasting wretches
come

They ſacrifice black ſheep on every tomb
To pleaſe the Manes; and of all the rout,
When cares and danges preſs, grow moſt devout.

mortifications were then in uſe. The prieſts of Cybele cauſed themſelves to be caſtrated in order to preſerve their chaſtity. Whence comes it, that, among all theſe martyrs of ſuperſtition, antiquity cannot ſhew us a ſingle ſage, or great man? Thereaſon is, that fear could never produce virtue. The great men were always admirers of moral good. Wiſdom was their ruling paſſion: they were ſages for the ſame reaſon that Alexander was a warrior, Homer a poet, and Apelles a painter, by the mere force and impuſe of nature; and this, perhaps, is all that we ought to underſtand by the demon of Socrates.

As two citizens of Athens were, one day, returning from the temple of Mercury, they observed Socrates in the street. "Is not that the impious wretch," said the one, "who pretends that men may be virtuous without going daily to offer sheep and geese?" "Yes," replied the other, "that is the Sage, who has no religion; that is the Atheist who says that there is but one God." Socrates approached them with his usual air of simplicity, his demon, and his ironical vein of humour, which Madam Dacier has so much improved: "Friends, said he, a word with you, if you please: what name would you give to a man that prays to the Deity, and adores him, endeavours to resemble him as much as the weakness of human nature will permit, and does all the good in his power?" "He is," said they, "a very religious man." "Well. May not a man adore the Supreme Being, and yet have a due sense of religion?" "Agreed," said the two Athenians. "But think ye—" continued Socrates, "that when the Divine Architect of the world arranged all these globes that roll above our heads, and gave life and motion to so many different beings; think ye that he made use of the arm of Hercules, the lyre of Apollo, or the flute of Pan?" "It is not probable," said they. "But if it is improbable that he employed the assistance of any one in constructing all these bodies we see around us, it is equally improbable that he employs the ministration of any one to preserve them in being. Were Neptune absolute master of the sea, Juno of the air, Æolus of the winds, and Ceres of harvests; and should one of them desire a calm, and another wind and rain, you plainly perceive that the order of nature

ture could not subsist in its present state. It is necessary, you will allow, that every thing should depend on the author of its being. You give four white horses to the sun, and two black ones to the moon ; but is it not better that day and night should be the effect of that motion which was impressed on the stars by the creator of these heavenly bodies, than that they should be produced by six horses ?” The two citizens looked at each other, without making any answer. Socrates concluded his discourse, by proving, that they might have plentiful crops without giving money to the priests of Ceres ; might go a hunting without presenting little statues of silver to the temple of Diana ; that Pomona was not the giver of fruits, nor Neptune of horses ; but that we ought to return our thanks to the Supreme Being who made all things.

His discourse was conducted according to the strictest rules of logic. Xenophon, his disciple, a man who knew the world, and who afterwards sacrificed to the wind in the retreat of the ten thousand, pulled Socrates by the sleeve, and said ; “Your discourse is admirable ; you have spoken better than an oracle ; but you have ruined yourself : one of these men is a butcher, who sells sheep and geese for the sacrifices ; and the other is a goldsmith, who gains great sums by making little gods of silver and copper for the ladies. They will accuse you of impiety for having endeavoured to lessen their profits. They will swear against you before Melitus and Anitus, your enemies, who have conspired your ruin. Take care of the hemlock. Your demon should have dissuaded you from saying to a butcher and a gold-

a goldsmith, what ought only to be said to a Plato or a Xenophon.

Some time after, Socrates's enemies found means to have him condemned by the council of five hundred. He had two hundred and twenty votes in his favour. This makes it probable, that there were two hundred and twenty philosophers in the assembly; but shews, at the same time, that in every company, the number of philosophers is the smallest.

Socrates, accordingly, drank the hemlock for having spoken in favour of the Unity of God; and the Athenians afterwards dedicated a temple to Socrates, that very man who had declaimed against the practice of dedicating temples to inferior beings.

EXAMINATION

OF THE

POLITICAL TESTAMENT

OF

CARDINAL ALBERONI.

AFTER so many testaments which the public have rendered void and ineffectual, that of cardinal Alberoni, at last, makes its appearance. I heartily wish that the cardinal had given the editor a place in his testament. This editor or author must, doubtless, know the world too well, not to be sensible, that a good legacy, which makes a man live in ease and affluence, is better than a thousand political speculations. A writer composes a fine book, full of the most profound reasoning, on the ruinous commerce of Europe with the East Indies: a merchant, with a stroke of his pen, sends a commission thither without reasoning about effects; gains an immense fortune; and does not read the book. The case is the same in politics: a man of genius and leisure forms projects to change the face of Europe: those who govern follow their old track, without so much as enquiring whether any projects have ever been formed.

The abbé de Bourzey, afraid that he should not be read, boldly assumed the name of the cardinal de Richelieu. Others have taken the
names

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names of Mazarin, of Colbert, of Louvois, and of the duke of Lorraine. All these testaments are composed in the stile of Crispin's, who takes the night-gown and the name of Geronte in the Universal Legatee. It is evident, at first sight, that Geronte is not the author of that testament; we soon discover it to be the work of Crispin.

It must be owned, indeed, that the testament of cardinal Alberoni is not composed by a Crispin: it is written by a man of no inconsiderable share of knowledge; but he must not pretend to make the world believe, that this testament is really the work of the cardinal. In vain does he endeavour in his preface to elude the law which I enforced, viz. that this single word, "The Testament of a Minister," lays the author under an indispensable obligation to deposite the original of the work in the public archives, or to prove the authenticity of it in some other way equally satisfactory.

If this law is violated, the public have a right to exclaim against the imposition. In matters of so great importance we are bound to convince the world that we act fairly and honestly. When I printed the Anti-Machiavel at the Hague, I deposited the original copy in the Town-house, where it still remains. The author, indeed, does not pretend, that the Testament of cardinal Alberoni is the work of that minister: he only says, that it contains his intentions; that it is a collection of some of the cardinal's thoughts, to which the editor has joined his own; by which means the work may become doubly valuable. Call it a Testament, or not, as you please, it is of no consequence. The titles of books are like those.

those of men in the eyes of a philosopher ; he judges of nothing by titles.

Be it the cardinal Alberoni, or his interpreter, that advises the king of Spain to encourage agriculture, it is certainly a very good advice, and his majesty ought to follow it, whether it come from a minister, or a farmer. The author proposes to cultivate the lands in Spain by the hands of the negroes. And why not ? These lands, which want labourers, still accuse that unhappy king, who deprived them of the hands of the Moors, under whom they were fertile. The deserts of Prussia, cultivated by foreigners, are a reproach to the lands of Castile.

Few men are better acquainted with Spain than this author. One would almost take him for the minister of Philip V. or for him who was the companion of his retreat and his unhappy friend (if indeed one can be the friend of a king.) He enumerates all the causes to which the depopulation of Spain is owing ; but, methinks, he is in the wrong, not to reckon among these causes the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors, and the many colonies transplanted into America. The emigration of the Protestants from France is hardly perceptible. But the reason is, that France contains about twenty-two millions of industrious inhabitants ; whereas, in Spain there are scarcely above six millions of people, and their pride and laziness jointly contribute to stifle the spirit of industry. Take much from him that has little, and what remains ? how repair these losses in a country where parents transmit to their children the disease that attacks the human species in its source, and where superstition buries nature in cloisters ? I here make use of the
term,

term Superstition, which the cardinal employs ; for I would not willingly change his words. The author plainly proves that Spain is the country of grandeur and abuses. He does more : he points out the remedies. The work has not been reviewed by the inquisitors. There are some countries in the world which require, that a man should be six hundred miles from them, before he can take the liberty of telling these useful truths.

In the seventh chapter we see a part of that immense plan, which was formerly conceived by cardinal Alberoni. This man, in 1707, was not known in Anet (the curacy of which he refused) by any other character, than that of "*uomo faceto è piacevole*," who made excellent onion-soups. He was then patronized by Campistron ; and in 1718 he was going to turn the world topsy-turvy. I made mention of him in my history of Charles XII. I there did him justice ; and he returned me thanks with so much the more gratitude, as he was then unfortunate. This project, which was just upon the point of being carried into execution, was to arm the Ottoman empire against Austria, and Charles XII. and the Czar against England ; to establish the Pretender on the throne of Great-Britain ; to deprive the duke of Orleans of the regency of France ; and to render Italy for ever independent of Germany, after seven hundred years of subjection, or slavery, or submission. In prosecution of this scheme, an Italian body was formed somewhat resembling the Germanic body. Don Carlos was to have Naples and Sicily ; and his brother, Don Philip, Tuscany. Lombardy was to fall to the share of the dukes of Savoy. Mantua was to be added to the territories of Venice ; and the

the dominions of the duke of Modena were to be more than doubled by the addition of Parma.

Views of the most extensive commerce came in aid of these political regulations or disorders. The cannon-ball which killed Charles XII. overturned the whole project. But this shattered machine was strong enough, some time time after, to place Don Carlos on the throne of the two Sicilies by new expedients.

The author would have the Pretender to endeavour to obtain the sovereignty of Corsica, instead of making fruitless attempts upon the crown of England. He then proposes to him the viceroyalty of Majorca. Can these proposals come from the cardinal Alberoni?

Can it possibly be he who inveighs so bitterly against the memory of the cardinal de Fleury; and who says, that nothing was to be heard but the complaints and groans of the people during the administration of that minister? If it really be the cardinal Alberoni that speaks thus, he is either greatly prejudiced, or he is not so well acquainted with France as with Spain. He decries the cardinal de Fleury in every thing, and degrades him below mediocrity. But when we travel from St. Dizier to Moyenvic, we say, "It was the cardinal de Fleury that added all these territories to France; and what more could a great man have then done?" The cardinal Alberoni is become a very severe censurer since his death. His Testament is a satire.

He blames cardinal Fleury for having been for the war of 1741, though it is well known that he was against it, and opposed it with all his might.

He blames the emperor Charles VI. for having made his pragmatic sanction; but the daughter of that emperor, we believe, will be of a different opinion. He is for changing the constitution of Germany. In a word, he acts like a man who has lost his estate at play, and still taking pleasure in viewing the players, publishes aloud the mistakes he thinks he discovers.

Can it possibly be the cardinal Alberoni, that thus judges the living and the dead? We know a marshal of France, who has acquired a great reputation by his grand projects, by the spirit of order and economy which he introduced, and by his genius and activity. The pretended testator treats him very severely. In my opinion, history ought not to speak of the living: she ought to imitate the judgments of the Egyptians, who never decided concerning the merit of their countrymen, until they were no more. The characters of great men are always viewed in a false light during their life-time. But had we an inclination to answer the bitter reproaches with which cardinal Alberoni loads this illustrious Frenchman, we might say: Cease to reproach the marshal with exhausting the treasures of France, in his magnificent embassy to Frankfort, when Charles XII. was chosen emperor. Cease to represent Germany as jealous of this pretended profusion. The Spanish ambassador made as great a figure there as the ambassador of France. The duke de Ripperda had appeared at Vienna with still greater splendor; nor was it ever known that any nation was alarmed at the number of a plenipotentiary's domestics; or at the richness and magnificence of his plate. You was certainly indisposed when you wrote this article; and you bestowed

bestowed your malediction, at your dying hour, on a mere trifle. Your eminence was in a bad humour, when you dictated the article in which you condemn in a political view, the project of this general: you ought not to judge by the event. Men whose reputation with posterity will be higher than yours, because with an equal share of genius they had better fortune, have said, that the plan which you think so chimerical, was of all others the most likely to succeed. In effect, what was this plan? It was to unite France, Spain, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, to judge sword in hand, the cause of the succession to the Austrian dominions. A young and victorious king had an army of an hundred thousand men, the best disciplined of any in Europe. Saxony had near fifty thousand, Two French armies, each consisting of about forty thousand men, were both in the heart of Germany, and almost at the gates of Vienna. The Spaniards were going to fall upon Italy; and at that time, it hardly appeared, that they had any enemies to contend with. They had even proposed to put other springs in motion, which history will one day bring to light. We ask, after all these preparations, if ever an enterprize had a better appearance? We ask, if this project was not an hundred times more plausible than yours? Small armies have sometimes been seen to overthrow mighty empires. Here two hundred and fifty thousand men attack a defenceless woman; and yet she maintains her ground. Own it, Mr. Cardinal; there certainly is a Being above us who confounds the wisest schemes of mortal men.

You

You are but ill informed for a great minister, when you say, that this general whom you condemn, demanded a hundred thousand men from cardinal Fleury. I can assure your eminence, that he demanded only fifty thousand to march to Vienna, and among these twenty thousand horse. He only obtained thirty-two thousand in all, of which but eight thousand were horse. But even these, with the troops of the allies, composed a force, which nothing seemed capable of resisting, inasmuch as the enemy had not as yet assembled an army. On this point of history, I could inform your eminence of many things which you do not appear to know, and which would convince you that the man you affect to despise, was very worthy of your esteem.

As I am still alive, I dare not use the same freedom with you who are dead, and may say every thing with impunity: but I may venture, at least, to give you a few particulars relating to the siege of Prague, which will make you change your opinion. You cannot deny that the sallies were real battles, and that the retreat was glorious.

I know not what harm the cardinal de Fleury, and the general you mention, may have done you: but it appears to me, Sir, that a good christian as you ought to have been, and a cardinal as you certainly was, should on his death-bed have been reconciled with his enemies. Your Testament seems to me to have been composed *ab irato*; a circumstance which alone is sufficient to lessen its authority.

This Testament will be more useful to politicians than to historians. The testator is far from falling into the absurd errors of the forger who
assumed

assumed the name of the cardinal de Richelieu. This bungling forger, in making the greatest minister in Europe speak, at the very crisis of the war between the king of Spain and the emperor, says not a word of the manner in which France should have conducted herself with her allies, and her enemies. It was a strange inconsistency to see the cardinal de Richelieu pass over in silence the negociations, and the interests of all the princes, in order to talk of the university and taxes. In this Testament the case is quite the reverse. The author enters into the interest of all the potentates; assigns to each his particular share; disposes of the world at pleasure; and puts himself in the place of Providence. He talks of all that might have been done, and of all that could possibly happen: his work is a collection of future contingencies.

There is not a simple or common thought in the whole of this Testament. It is there said, that when the emperor Charles VII. was without dominions, and without an army, he ought to have put the queen of Hungary to the ban of the empire. It should seem, however, that when a monarch passes such a sentence, he ought to have a hundred thousand bailiffs to publish it to the world.

For the rest, never did Testament contain more considerable legacies. The cardinal gives and bequeaths Bohemia to the elector of Saxony; the duchy of Zell to the duke of Cumberland; Tirol and Carinthia to the elector of Bavaria; Brisgau, with the Forest-towns, to the duke of Deux-Ponts; and the duchy of Deux-Ponts to the elector palatine. This is not unlike the testament which Ctesiphantes the Gascon made at
Naples

Naples in the time of the duke of Guise. He bequeathed to that prince his jewels and his gold plate, an hundred thousand crownsto the Jesuits, and the same sum to an hospital. He likewise founded a college and a public library.

He had not wherewithal to defray the expences of his funeral.

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN

LUCRETIUS and POSSIDONIUS.

The first COLLOQUY.

POSSIDONIUS.

YOUR poetry is sometimes admirable; but the philosophy of Epicurus is, in my opinion, very bad.

LUCRETIUS.

What! will you not allow that the atoms, of their own accord, disposed themselves in such a manner as to produce the universe?

POSSIDONIUS.

We mathematicians can admit nothing but what is proved by incontestible principles.

LUCRETIUS.

My principles are so.

Ex nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.

Tangere enim & tangi nisi corpus nulla potest res.

From nothing nought can spring, to nothing nought return.

Nought but a body can a body touch.

POSSIDONIUS.

Should I grant you these principles, and even your atoms and your vacuum, you can no more persuade me that the universe put itself into the admirable order in which we now

behold it, than if you were to tell the Romans that the armillary sphere composed by Possidonius made itself.

LUCRETIUS.

But who then could make the world?

POSSIDONIUS.

An intelligent Being, much more superior to the world and to me, than I am to the brass of which I made my sphere.

LUCRETIUS.

How can you, who admit nothing but what is evident, acknowledge a principle of which you have not the least idea?

POSSIDONIUS.

In the same manner as, before I knew you, I judged that your book was the work of a man of genius.

LUCRETIUS.

You allow that nature is eternal, and exists because it does exist. Now if it exists by its own power, why may it not, by the same power, have formed suns, and worlds, and plants, and animals, and men?

POSSIDONIUS.

All the ancient philosophers have supposed matter to be eternal, but have never proved it to be really so; and even allowing it to be eternal, it would by no means follow that it could form works in which there are so many striking proofs of wisdom and design. Suppose this stone to be eternal if you will, you can never persuade me that it could have composed the Iliad of Homer.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIIUS.

No: a stone could never have composed the Iliad, any more than it could have produced a horse: but matter organized in process of time, and become bones, flesh, and blood, will produce a horse; and organized more finely, will produce the Iliad.

POSSIDONIUS.

You suppose all this without any proof; and I ought to admit nothing without proof. I will give you bones, flesh, and blood, ready made, and will leave you and all the Epicureans in the world to make your best of them. Will you only consent to this alternative; viz. to be put in possession of the whole Roman empire, if, with all the ingredients ready prepared, you produce a horse, and to be hanged if you fail in the attempt?

LUCRETIIUS.

No; that surpasses my power, but not the power of nature. It requires millions of ages for nature, after having passed through all the possible forms, to arrive at last at the only one which can produce living beings.

POSSIDONIUS.

You might, if you pleased, continue all your life-time to shake in a cask all the materials of the earth mixed together, you would never be able to form any regular figure; you could produce nothing. If the length of your life is not sufficient to produce even a mushroom, will the length of another man's life be sufficient for that purpose. Why should several

ages be able to effect what one age has not effected? One ought to have seen men and animals spring from the bosom of the earth, and corn produced without seed, &c. &c. before he should venture to affirm that matter, by its own energy, could give itself such forms; but no one that I know of hath seen such an operation, and therefore no one ought to believe it.

LUCRETIVS.

Well! men, animals, and trees must always have existed. All the philosophers allow that matter is eternal; and they must further allow, that generations are so likewise. 'Tis the very nature of matter that there should be stars that revolve, birds that fly, horses that run, and men that compose Iliads.

POSSIDONIUS.

In this new supposition you change your opinion; but you always suppose the point in question, and admit a thing for which you have not the least proof.

LUCRETIVS.

I am at liberty to believe, that what is today, was yesterday, was a century ago, was an hundred centuries ago, and so on backwards without end. I make use of your argument: no one has ever seen the sun and stars begin their course, nor the first animals formed and endowed with life. We may, therefore, safely believe that all things were from eternity as they are at present.

POSSIDONIUS.

There is a very great difference. I see an admirable design, and I ought to believe that an intelligent being formed that design.

LUCRETIVS.

You ought not to admit a being of whom you have no knowledge.

POSSIDONIUS.

You might as well tell me, that I ought not to believe that an architect built the capitol, because I never saw that architect.

LUCRETIVS.

Your comparison is not just. You have seen houses built, and you have seen architects; and therefore you ought to conclude that it was a man like our present architects that built the capitol. But here the case is very different: the capitol does not exist of itself, but matter does. It must necessarily have had some form; and why will you not allow it to possess, by its own energy, the form in which it now is? Is it not much easier for you to admit, that nature modifies itself, than to acknowledge a being that modifies it? In the former case you have only one difficulty to encounter, namely, to comprehend how nature acts. In the latter you have two difficulties to surmount, viz. to comprehend this same nature, and the visible being that acts upon it.

POSSIDONIUS.

It is quite the reverse. I see not only a difficulty, but even an impossibility in comprehending how matter can have infinite designs;

but I see no difficulty in admitting an intelligent being, who governs this matter by his infinite wisdom, and by his almighty will.

LUCRETIUS.

What? is it because your mind cannot comprehend one thing that you are to suppose another? Is it because you do not understand the secret springs, and admirable contrivances, by which nature disposed itself into planets, suns, and animals, that you have recourse to another being?

POSSIDONIUS.

No; I have not recourse to a god, because I cannot comprehend nature; but I plainly perceive that nature needs a supreme intelligence; and this reason alone would to me be a sufficient proof of a deity had I no other.

LUCRETIUS.

And what if this matter possessed intelligence of itself?

POSSIDONIUS.

It is plain to me that it does not possess it.

LUCRETIUS.

And to me it is plain that it does possess it, since I see bodies like you and me reason.

POSSIDONIUS.

If matter possesses, of itself, the faculty of thinking, you must affirm that it possesses it necessarily and independently: but if this property be essential to matter, it must have it at all times and in all places; for whatever is essential to a thing can never be separated from it. A bit of clay, and even the vilest excre-

ment would think ; but sure you will not say that dung thinks. Thought, therefore, is not an essential attribute of matter.

LUCRETIVS.

Your reasoning is a meer sophism. I hold motion to be essential to matter ; and yet this dung, or that piece of clay, are not actually in motion ; but they will be so when they are impelled by some other body. In like manner thought will not be an attribute of a body, except when that body is organized for thinking.

POSSIDONIUS.

Your error proceeds from this, that you always suppose the point in question. You do not reflect, that, in order to organize a body, to make it a man, to render it a thinking being, there must previously be thought, there must be a fixed design. But you cannot admit such a thing as design, before the only beings in this world, capable of design, are formed ; you cannot admit thought, before the only beings, capable of thinking, exist. You likewise suppose the point in question, when you say that motion is necessary to matter ; for what is absolutely necessary always exists, as extension, for instance, exists always and in every part of matter : but motion does not exist always. The pyramids of Egypt are not surely in motion. A subtle matter, perhaps, may penetrate between the stones which compose the pyramids ; but the body of the pyramid is immoveable. Motion, therefore, is not essential to matter, but is communicated to it by a foreign cause, in the same manner as thought is to men. Hence it follows, that there must be a power-

ful and intelligent being, who communicates motion, life, and thought to his creatures.

LUCRETIVS.

I can easily answer your objections, by saying, that there have always been motion and intelligence in the world. This motion and this intelligence have been distributed at all times, according to the laws of nature. Matter being eternal, it must necessarily have been in some order; but it could not be put into any order without thought and motion; and therefore thought and motion must have always been inherent in it.

POSSIDONIUS.

Do what you will, you can at best but make suppositions. You suppose an order; there must therefore have been some intelligent mind who formed this order. You suppose motion and thought before matter was in motion, and before there were men and thoughts. You must allow, that thought is not essential to matter, since you dare not say that a flint thinks. You can oppose nothing but a *perhaps* to the truth that presses hard upon you. You are sensible of the weakness of matter, and are forced to admit a supreme intelligent and almighty being, who organized matter and thinking beings. The designs of this superior intelligence shine forth in every part of nature, and you must perceive them as distinctly in a blade of grass, as in the course of the stars. Every thing is evidently directed to a certain end.

LUCRETIVS. v

But do you not take for a design what is only a necessary existence? Do you not take

for

for an end what is no more than the use which we make of things that exist? The Argonautes built a ship to sail to Colchis. Will you say that the trees were created in order, that the Argonautes might build a ship, and that the sea was made to enable them to undertake their voyage? Men wear stockings: will you say that legs were made by the supreme being in order to be covered with stockings? No, doubtless; but the Argonautes, having seen wood, built a ship with it, and having learned that the water could carry a ship, they undertook their voyage. In the same manner, after an infinite number of forms and combinations which matter had assumed, it was found that the humours, and the transparent horn which compose the eye, and which were formerly separated in different parts of the body, were united in the head, and animals began to see. The organs of generation, dispersed before, were likewise collected, and took the form they now have; and then all kinds of procreation were conducted with regularity. The matter of the sun, which had been long diffused and scattered through the universe, was conglobated, and formed the luminary that enlightens our world. Is there any thing impossible in all this?

POSSIDONIUS.

In fact, you cannot surely be serious when you have recourse to such a system: for, in the first place, if you adopt this hypothesis, you must of course reject the eternal generations of which you have just now been talking: and, in the second place, you are mistaken with

regard to final causes. There are voluntary uses to which we apply the gifts of nature; and there are likewise necessary effects. The Argonauts needed not, unless they had pleased, have employed the trees of the forest to build a ship; but these trees were plainly destined to grow on the earth, and to produce fruits and leaves. We need not cover our legs with stockings; but the leg was evidently made to support the body, and to walk, the eyes to see, the ears to hear, and the parts of generation to perpetuate the species. If you consider that a star, placed at the distance of four or five hundred millions of leagues from us, sends forth rays of light, which make precisely the same angle in the eyes of every animal, and that, at that instant, all animals have the sensation of light, you must acknowledge that this is an instance of the most admirable mechanism and design. But is it not unreasonable to admit mechanism without a mechanic, a design without intelligence, and such designs without a Supreme Being?

LUCRETIUS.

If I admit the Supreme Being, what form must I give him? Is he in one place? Is he out of all place? Is he in time or out of time? Does he fill the whole of space, or does he not fill it? Why did he make the world? What was his end in making it? Why form sensible and unhappy beings? Why moral and natural evil? On whatever side I turn my mind, every thing appears dark and incomprehensible.

POSSIDONIUS.

'Tis a necessary consequence of the existence of this Supreme Being that his nature should be incomprehensible; for, if he exists, there must be an infinite distance between him and us. We ought to believe that he is, without endeavouring to know what he is, or how he operates. Are you not obliged to admit asymptotes in geometry, without comprehending how it is possible for the same lines to be always approaching, and yet never to meet? Are there not many things as incomprehensible as demonstrable, in the properties of the circle? Confess, therefore, that you ought to admit what is incomprehensible, when the existence of that incomprehensible is proved.

LUCRETIVS.

What! must I renounce the dogmas of Epicurus?

POSSIDONIUS.

It is better to renounce Epicurus, than to abandon the dictates of reason.



The Second COLLOQUY.

LUCRETIVS.

I Begin to recognize a Supreme Being, inaccessible to our senses, and proved by our reason, who made the world, and preserves it; but with regard to what I have said of the soul,

in my third book, which has been so much admired by all the learned men of Rome, I hardly think you can oblige me to alter my opinion.

POSSIDONIUS.

You say,

Idque situm media regione in pectoris hæret.

The mind is in the middle of the breast.

But, when you composed your beautiful verses, did you never make any effort of the head? When you speak of the orators Cicero and Mark Anthony, do you not say that they had good heads? And were you to say that they had good breasts, would not people imagine that you was talking of their voice and lungs?

LUCRETIUS.

Are you not convinced, from experience, that the feelings of joy, of sorrow, and of fear, are formed about the heart?

*Hic exultat enim pavor ac metus; hæc loca circum
Latitæ mulcent.*

For there our passions live, our joy, our fear,
And hope; CREECH.

Do you not feel your heart dilate or contract itself on the hearing of good or bad news? Is it not possessed of some secret springs of a yielding and elastic quality? This, therefore, must be the seat of the soul.

POSSIDONIUS.

There are two nerves which proceed from the brain, pass through the heart and stomach, reach to the parts of generation, and communicate

nicate motion to them; but would you therefore say, that the human mind resides in the parts of generation?

LUCRETIVS.

No; I dare not say so. But though I should place the soul in the head, instead of placing it in the breast, my principles will still subsist: the soul will still be an infinitely subtile matter, resembling the elementary fire, that animates the whole machine.

POSSIDONIUS.

And why do you imagine that a subtile matter can have thoughts and sentiments of itself?

LUCRETIVS.

Because I experience it; because all the parts of my body, when touched, presently feel the impression; because this feeling is diffused thro' my whole machine; because it could not be diffused through it but by a matter of a very subtile nature, and of a very rapid motion; because I am a body, and one body cannot be affected but by another; because the interior part of my body could not be penetrated but by very small corpuscles; and, of consequence, my soul must be an assemblage of these corpuscles.

POSSIDONIUS.

We have already agreed, in our first colloquy, that it is extremely improbable that a rock could compose the *Iliad*. Will a ray of the sun be more capable of composing it? Suppose this ray an hundred thousand times more subtile and rapid than usual, will this light, or
this

206 DIALOGUES between
this tenuity of parts, produce thoughts and
sentiments?

LUCRETIVS.

Perhaps they may, when placed in organs
properly prepared.

POSSIDONIUS.

You are perpetually reduced to your *perhaps*.
Fire, of itself, is no more capable of thinking
than ice. Should I suppose that it is fire that
thinks, perceives, and wills in you, you would
then be forced to acknowledge, that it is not by
its own virtue that it hath either will, thought,
or perception.

LUCRETIVS.

No; these sensations will be produced not by
its own virtue, but by the assemblage of the fire,
and of my organs.

POSSIDONIUS.

How can you imagine that two bodies,
neither of which can think apart, should be
able to produce thought, when joined together?

LUCRETIVS.

In the same manner as a tree and earth, when
taken separately, do not produce fruit; but do
so, when the tree is planted in the earth.

POSSIDONIUS.

The comparison is only specious. This tree
hath in it the seeds of fruit: we plainly per-
ceive them in the buds, and the moisture of the
earth unfolds the substance of these fruits. Fire,
therefore, must possess in itself the seeds of
thought, and the organs of the body serve only
to develope these seeds.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIVS.

And do you find any thing impossible in this?

POSSIDONIUS.

I find that this fire, this highly refined matter, is as devoid of the faculty of thinking as a stone. The production of a being must have something similar to that which produced it; but thought, will, and perception, have nothing similar to fiery matter.

LUCRETIVS.

Two bodies, struck against each other, produce motion, and yet this motion has nothing similar to the two bodies; it has none of their three dimensions, nor has it any figure. A being, therefore, may have nothing similar to that which produced it; and, of consequence, thought may spring from an assemblage of two bodies which have no thought.

POSSIDONIUS.

This comparison likewise is more specious than just. I see nothing but matter in two bodies in motion: I only see bodies passing from one place to another. But when we reason together, I see no matter in your ideas, or in my own. I shall only observe, that I can no more conceive how one body has the power of moving another, than I can comprehend the manner of my having ideas. To me, both are equally inexplicable; and both equally prove the existence and the power of a Supreme Being, the author of thought and motion.

LUCRETIIUS.

If our soul is not a subtile fire, an ethereal quintessence, what is it?

POSSIDONIUS.

Neither you nor I know aught of the matter. I will tell you plainly what it is not; but I cannot tell you what it actually is. I see that it is a power lodged in my body; that I did not give myself this power; and, of consequence, that it must have come from a Being superior to myself.

LUCRETIIUS.

You did not give yourself life: you received it from your father; from whom likewise, together with life, you received the faculty of thinking, as he had received both from his father, and so on backwards to infinity. You no more know the true principle of life, than you do that of thought. This succession of living and thinking beings hath always existed.

POSSIDONIUS.

I plainly see, that you are always obliged to abandon the system of Epicurus; and that you dare no longer maintain, that the declination of atoms produced thought. I have already, in our last colloquy, refuted the eternal succession of sensible and thinking beings. I shewed you, that, if there were material beings capable of thinking by their own power, thought must necessarily be an attribute essential to all matter; that, if matter thought necessarily, and by its own virtue, all matter must of course think: but this is not the case, and therefore it is impossible to maintain a succession of material beings,

beings, who, of themselves, possess the faculty of thinking.

LUCRETIIUS.

Notwithstanding this reasoning, which you repeat, it is certain that a father communicates a soul to his son, at the same time that he forms his body. This soul and this body grow together; they gradually acquire strength; they are subject to calamities, and to the infirmities of old age. The decay of our strength draws along with it that of our judgment: the effect, at last, ceases with the cause, and the soul vanishes like smoke into air.

*Præterea, gigni pariter cum corpore, & unâ
Crescere sentimus, pariterque senescere mentem.
Nam velet infirmo pueri, teneroque vagantur
Corpore, sic animi sequitur sententia tenuis.
Inde ubi robustis adolevit viribus ætas,
Consilium quoque majus, & auctior est animi vis.
Post ubi jam validis quassatum est viribus ævi
Corpus, & obtusis ceciderunt viribus artus:
Claudicat ingenium, delirat linguaque, mensque;
Omnia deficiunt, atque uno tempore desunt,
Ergo dissolvi quoque convenit omnem animai
Naturam, ceu fumus in altis aeris auras:
Quandoquidem gigni pariter, pariterque videmus
Crescere, & (ut docui) simul ævo fessa fatiscit.*

Besides, 'tis plain that souls are born, and grow;
And all by age decay, as bodies do:
To prove this truth; in infants, minds appear
Infirm, and tender as their bodies are:
In man, the mind is strong; when age prevails,
And the quick vigour of each member fails,

The

nest, that men give themselves nothing, but are under the hand of an absolute master?

LUCRETIVS.

If you know more of the matter than I do, tell me what the soul is.

POSSIDONIUS.

I do not pretend to know what it is more than you. Let us endeavour to enlighten each other. Tell me, first, what is vegetation?

LUCRETIVS.

It is an internal motion, that carries the moisture of the earth into plants, makes them grow, unfolds their fruits, expands their leaves, &c.

POSSIDONIUS.

Surely, you do not think that there is a being called *Vegetation* that performs these wonders!

LUCRETIVS.

Who ever thought so?

POSSIDONIUS.

From our former colloquy you ought to conclude, that the tree did not give vegetation to itself.

LUCRETIVS.

I am forced to allow it.

POSSIDONIUS.

Tell me next what life is.

LUCRETIVS.

It is vegetation joined with perception in an organized body.

POS-

POSSIDONIUS.

And is there not a being called life that gives perception to an organized body?

LUCRETIUS.

Doubtless, vegetation and life are words which signify things that live and vegetate.

POSSIDONIUS.

If a tree and an animal cannot give themselves life and vegetation, can you give yourself thoughts?

LUCRETIUS.

I think I can; for I think of whatever I please. My intention was to converse with you about metaphysics, and I have done so.

POSSIDONIUS.

You think that you are master of your ideas: do you know then what thoughts you will have in an hour, or in a quarter of an hour?

LUCRETIUS.

I must own that I do not.

POSSIDONIUS.

You frequently have ideas in your sleep; you make verses in a dream: Cæsar takes cities: I resolve problems; and hounds pursue the stag in their dreams. Ideas, therefore, come to us independently of our own will: they are given us by a Superior Being.

LUCRETIUS.

In what manner do you mean? Do you suppose that the Supreme Being is continually employed

ployed in communicating ideas; or that he created incorporeal substances, which were afterwards capable of forming ideas of themselves, sometimes with the assistance of the senses, and sometimes without it? Are these substances formed at the moment of the animal's conception? or are they formed before its conception? Do they wait for bodies, in order to insinuate themselves into them? or are they not lodged there till the animal is capable of receiving them? Or, in fine, is it in the Supreme Being that every animated being sees the ideas of things? What is your opinion?

POSSIDONIUS.

When you tell me how our will produces an instantaneous motion in our bodies, how your arm obeys your will, how we receive life, how food digests in the stomach, and how corn is transformed into blood; I will then tell you how we have ideas. With regard to all these particulars, I frankly confess my ignorance. The world, perhaps, may one day obtain new lights; but from the time of Thales to the present age, we have not had any. All we can do is to be sensible of our own weakness, to acknowledge an Almighty Being, and to be upon our guard against these systems.

OF LANGUAGES.

THERE is no language absolutely perfect; none that can express all our ideas and all our sensations, the nice and delicate distinctions of which are too numerous and too imperceptible. No man can make known the precise degree of feeling which he has in his own breast. We are obliged, for instance, to distinguish by the general name of love and hatred, a thousand different kinds of love and hatred: and the case is the same with all our pains and pleasures. Thus all languages are, like ourselves, imperfect.

They have all been formed successively, and by degrees, according to our several wants and necessities; the first grammars were insensibly formed by that instinct which is common to all men. The Laplanders and the negroes, as well as the Greeks, had occasion to express the past, the present, and the future; and they did so. But as no language was ever formed by an assembly of logicians, none, of consequence, has ever arrived at a perfect and regular plan.

All words in all possible tongues are necessarily the pictures of our sensations. Men can never express what they do not feel. Thus all languages are become metaphorical, and all tend to enlighten the mind: the heart burns, the judgment sees, compounds, unites, divides, wanders, collects itself, and is dissipated.

All nations have agreed to give the name of breath or spirit to the human soul or understanding, whose effects they perceive without

seeing its substance, after having given the name of breath, wind, or spirit, to the motion of the air, whose substance they can no more discern.

Among all nations infinite hath ever been a negation of finite; and immensity a negation of measure. It is evident that all languages have sprung from our five senses, as well as all our ideas.

The least imperfect are like the laws; those which are least arbitrary are the best.

The most perfect languages must necessarily be such, as are spoken by those nations, who have cultivated the polite and the social arts with the greatest industry and success. Thus the Hebrew, like the people who spoke it, must necessarily be one of the poorest tongues in the universe. How could the Jews, who, before the time of Solomon, had not a single boat; how could they have any sea-terms? How could they have any terms of philosophy, who were plunged in a state of the most profound ignorance, till they began to learn something in their Babylonish captivity? The Phœnician tongue, from which the Jews borrowed their jargon, must have been greatly superior, as it was the language of a rich, industrious, and commercial people diffused throughout the universe.

The most ancient tongue we know must be the language of that nation which was most anciently formed into a political body. It must further be the language of that nation which has been least frequently subdued; or, when it has been subdued, has always civilized its conquerors. And in both these respects the Chinese

Chinese and the Arabic are the most ancient of all the modern languages.

There is no mother tongue. All the neighbouring nations have mutually borrowed from each other; but we have given the name of mother-tongue to those languages, from which some known idioms are derived. The Latin, for instance, is the mother-tongue to the Italian, the Spanish, and the French. But the Latin itself was derived from the Tuscan; and the Tuscan from the Celtic and the Greek.

The most beautiful language must certainly be that which is, at once, the most compleat, the most sonorous, the most various in its expressions, and the most regular in its composition; that which has the greatest number of compound words, which by its prosody most happily expresses the flow or impetuous motions of the soul, and approaches the nearest to musick.

The Greek hath all these advantages; and is free from the harshness of the Latin, in which there are so many words that end in *um*, *ur*, and *us*. It hath all the pomp of the Spanish, and all the sweetness of the Italian. And it excels all the living languages in the harmony of its expression, owing to its great variety of long and short syllables: so that, ^{as}disfigured as it now is in Greece, it may still be considered as the finest language in the universe.

The most beautiful language cannot be the most generally used, when the people who speak it are oppressed with slavery, few in number, deprived of all commerce with other nations, and when these other nations have improved
their

native tongues. Thus the Greek must be confined within narrower bounds than the Arabic, or even than the Turkish language.

Of all the European languages the French must be the most general, because it is the best adapted to conversation. It has taken its character from that of the people who speak it.

Of all nations in the world the French have, for almost these three hundred and fifty years past, most industriously cultivated the arts of social life: they were the first that freed it from all manner of constraint; they were the first among whom the women became free and even sovereign, while in other countries they were no better than slaves. The syntax of this tongue, which is always uniform, and admits of no inversions, is another advantage which hardly any other tongue possesses. In a word, the French language is a more current coin than others, though it should even happen to want weight. The prodigious number of agreeably frivolous books which France has produced, is a fresh reason of that favourable reception which its language has met with in other nations.

Books of science will never make a language general. People will translate these books: they will study the philosophy of Newton; but they will not learn the English, in order to understand him.

Another circumstance that renders the French language more common than any other, is the perfection to which our theatre has been carried. It is to a *Cinna*, a *Phædra*, and a *Misanthrope*, that it owes its reputation, and not to the conquests of Lewis XIV.

It is neither so smooth and copious as the Italian, so majestic as the Spanish, nor so nervous as the English; and yet it has made a greater figure in the world than these three languages; owing to this circumstance alone, that it is fitter for conversation, and that there are a greater number of agreeable books in it than in any other tongue. In a word, it has succeeded like the French cooks, because it has more happily flattered the general taste.

The same spirit that hath led other nations to imitate the French in their furniture, the distribution of their rooms, their gardens, their dances, and every other graceful accomplishment, hath likewise led them to speak their language. The great art of good French writers is precisely the same with that of the French women, who set themselves off to better advantage than the other women of Europe, and without being more beautiful in reality appear to be so by the elegance of their dress, and by that charming behaviour, at once so noble and simple, which they assume and support with so much ease and freedom.

It is by the arts of polishing and refining, that this language has at last banished all traces of its ancient barbarity. Every thing would show this barbarity to any one who would examine the matter with attention. He would find that the number *vingt* comes from *viginti*; and that we formerly pronounced the *g* and the *t* with that harshness which is natural to all the northern nations. From the month of *Augustus* is derived the month of *August*.

It

It is not long since a German prince, supposing that the word *Augustus* was never pronounced otherwise in France, called Augustus king of Poland, king *Aoust*.

From *Pavo* we form *Paon*. We once pronounced it like *Phaon*, and we now say *Pan*.

From *Lupus* is derived *Loup*, and we formerly sounded the *p* with a most disagreeable roughness. All the letters which we have since suppressed in pronouncing, but retained in writing, are proofs of the barbarity of our ancient customs.

We did not begin to soften our language till we had softened our manners. It was rude and unpolished till Francis I. called the ladies to court. One might as well have talked the ancient Celtic as the French in the time of Charles VIII. and Lewis XII. The German was not more harsh and unmusical. All the imperfect tenses had a hideous sound: every syllable was pronounced in *aimoient*, *faisoient*, *croyoient*, they said *croy-oient*. This was the croaking of ravens, as the emperor Julian said of the ancient Celtic, rather than the language of men:

It required whole ages to wipe off this rust. The imperfections that still remain would be intolerable, were it not for the pains we constantly take to shun them, as a skilful rider shuns the stones on the road.

Good writers take care to combat those vicious expressions, which are first brought into vogue by the ignorance of the people, and being afterwards adopted by bad authors, pass into the gazettes and public writings. Thus from the Italian word *celata*, which signifies *cimo*,

easque, armet, the French soldiers in Italy have formed the word *salade*; so that when we say, *il a pris sa saladé*, we do not know whether the person mentioned has taken his helmet or his lettuce. The writers of the gazettes have translated the word *ridotto* by *redoute*, which signifies a kind of fortification; but a man that knows the language will always preserve the word *assimblee*. Roast-beef in English signifies *bœuf-roti*; and our inn-keepers now talk to us of the roast-beef of mutton. Riding-coat means *un habit de cheval*: from thence we have formed *redingotte*; and the people take it for an old word of our own language. Men of letters have been obliged to adopt this word as well as the people, because it signifies a thing adapted to a particular custom.

The populace subdues the court, if we may use the expression, by fixing the terms of arts and trades, and things absolutely necessary, as well as in matters of religion. Those who treat the vulgar with the greatest contempt are yet obliged to speak, and even to think, in appearance like them.

It is no argument of bad language to call things by those names which the mob has given them; but one may easily discover the superior ingenuity of one nation above another by the propriety of the names they give to every thing.

It is only for want of imagination, that people apply the same expression to an hundred different ideas. It argues a ridiculous barrenness of invention, not to be able to express otherwise, *un bras de mer*, *un bras de balance*, *un bras de fauteuil*. It shews a great poverty

verty of genius to say equally *la tête d'un clerc*, and *la tête d'un armée*. We every where find the word *cu*, and always improperly applied. A street without a thoroughfare bears no resemblance to a *cu de sac*; a plain man would have called these kinds of streets, *des impasses*; the populace have called them *cus*, and queens have been obliged to call them so likewise. The bottom of an artichoke, and the point that terminates the lower part of a lamp, have no more resemblance to a *cu*, than these streets without a passage: and yet we always say, *cu de artichaut*, and *cu de lampe*, because the people that formed the language were then rude and unpolished. The Italians, who had a better right than we to employ this expression, have taken care to refrain from it. The people of Italy, naturally more ingenious than their neighbours, have formed a language much more copious than ours.

The cry of every animal should have a particular term to express it. It discovers a shameful poverty of language to want distinct expressions for the chirping of a bird, and for the cry of a child; and to call things so different by the same name. The word *vagissement*, derived from the Latin *vagitus*, might very well have expressed the cry of infants in the cradle.

Ignorance hath introduced another custom into all the modern languages. There are thousands of words that no longer signify what they ought to signify. *Idiot* formerly meant *solitaire*; now it means *stupid*. *Epiphanie* signified *superficie*; at present it is the twelfth-day. *Baptiser* is to plunge in water; we say to baptize by the name of John or James.

To these defects of almost all languages may be added some barbarous irregularities. *Garçon*, *courtisan*, *coureur*, are decent words; *garce*, *courtisane*, *courcuse*, are indecent. *Venus* is a charming word, *véniriën* is abominable.

Another effect of the irregularity of those languages which were composed at random, in times of ignorance and barbarity, is the great number of compound words whose simples no longer exist. These are children that have lost their father. We have *architaves*, but no *traves*; *architectes*, but no *teetes*; *soubassements*, but no *bassements*. There are things *ineffables*, but none *effables*. One may be *intrepide*, but none *trepide*; *impotent*, but not *potent*. A fund is *inepuisable*, but cannot be *puisable*. There are people *impudents* and *insolents*; but none *pudents*, or *solents*. *Nonchalant* signifies *pareseux*, and *chaland* a *chapman*.

These defects are to be found, in a greater or less degree, in all languages: these are wild and uncultivated lands from which the hand of a skilful artist can derive great advantage.

There are daily gliding into languages other faults which mark the genius of a people. In France new modes are introduced into our manner of expression, as well as into head-dresses. If a patient or a physician of fashion take it into his head to say that he hath a *soupçon* of a fever, to signify that he hath a slight touch of it, in a moment the whole nation shall have *soupçons* of a cholic, *soupçons* of hatred, love, and ridicule. The preachers tell you from the pulpit, that you ought at least to have a *soupçon* of love to God. In a few months this mode is laid aside to make room for another.

Vis-a-vis is every where introduced. You find people in all companies *vis-a-vis* their inclinations and their interest. The courtiers are well or ill *vis-a-vis* the king. The ministers are embarrassed *vis-a-vis* themselves. The parliament in a body inform the nation that they have been the defenders of the laws *vis-a-vis* the archbishop. And the clergy are *vis-a-vis* the Deity in a state of perdition.

But what most corrupts the purity of a language, is not this transient mode of expression, with which we are soon disgusted; nor is it the frequent use of those solécismes which prevail in good company, and into which good authors never fall: it is the affectation of middling authors, to discourse of the most serious things in the stile of conversation. You may read in our new books of philosophy that we ought not to make *à pure perte les frais de penser*; that eclipses are *en droit d'effrayer le peuple*; that Epicurus had a body *à l'unison de son ame*; that *Clodius renvia sur Auguste*, and a thousand other expressions of the like nature, worthy of the lacquey of the *Precieuses ridicules*.

The stile of the king's orders and decrees pronounced in the courts of justice, is sufficient to shew the depth of barbarity from which we have but lately emerged. We laugh at the following expression in the comedy of the *Plaigneurs*:

*Lequel Jérôme après plusieurs rebellions
Aurait atteint, frappé, moi sergent à la joue.*

Yet it happens unluckily that the compilers of our gazetteers and journals have fallen into the same inconsistency; and you read in the public

lic papers ; *On a appris que la flotte avait mis à la voile le 7 Mars, & qu'elle avait double les Sorlingues.*

Every thing conspires to corrupt a language that is once become somewhat general ; the authors, who viciate its stile by affectation ; those who write in a foreign country, and who almost always intermix foreign expressions with their native tongue ; the merchants who introduce into conversation the terms of the counting-house, and who tell you that England arms the fleet, but that *pour contre* France equips vessels ; and the wits of foreign countries, who, ignorant of the idiom of the language, tell you that a young prince has been very well *éduqué*, instead of saying that he has received a good education.

But though all languages be imperfect, it does not from thence follow that we ought to change them. We ought inwardly to adhere to that manner of expression which has been used by good authors ; and when there is a sufficient number of approved authors, the language is then fixed. Thus we cannot make any innovations in the Italian, the Spanish, the English, or the French, without corrupting them. And the reason is plain ; for we should by this means, soon render unintelligible those books which, at once, contribute to the instruction and entertainment of the world.

THOUGHTS

ON THE

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.

I.

PUFFENDORF, and those who write like him on the interests of princes, make almanacks, which are defective even for the current year, and which next year are absolutely good for nothing.

II.

Who would have said at the peace of Nimeguen, that Spain, Mexico, Peru, Naples, Sicily, and Parma, would one day belong to the house of France?

III.

Could any one foresee at the time that Charles XII. governed Sweden with despotic sway, that his successors would have no more authority than the kings of Poland?

IV.

The kings of Denmark were doges about a century ago; at present they are absolute.

V.

The Russians in former times, sold themselves like the Negroes; at present, they have such a high opinion of their own merit, that they will not admit foreign soldiers into their army, and they

they reckon it a point of honour never to desert; but they must still employ foreign officers, because the nation has not yet acquired so much skill as courage, having only learned to obey.

VI.

Animals accustomed to the yoke offer themselves to it of their own accord. Some obscure compiler of the letters of queen Christina, has offered an insult to the common sense of mankind by justifying the murder of Monaldeschi, who was assassinated at Fontainebleau by order of a Swedish lady, under pretence that this lady had once been queen. None but the assassins employed by her could have had the impudence to alledge that that princess might lawfully do at Fontainebleau, what would have been a crime at Stockholm.

VII.

That government would be worthy of the Hottentots, in which a certain number of men should be allowed to say: "Those who labour ought to pay; we ought to pay nothing, because we are idle."

VIII.

That government would be an insult both on God and man, in which the citizens might say: "The state has given us all we possess; and we owe it nothing but prayers."

IX.

The more reason is improved, the more does it destroy the seeds of religious wars. It is the spirit of philosophy that has banished this plague from the earth.

X.

Were Luther and Calvin to return to the world, they would make no more noise than the Scotists and the Thomists. The reason is, they would appear in an age when men begin to be enlightened.

XI.

It is only in times of barbarity that we see forcerers, and people possessed by evil spirits, kings excommunicated, and subjects absolved from their oath of allegiance by doctors.

XII.

There is a convent in the world, entirely useless in every respect, which enjoys an income of two hundred thousand livres. Reason shews that if these two hundred thousand livres were given to an hundred officers who should marry, there would be an hundred useful citizens rewarded, an hundred young women provided for, and at least, four hundred persons more in the state at the end of ten years, instead of fifty sluggards. It further shews that if these fifty sluggards were restored to their country, they would cultivate the earth and people it; and that of course there would be more labourers and soldiers. This is what is wished for by every one, from the prince of the blood to the vine-dresser. Superstition alone opposed it formerly; but reason, acting in subordination to faith, ought to crush superstition.

XIII.

A prince with a single word can at least prevent young people from making vows before the age of twenty-five; and should any one say to

the sovereign, "What will become of young ladies of rank, whom we commonly sacrifice to the eldest sons of our families?" The prince may reply, "they will become what they are in Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, England, and Holland; they will produce citizens; they were born for propagation, and not to repeat Latin, which they do not understand. A woman that nourishes two children and spins, is more useful to the state than all the convents in the world."

XIV.

It is a great happiness both to the prince and the state, that there are a number of philosophers who impress these maxims on the minds of the people.

XV.

Philosophers having no particular interest, can only speak in favour of reason, and of the public good.

XVI.

Philosophers love religion; and are useful to kings by destroying superstition, which is always an enemy to princes.

XVII.

It was superstition that occasioned the assassination of Henry III. of Henry IV. of William prince of Orange, and of so many others. To it we ought to ascribe the rivers of blood that have been shed since the time of Constantine.

XVIII.

Superstition is the most dreadful enemy of the human kind. When it rules the prince it hinders him from consulting the good of his people; when

when it rules the people, it makes them rebel against their prince.

XIX.

There is not a single example in history of philosophers of opposing themselves to the laws of the prince. There never was an age in which superstition and enthusiasm did not occasion commotions that fill us with horror.

XX.

Liberty consists in depending upon the laws only. In this view every man is free in Sweden, England, Holland, Switzerland, Geneva, and Hamburg. The case is the same in Venice and Genoa; though in these two places, whoever does not belong to the body of the nobles is despised and contemned. But there are still many provinces, and large christian kingdoms, where the greatest part of the people are slaves.

XXI.

A time will come in these countries, when some prince more accomplished than his predecessors, will make the labourers of the land sensible, that it is not wholly for their interest, that a man, who has one horse, or several horses, that is, a nobleman, should have a right to kill a peasant, by laying ten crowns on his grave. Ten crowns, it is true, is a very considerable sum to a man born in a certain climate; but in process of time, people will have the sagacity to discover that it is of little use to a dead man. The commons then may possibly be admitted to a share in the administration; and the form of government, which prevails in England and Sweden, may perhaps be established in the neighbourhood of Turkey.

XXII.

A citizen of Amsterdam is a man ; a citizen a few degrees of longitude from thence is a beast of burthen.

XXIII.

All men are born equal ; but a native of Morocco never dreams of such a truth.

XXIV.

This equality does not destroy subordination. As men, we are all equal : as members of society we are not. All natural rights belong equally to the Sultan and to a Bostangi. Both of them may dispose with the same freedom of their persons, their families, and their effects. Thus in things essential all men are equal, though they play different parts on the theatre of the world.

~~XXV.~~

People are always asking what is the best form of government. Put this question to a minister or to his deputy ; they will doubtless be for absolute power. Put it to a baron ; he would have the baronage to have a share in the legislative power. The bishops will say the same. The citizen would have you to consult reason, and the peasant would not wish to be forgot. The best government seems to be that in which all ranks of men are equally protected by the laws.

XXVI.

A republican is always more strongly attached to his own country than a subject is to his ; and for this good reason too, that men have a greater regard for their own property than for that of their master.

XXVII.

XXVII.

What is the love of our country? A compound of self-love and prejudice, which the good of society has exalted into the chief of the virtues. It is of great consequence that this vague word, "The public," should make a deep impression.

XXVIII.

When the lord of a castle, or the inhabitant of a city blame the exercise of absolute power, and complain of the oppression of the peasants, believe them not. Few people complain of evils which they do not feel. Besides, the citizens and gentlemen seldom hate the person of their sovereign, except in a civil war. What they hate is absolute power in the fourth or fifth hand: it is the anti-chamber of a deputy, or of a secretary of an intendant that occasions their murmurs: it is because they have received a rebuff from an insolent valet in the palace, that they groan in their desolate fields.

XXIX.

The English reproach the French with serving their masters chearfully. The following verses are the best that have ever been written in England on that subject.

- " A nation here I pity and admire;
- " Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire:
- " Yet taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,
- " To serve with pride, and boast the yoke
they bear:
- " Whose nobles born to cringe, and to command,
- " In courts a mean, in camps a generous
band, From

- " From priests and stock-jobbers content receive
 " Those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give:
 " Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,
 " Though plundered gay, industrious though oppressed,
 " With happy follies rise above their fate;
 " The jest and envy of a wiser state."

In answer to all these declamations with which the English poetry, pamphlets, and sermons are filled, we may observe that it is very natural to love a house which hath reigned for near eight hundred years. Several foreigners, and among these some Englishmen, have come to settle in France, merely for the sake of living happily.

XXX.

A king who is never contradicted, can hardly be bad.

XXXI.

Some English peasants, who have never travelled farther than London, imagine that the king of France, when he has nothing else to do, sends for a president, and by way of amusement gives his estate to a valet of the wardrobe.

XXXII.

There are few countries in the world where the fortunes of individuals are more secure than in France. When count Maurice de Nassau was setting out from the Hague, in order to take upon him the command of the Dutch infantry, he asked me, if the French would confiscate the rents which he had a right to receive from the
 Town-

Town-House of Paris. "They will pay you," said I, "exactly on the same day with count Maurice de Saxe, who commands the French army:" and my prediction was literally fulfilled.

XXXIII.

Lewis XI. in the course of his reign sent about four thousand of his subjects to the gallows, because he was not absolute, and wanted to be so. Lewis XIV. after the affair of the duke de Lauzun did not banish a single courtier, because he was absolute. In the reign of Charles II. more than fifty persons of consequence lost their heads at London.

XXXIV.

In the reign of Lewis XIII. there was not a single year passed without some faction or other. Lewis the Just, began by causing his prime minister to be assassinated. He suffered the cardinal de Richlieu, who was more cruel than himself, to bathe the scaffolds with blood.

Cardinal Mazarin, though placed in the same circumstances, did not put a single person to death. A foreigner as he was, he could not have supported himself by acts of cruelty. If Richlieu had had no factions to contend with, he would have raised the kingdom to the highest pitch of grandeur, because his cruelty, which proceeded from the haughtiness of his temper, having no object to employ it, would have suffered the natural greatness of his soul to operate in its full extent.

XXXV.

In a book full of profound reflexions, and ingenious flights of fancy, despotism is reckoned among the natural forms of government.

The

The author, who was a great wit, surely meant to rally.

There is no government naturally despotic. There is no country in the world, where the people say to one man, "Sir, we give your sacred majesty the power of taking our wives, our children, our goods, and our lives, and of causing us to be empaled according to your good pleasure, and your adorable caprice."

The grand Turk swears on the Alcoran to observe the laws. He cannot put any one to death without a decree of the Divan, and a Fetfa of the Muphti. He is so little despotic, that he can neither change the value of money, nor break the Janissaries. It is not true, that he is master of the effects of his subjects. He bestows lands, which are called, "Timariots," in the same manner as fiefs were formerly bestowed.

XXXVI.

Despotism is the abuse of monarchy, as anarchy is the abuse of a republican form of government. A Sultan who without the forms, and in violation of the laws of justice, imprison, or murders his subjects, is a public robber, dignified with the title of your highness.

XXXVII.

A modern author says, there is more virtue in republics, and more honour in monarchies.

Honour is the desire of being honoured. To be a man of honour is to do nothing unworthy of honour. We cannot say of a recluse that he is a man of honour. That expression is applied to signify that degree of esteem which every member of society would have paid to his own person.

We must settle the meaning of terms, without which we shall soon be involved in such confusion, that we shall no longer be able to understand one another.

In the time of the Roman republic, this desire of being honoured with statues, crowns of laurel, and triumphs, rendered the Romans conquerors of the greatest part of the world. The spirit of honour was kept alive by the empty form of a ceremony, by a leaf of laurel or parsley.

But when the republic was abolished, this kind of honour was likewise extinguished.

XXXVIII.

A republic is not founded on virtue: it is founded on the ambition of every citizen, which checks the ambition of others; on pride restraining pride; and on the desire of ruling, which will not suffer another to rule. Hence are formed laws, which preserve as great an equality as possible. It is a society where the guests eat at the same table with an equal appetite, until a strong and voracious man comes, who takes all to himself, and leaves them only the crumbs.

XXXIX.

Little machines do not succeed in the main, because their operations are interrupted by the friction of the wheels. The case is the same with states. China cannot be governed like the republic of Lucca.

XL.

Calvinism and Lutheranism are in danger in Germany: that country is full of great bishopricks, sovereign abbacies, and canonries, all proper for making conversions. A protestant prince turns catholic in order to become a bishop, or king of a certain

THOUGHTS on the
country, as a princess does in order to get a husband.

XLI.

If ever the Romish religion regains its former ascendancy, it will be by the allurement of rich benefices, and by means of the monks. The monks are troops that are perpetually fighting; the Protestants have no troops.

XLII.

It is pretended that religions are made for climates. But Christianity hath long reigned in Asia. It began in Palestine, and it hath penetrated as far as Norway. The Englishman, who said that religions had their birth in Asia, their grave in England, reasoned much better.

XLIII.

It must be owned there are some ceremonies and mysteries, which cannot take place but in certain climates. People bathe in the Ganges at the new moons; but were they obliged to bathe in the Vistula in the month of January, this act of religion would not be long in force, &c.

XLIV.

It is alledged that Mahomet's law prohibiting the use of wine is a law of the climate of Arabia, because, in that country, wine would coagulate the blood, and water is refreshing. It would have been just as reasonable to have made an eleventh Commandment in Spain and Italy, enjoining the inhabitants to ply the bottle.

Mahomet did not forbid wine, because the Arabians loved water. It is said in the "Sonnet,"
that

that he forbid it, because he had been a witness of the shocking excesses which drunkenness occasioned.

LXV.

All religious laws are not the effect of the nature of the climate. To eat, standing, a boiled lamb with lettuce, and to throw the remainder of it into the fire ; not to eat a rabbit, because it has not a cloven foot, and because it chews the cud ; to sprinkle one's left ear with the blood of an animal : all these ceremonies have little connexion with the nature of the climate.

LXVI.

If Leo X. had permitted indulgences to be sold by the Augustin monks, who were wont to sell these kinds of merchandize, he would have had no Protestants. If Anne Boleyn had not been beautiful, England had still professed the Romish religion. To what was it owing that the Spaniards were not all Arians, and afterwards Mahometans ? To what was it owing that Carthage did not destroy Rome ?

LXVII.

From one event given to deduce all the events in the world is a fine problem ; but it belongs only to the Sovereign of the universe to solve it.

OF THE
EMBELLISHMENTS
OF THE
CITY OF CACHEMIRE.

THE inhabitants of Cachemire are polite and fickle, employed in trifles as other people are in serious business, and live like children who know not the reason of the orders that are given them. They complain of every thing, comfort themselves with every thing, laugh at every thing, and forget every thing.

They had naturally no taste for the arts. The kingdom of Cachemire subsisted for more than thirteen hundred years, without having any good philosophers, good poets, tolerable architects, painters, or sculptors. For the space of more than a thousand years they were so destitute of commerce and manufactures, that, when a marquis of Cachemire wanted some linen or a fine doublet, he was obliged to have recourse to a Jew or a Banian. At length, about the beginning of the last century, there arose in Cachemire a number of men who did not seem to be natives of the country, and who being thoroughly versed in the sciences of the Persians and Indians, carried reason and genius to the highest perfection. There luckily happened to reign, at the same time, a sultan, who encouraged these great men, and who, by the assistance of a good vizier, civilized, embellished, and enriched the kingdom.

dom. The Cachemirians received all his favours with an air of pleasantry, and composed songs against the sultan, the minister, and the great men who enlightened them.

After this the arts languished in Cachemire. The fire which these heaven-inspired geniuses had kindled, was covered with ashes. Nature seemed to be exhausted. The glory of the arts in Cachemire consisted now in hardly any thing else than the management of the hands and heels. There were some persons of great agility, who had the art of putting one leg over another to the sound of musical instruments with surprizing gracefulness. There were others who invented every week an admirable fashion of adjusting a ribband. And, in fine, there were some excellent chymists, who, with the essence of ham, and other elixirs of the like nature, put whole families, in the space of a few years, into the hands of their physicians and creditors. By these fine arts the Cachemirians attained to the honour of furnishing modes, dancers, and cooks to almost all Asia.

Mean while, the people talked much of making the capital more commodious, more elegant, more wholesome, and more beautiful than it was. They talked of it much, but they did nothing. A philosopher of Indostan, who was remarkable for his public spirit, and who spoke his mind freely, however ineffectually, about every thing that related to the happiness of mankind, or the improvement of the arts, happened to pass through the capital of Cachemire, where he had a long conversation with one of the principal bostangis about the manner of giving the city all that it wanted. The bostangi agreed, that it was a shame for the Cachemirians not to have a grand
and

and magnificent temple, like that of Pekin or Agra; that it was a pity they had no large bazars, that is, market-places, and public magazines furrounded with columns, and serving, at once, for use and ornament. He acknowledged that the halls set apart for the public games were unworthy of a city of the fourth order; that he saw with indignation the most wretched houses upon the most beautiful bridges; and that the people wished in vain for squares, fountains, statues, and all the monuments that constitute the glory of a nation.

“Allow me,” said the Indian philosopher, “to ask you a short question. Why do you not give yourselves all that you want?” “Oh!” said the bostangi, “we have not means sufficient for that purpose: it would cost too dear.” “It would cost you nothing at all,” said the philosopher. “We have already had that fine paradox proposed to us,” replied the citizen; “but these are the schemes of a philosopher, that is, things excellent in theory, but ridiculous in practice. Our ears are stunned with these fine sentences.” “But what answer,” said the philosopher, “did you give to those who told you, that you wanted only a fixed resolution, and that it would cost the state of Cachemire nothing to adorn your capital, and to execute all the great undertakings necessary for that purpose.” “We gave him no answer at all,” said the bostangi, “we fell a laughing according to our custom, and never examined the proposal.” “Well,” said the philosopher, “laugh less, and think more; and I will demonstrate to you the truth of this paradox, which would make you happy, and which now alarms you so much.” The Cachemirian, who

was a man of great politeness, bit his lips for fear he should burst out a laughing in the Indian's face; and they had the following conversation together.

The P H I L O S O P H E R.

What do you mean by riches?

The B O S T A N G I.

A great deal of money.

The P H I L O S O P H E R.

You are mistaken. The inhabitants of South America had formerly more money than ever you will have; but as they wanted industry, they had none of those conveniencies which money can procure; and were actually in a state of poverty.

The B O S T A N G I.

I understand you; you make riches to consist in the possession of a fertile country.

The P H I L O S O P H E R.

No: the Tartars of the Ukraine inhabit one of the finest countries in the world, and yet are in want of every thing. The wealth of a state is like all the talents that depend on art and nature. Thus riches consist in the soil and in the labour. The richest and the happiest people are those who cultivate the best soil with most industry; and the greatest gift that God hath given to mankind is the necessity of labouring.

The B O S T A N G I.

Agreed; but in order to accomplish what we want, will require the labour of ten thousand men for ten years; and where shall we find wherewithal to pay them?

M

The

The PHILOSOPHER.

Have not you paid an hundred thousand soldiers during a war of ten years continuance?

The BOSTANGI.

True; and yet the state did not seem to be impoverished.

The PHILOSOPHER.

What! have you money to send an hundred thousand men to be killed, and yet want it to make ten thousand live?

The BOSTANGI.

The two cases are widely different: it costs much less to send a citizen to death, than to make him carve marble

The PHILOSOPHER.

You are still mistaken. Thirty thousand cavalry alone are more expensive than ten thousand artists; and the truth is, that neither the one nor the other are expensive when they are employed in the country. What did it cost the ancient Egyptians, think ye, to build their pyramids, and the Chinese to raise their great wall? Onions and rice. Was their country impoverished by having maintained laborious men instead of fattening sluggards?

The BOSTANGI.

You reduce me to a nonplus, and yet you do not convince me. Philosophy reasons, but custom acts.

The PHILOSOPHER.

Had men always followed this maxim, they would still be eating acorns, and would not know

know what is the full moon. In order to execute grand undertakings, nothing is necessary but a head and hands ; with these we can accomplish every thing. You have fine stone, iron, brass, and timber ; you want nothing but the will.

The BOSTANGI.

We have every thing. Nature has been very kind to us. But what enormous expences will it require to work so many materials !

The PHILOSOPHER.

I do not understand you. What expences do you mean ? Your country produces wherewithal to feed and cloath all its inhabitants. You have all the materials under your feet. You have two hundred thousand idlers whom you may employ : nothing then remains but to make them labour, and to give them for their wages as much as may be sufficient to maintain and cloath them. I cannot see what expence it will be to the kingdom of Cachemire ; for, surely, you will not pay any thing to the Chinese and the Persians for obliging your citizens to work.

The BOSTANGI.

What you say is very true ; neither money nor provisions will go out of the kingdom.

The PHILOSOPHER.

Why don't you begin to work then this very day ?

The BOSTANGI.

It is difficult to put such a great machine in motion.

The PHILOSOPHER.

How did you support a war which cost so much blood and treasure?

The BOSTANGI.

We made the possessors of lands and money contribute in exact proportion to their substance.

The PHILOSOPHER.

Well; if they contribute for the misery of mankind, will they give nothing for their happiness and glory? What! have you never, since you were first formed into a political body, found out the secret of obliging the rich to make the poor work? Are you still ignorant of the first principles of civil policy?

The BOSTANGI.

Though we should oblige the possessors of rice, lint, and cattle, to give meat and cloaths to the poor they employ in digging the earth, and carrying burdens, we should not be a whit the nearer our point. We must make all the artists labour who are employed the whole year in other business.

The PHILOSOPHER.

I have been told that there are about an hundred and twenty days in the year, on which the Cachemirians do not labour. Why do you not change the half of these idle days into days of labour? Why do you not employ, in raising your public edifices, the artists, who, for an hundred days, are entirely disengaged? Then would those, who now know nothing, and have only

two arms, soon acquire a habit of industry; you would soon form a nation of artists.

The BOSTANGI.

These days are devoted to drinking and debauchery; and from thence considerable sums are brought into the public treasury.

The PHILOSOPHER.

Your reason is admirable; but no money can come into the public treasury but by means of circulation: and will not labour produce a quicker circulation than debauchery, which is the parent of so many diseases? or can it really be the interest of a state that the people should be intoxicated for one third of the year?

This conversation lasted a long time. The bostangi, at last, acknowledged that the philosopher was in the right; and he was the first bostangi that was ever convinced by a philosopher. He promised to perform great things; but men never perform either all they intend, or all they are able to perform.

While the reasoner and the bostangi were engaged in these sublime speculations, there happened to pass by about twenty handsome two-legged animals with little cloaks thrown over long jackets, pointed caps on their heads, and hempen girdles about their loins. "These are jolly, well-made fellows," said the Indian; "how many of them have you in your country?" "About an hundred thousand of different kinds," said the bostangi; "excellent hands," said the philosopher, "for embellishing Cachemire! How should I like to see them handling the

spade, the trowel, and the plummet!" "And I likewise," said the bostangi; "but these men are too great saints to work." "What do they do then?" said the Indian. "They sing, they drink, and they digest," said the bostangi, "How extremely advantageous must that be to a state!" said the Indian. This conversation, though long, produced but little effect.

How far we ought to impose upon the P E O P L E.

IT is a question of great importance, however little regarded, how far the people, i. e. nine tenths of the human kind, ought to be treated like apes. The deceiving party have never examined this problem with sufficient care; and, for fear of being mistaken in the calculation, they have heaped up all the visionary notions they could in the heads of the party deceived.

The good people, who sometimes read Virgil, or the Provincial Letters, do not know that there are twenty times more copies of the Almanac of Liege and of the " *Courier boiteux*" printed, than of all the ancient and modern books together. No one, surely, has a greater veneration than myself for the illustrious authors of these Almanacs and their brethren. I know, that ever since the time of the ancient Chaldeans, there have been fixed and stated days for taking physic, paring our nails, giving battle, and cleaving wood. I know that the best part of the revenue of an illustrious academy consists in the sale of these kind of Almanacs. May I presume to ask, with all possible submission, and a becoming diffidence of my own judgment, what harm it would do to the world, were some powerful astrologer to assure the peasants and the good inhabitants of little villages, that they might safely pare their nails when they please, provided it be done with a good intention? The people, I shall be told, would not buy the Almanacs of

this new astrologer. On the contrary, I will venture to affirm, that there would be found among your great geniuses many who would make a merit in following this novelty. Should it be alledged that these geniuses would form factions, and kindle a civil war, I have nothing farther to say on the subject, but readily give up, for the sake of peace, my too dangerous opinion.

Every body knows the king of Boutan. He is one of the greatest princes in the universe. He tramples under his feet the thrones of the earth; and his shoes (if he has any) are provided with sceptres instead of buckles. He adores the devil, as is well known, and his example is followed by all his courtiers. He, one day, sent for a famous sculptor of my country, and ordered him to make a beautiful statue of Beelzebub. The sculptor succeeded to admiration. Never was there such a handsome devil. But, unhappily, our Praxiteles had only given five clutches to his animal, whereas the Boutaniers always gave him six. This capital blunder of the artist was aggravated, by the grand master of the ceremonies to the devil, with all the zeal of a man justly jealous of his master's rights, and of the sacred and immemorial custom of the kingdom of Boutan. He insisted that the sculptor should atone for his crime by the loss of his head. The sculptor replied, that his five clutches were exactly equal in weight to six ordinary clutches; and the king of Boutan, who was a prince of great clemency, granted him a pardon. From that time the people of Boutan were undeceived with regard to the devil's six clutches.

The same day his majesty needed to let blood. A surgeon of Gascony, who had come to his court

court in a ship belonging to our East-India company, was appointed to take from him five ounces of his precious blood. The astrologer of that quarter cried out, that the king would be in danger of losing his life, if he opened a vein while the heavens were in their present state. The Gascon might have told him, that the only question was about the state of the king's health; but he prudently waited a few minutes; and then taking an Almanac in his hand, "You was in the right, great man!" said he to the astrologer of the quarter, "the king would have died, had he been blooded at the instant you mention: the heavens have since changed their aspect; and now is the favourable moment." The astrologer assented to the truth of the surgeon's observation. The king was cured; and by degrees it became an established custom among the Boutaniers to bleed their kings whenever it was necessary.

A blustering Dominican at Rome said to an English philosopher, "You are a dog; you say it is the earth that turns round, never reflecting that Joshua made the sun to stand still." "Well!" ~~my~~ reverend father," replied the other; "and since that time the sun hath been immoveable." The dog and the Dominican embraced each other; and even the Italians were, at last, convinced that the earth turns round.

An augur and a senator, in the time of Cæsar, lamented the declining state of the republic. "The times, indeed, are very bad," said the senator; "we have reason to tremble for the liberty of the Rome." "Ah!" said the augur, "that is not the greatest evil; the people now begin to lose the respect which they for-

merly had for our order: we seem barely to be tolerated; we cease to be necessary. Some generals have the assurance to give battle without consulting us; and, to compleat our misfortunes, those who sell us the sacred pullets begin to reason; “Well, and why don’t you reason likewise?” replied the senator, “and since the dealers in pullets in the time of Cæsar are more knowing than they were in the time of Numa, ought not you modern augurs to be better philosophers than those who lived in former ages?”

The Two COMFORTERS.

ONE day the great philosopher Citofile said to a woman who was disconsolate, and who had good reason to be so; "Madam, the queen of England, daughter to Henry IV. was as wretched as you: she was banished from her kingdoms; was in the utmost danger of losing her life in a storm at sea; and saw her royal spouse expire on a scaffold." "I am sorry for her," said the lady; and began again to lament her own misfortunes.

"But, said Citofile, remember the fate of Mary Stuart. She loved, but with a most chaste and virtuous affection, an excellent musician, who played admirably on the bass-viol. Her husband killed her musician before her face; and, in the sequel, her good friend and relation, queen Elizabeth, who called herself a virgin, caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold covered with black, after having confined her in prison for the space of eighteen years."

"That was very cruel," replied the lady, and presently relapsed into her former melancholy.

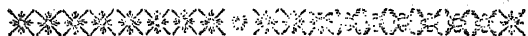
"Perhaps, said the comforter, you have heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was taken prisoner and strangled." "I have a confused remembrance of her story," said the afflicted lady.

"I must relate to you, added the other, the adventure of a sovereign princess, who, within my memory, was dethroned after supper, and who died in a desert island." "I know her whole history," replied the lady.

“ Well then, I will tell you what happened to another great princess whom I instructed in philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princesses have : her father entered the chamber, and surprised the lover, whose countenance was all on fire, and his eyes sparkling like a carbuncle. The lady too had a very florid complexion. The father was so highly displeased with the young man’s countenance, that he gave him one of the most terrible blows that had ever been given in his province. The lover took a pair of tongs and broke the head of the father-in-law, who was cured with great difficulty, and still bears the mark of the wound. The lady in a fright leaped out of the window and dislocated her foot, in consequence of which she still halts, though possessed in other respects of a very handsome person. The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince : you can easily judge in what a deplorable condition the princess must have been when her lover was led to the gallows. I have seen her long ago when she was in prison : she always talked to me of her own misfortunes.”

“ And why will you not allow me to think of mine ?” said the lady. “ Because, said the philosopher, you ought not to think of them ; and since so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it ill becomes you to despair. Think on Hecuba ; think on Niobe.” “ Ah ! said the lady, had I lived in their time, or in that of so many beautiful princesses, and had you endeavoured to console them by a relation of my misfortunes, would they have listened to you, do you imagine ?”

Next day the philosopher lost his only son, and was like to have died with grief. The lady caused a catalogue to be drawn up of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it; found it very exact; and wept nevertheless. Three months after they renewed their visits, and were surprised to find each other in such a gay and sprightly humour. They caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription, TO HIM WHO COMFORTS.



On the PARADOX, That the SCIENCES
have corrupted the Morals of Men.

“**T**Hank Heaven, said Timon to me yesterday, I have burnt all my books.”
 “What, all without exception!” “I have no objection to your burning the Journal de Trévoux, and the modern romances and new pieces: but what harm have Cicero and Virgil, Racine, Fontaine, Ariosto, Addison, and Pope, done to you?” “I have burnt them all, said he, they are the corrupters of mankind. Even the masters of geometry and arithmetic are monsters. The sciences are the most terrible scourge that ever came upon the earth; had it not been for them, we should still have enjoyed the golden age. I renounce for ever your men of letters, and all those countries where the sciences are known. It is a shocking thing to live in cities where the people

carry in their pockets the measure of time in gold, where they send to China for little caterpillars to cloath themselves with their down, and where we hear an hundred musical instruments playing concerts, which ravish the ear, and lull the soul into a sweet repose. All this is shocking. It is evident that the Iroquois are the only virtuous people in the world; and even they must be far from Quebec, into which, I suspect, the damnable sciences of Europe are already introduced."

When Timon's choler had time to evaporate, I begged him to tell me, in cold blood, what had inspired him with such a strong aversion to learning. He frankly acknowledged that his indignation was originally owing to the conduct of certain persons, who make themselves the slaves of the booksellers, and who, from that petty state to which they are reduced by their incapacity to follow any honest profession, insult, in their monthly publications, the most respectable personages in Europe, in order to earn their wages. "You have reason to be offended, said I to him; but would you kill all the horses in a town because some of them are vicious and resty?"

I plainly saw that this man had begun by hating the abuse of the arts, and had come by degrees to hate the arts themselves. "You will allow, said he, that industry gives men new wants: these wants inflame the passions; and the passions prompt us to the commission of all manner of crimes. The abbé Suger governed the state with great prudence in the times of ignorance: but the cardinal de Richelieu, who was both a poet and a divine, caused

more heads to be cut off than he wrote bad dramatic performances. Hardly had he established the French academy, when the Cinq-mars, the de Thous, and the Marillacs were sent to the gallows. If Henry VIII. had never studied, he would not have sent two of his wives to the scaffold. Charles IX. would never have ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew, had not his perceptor Amiot taught him to compose verses. Nor would the Catholics in Ireland have butchered between three and four thousand Protestant families, had they not been thoroughly versed in the summary of St. Thomas."

"You imagine then, said I, that Attila, Genferic, Odoacre, and the like monsters of cruelty, must have studied long in the universities." "Most undoubtedly, said he, and I am persuaded that they must have wrote a great deal, both in verse and prose, otherwise they would never have destroyed a part of the human kind. They must have carefully perused the casuistical writers, and the lax morality of the Jesuits, to calm those scruples of conscience which savage nature alone inspires. It is only by the force of genius and culture that people become wicked. Long live the dunces, since they are honest men." This opinion he confirmed by a variety of arguments sufficient to have gained the prize in an academy. I allowed him to go on with his harangue. We set out together for the country, where we were to sup; and as we proceeded on our journey, he cursed the barbarity of the arts, and I read Horace.

At the corner of a wood we were attacked by robbers, and cruelly stript of every thing. I

asked these gentlemen in what university they had studied; and they owned they had never learned to read.

After having been thus robbed by these unlettered boors, we arrived, almost stark-naked, at the house where we were to sup: it belonged to one of the most learned men in Europe. Timon, according to his principles, expected to have his throat cut. He did not, however, meet with such bad treatment: the master gave us clothes and money, and entertained us with great hospitality; and after supper Timon called for pen and ink, to write against those who cultivate their genius.

ON TITLES OF HONOUR.

IN reading Horace, I have observed this verse in an epistle to Mæcenas : *Te dulcis amice revifam* ; “ I will fee you again, my dear friend.” This Mæcenas was the fecond perfon in the Roman empire ; that is, he was a more confiderable and a more powerful man than the greateft monarch now in Europe.

In reading Corneille I have remarked, that in a letter to the great Scuderi, governor of Notre Dame de la Garde, he thus expreffes himfelf, when fpeaking of the cardinal de Richlieu ; “ The cardinal, your mafter and mine.” This, perhaps, is the firft time that fuch a compliment was paid to a minifter, ever fince there were minifters, kings, and flatterers in the world. The fame Peter Corneille, the author of Cinna, humbly dedicates that play to the fieur de Montauron, treafurer of Spain, whom he makes no fcruple to compare to Auguftus. I am forry he did not call Montauron *Monfeigneur*?

It is faid that an old officer, who was but little acquainted with the forms of vanity, having wrote to the marquis de Louvois, *Monsieur*, and received no anfwer, wrote to him *Monfeigneur*, and ftill obtained none, becaufe the minifter had ftill the *Monsieur* at heart. At laft he wrote to him, “ To my God, to my God Louvois ;” and began his letter with this addrefs, “ My God, my Creator.” Does not all this prove, that the Romans were great and modeft, and that we are little and vain ?

“ How

“How do you do, my dear friend?” said a duke to a gentleman: “At your service, my dear friend,” replied the other; and from that time his dear friend became his implacable enemy. A grandee of Portugal conversing with a grandee of Spain, always called him “Your Excellency.” The Castilian replied, “Your Civility, *Vuestra Merced*,” a complimentary title given to those who have no real one. The Portuguese, piqued at this affront, called the Spaniard, in his turn, “Your Civility;” and then the other gave him the title of “your Excellency.” At last the Portuguese, whose patience was quite exhausted, said to the other, “Why do you always give me the title of Civility, when I give you that of Excellency? And why do you call me your Excellency, when I give you the appellation of your Civility?” “Because,” replied the Castilian, with great humility, “all titles are equal to me, provided there be no equality between you and me.”

The vanity of titles was not introduced into the northern climates of Europe till the Romans became acquainted with the Asiatic sublimity. All the kings of Asia were, and still are, cousin-germans to the sun and moon. Their subjects dare not lay claim to this alliance; and the governor of a province, who styles himself the “Nutmeg of Consolation, and the Rose of Pleasure,” would be impaled, should he pretend to be related, in the most distant degree, to the sun or moon. Constantine, I think, was the first Roman emperor that burthened the christian humility with a string of pompous titles.

It is true, the title of God was given to the emperors before his time; but the word God had no such meaning then as we now affix to it. *Divus Augustus*, *Divus Trajanus*, meant no more than Saint Augustus, Saint Trajan. They thought the dignity of the Roman empire required, that the soul of its chief should go to heaven after death; and they frequently granted the title of *Saint*, or *Divus*, to the emperors, as an earnest of his future inheritance. It was nearly for the same reason, that the first patriarchs of the christian church were called "Your Holiness;" an appellation given them, to put them in mind of what they ought to be.

Some people will give themselves very humble titles, provided they are sure of receiving very honourable ones in return. An abbot, who calls himself friar, causes his monks to address him by the title of My Lord. The pope styles himself "the Servant of the Servants of God." A good priest of Holstein, one day, wrote to pope Pius IV. "To Pius IV. the Servant of the Servants of God:" but going afterwards to Rome, to prosecute his suit, the inquisition threw him into prison to teach him how to write.

Formerly none but the emperor had the title of Majesty: the other kings were called your Highness, your Serenity, your Grace. Lewis XI. was the first king of France that was distinguished by the appellation of Majesty; a title, in reality, as suitable to the dignity of a great hereditary kingdom as to an elective principality: but the title of Highness was given to the king of France long after his time, and

we have still some letters, written to Henry III. in which he is addressed by this designation. The states of Orleans would not allow queen Catherine of Medicis to be called Majesty. By degrees, however, this last denomination prevailed. The name is indifferent; the power only is not so. The German Chancery, always invariable in its noble customs, still pretend that all kings ought to be distinguished by no other title than that of Serenity. In the famous treaty of Westphalia, in which France and Sweden gave laws to the holy Roman empire, the plenipotentiaries of the emperor never presented any Latin memorials in which "his sacred imperial Majesty" did not treat with the "most serene kings of France and Sweden;" but the French and Swedes, on their part, did not fail to assert, that their "sacred Majesties of France and Sweden" had many causes of complaint against the "most serene emperor." At last all parties were made equal in the treaty. From that time the great sovereigns have been reckoned equal in the opinion of the people; and he that beats his neighbour is always ~~here~~ to have the pre-eminence.

Philip II. was the first Majesty in Spain; for "the Serenity of Charles V." was exalted into Majesty only in virtue of his being emperor. The children of Philip II. were the first Highnesses, and they afterwards became Royal Highnesses. The duke of Orleans, brother to Lewis XIII. did not take the title of Royal Highness till 1631, and then the prince of Condé took the title of most Serene Highness, which the dukes of Vendome durst not assume.

The

The duke of Savoy had then the title of Royal Highness, and afterwards obtained that of Majesty. The grand duke of Florence did as much, and almost arrived at Majesty: and, in fine, the czar, who was only known in Europe by the name of grand duke, declared himself emperor, and has been acknowledged as such.

There were formerly but two marquisses in Germany, two in France, and two in Italy. The marquis of Brandenburg has become a king, and a great king; but French and Italian marquisses are somewhat of a different nature. Let an Italian citizen have the honour of giving a dinner to the legate of his province, and let the legate in drinking to him say, "My lord marquis, your health;" he and his sons are dubbed marquisses for ever. If a provincial in France, who has no other estate in his village than the fourth part of a small ruinous lordship, arrive at Paris, raise a small fortune, or have the appearance of having raised one, he intitles himself in his deeds, "High and mighty lord, marquis, or count;" and his son will be made by his notary, "Most high and most mighty lord;" and as this ridiculous ambition does no harm either to the government or to civil society, it is allowed to pass unnoticed. Some French lords boast of having German barons in their stables: some German lords say that they have French marquisses in their kitchens; and it is not long since a foreigner at Naples made his coachman a duke. In matters of this nature, custom is more powerful than the royal authority. If you are but little
known

known at Paris, you may be a count or a marquis as long as you please; but if you are a man of the long robe, or a collector of the revenues, and if the king give you a real marquissate, you will not on that account be esteemed a marquis. The famous Samuel Barnard was more truly a count than five hundred of those counts whom we daily see, and who do not possess four arpens of land. The king erected his estate of Coubert into a good earldom; and yet, if in a visit he had made himself known as count Barnard, the company would have burst out a laughing. The case is widely different in England. If the king gives a merchant the title of earl or baron, he presently receives from the whole nation the name which belongs to him. People of the first quality, and even the king himself, call him, my lord. It is the same in Italy. They have there a register of lords. The pope himself gives them this title. His physician is a lord; and nobody finds fault with his dignity.

In France the *Monseigneur* is a terrible affair. A bishop, before the cardinal de Richelieu's time, was only "My most reverend father in God;" but when Richelieu was secretary of state, and still bishop of Luçon, his brethren the bishops, in order to prevent their being obliged to give him this exclusive title of *Monseigneur*, which the secretaries of state began to assume, agreed to give it to themselves. This step met with no opposition from the public. But as it was a new title which the king had not granted to Bishops, they were still called in the edicts, declarations, decrees, and in every thing that proceeded from the court only

Seiurs; and the gentlemen of the council, in writing to a bishop, only called him *Monsieur*. The dukes and peers met with more difficulty in putting themselves in possession of *Monseigneur*. The grand nobility, and what is called the grand robe, flatly refused them this distinction. The highest triumph of human pride is to receive titles of honour from those who think themselves our equals; but it is difficult to arrive at this point; because we every where find that pride combats pride. When the dukes demanded the poor gentlemen to stile them *Monseigneur*, the presidents demanded the same from the advocates and procurators. We have known a president refuse to be let blood because the surgeon said to him, "Sir, in which arm would you have me to bleed you?" There was an old counsellor of the grand chamber who behaved with less ceremony. A pleader said to him, "My lord, the gentleman, your secretary—" The counsellor stopped him short, and said, "You have committed three blunders in three words; I am not a lord; my secretary is not a gentleman; he is my clerk."

In order to terminate this grand dispute of vanity, all the men of the nation must one day become *Monseigneurs*, as all the women, who were formerly *Mademoiselle*, are now become *Madame*. When one Spanish beggar meets another, he says to him, "Seigneur, has your courtesy drank chocolate?" This polite manner of expression elevates the soul, and preserves the dignity of the species.

Cæsar and Pompey were called Cæsar and Pompey in the senate. But these men did not know

know how to live. They concluded their letters with *vale*, farewell.

We were, about sixty years ago, "Affectionate servants:" we are now become, "Most humble and most obedient;" and, "We have actually the honour to be so." I pity our posterity, who will find it difficult to make any addition to these pretty forms. The duke de Epernon, who exceeded all the Gascons in pride and haughtiness, but not in political abilities, wrote to the cardinal de Richelieu a little before his death, and concluded his letter with, "Your most humble and most obedient;" but recollecting that the cardinal had only given him, "Your most affectionate," he dispatched a messenger to bring back the letter, which was already sent off, and having happily recovered it, he wrote, "Your most affectionate," and thus died in the bed of honour.

END of the TWELFTH VOLUME.

